



REBIRTH: HOW A LOSER BECAME A PRINCE CHARMING

BOOK 05

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**Rebirth: How A Loser Became A Prince
Charming**

(重生之抠脚大汉变男神)

by

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Synopsis

Qin Guan was reborn and sent back to his final semester in High School 18 years ago.

Getting a second chance at life, he works hard to turn things around and eventually become a Prince Charming.

What will his life be like the second time around? What will he have to go through?

How will he succeed in turning from a loser into a Prince Charming?

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Chapter 401: Resisting External Temptation

His slender fingers moved in her hair. Qin Guan pressed her head fiercely towards his as they exchanged hot kisses.

Julia's mind had gone blank. She had forgotten to breathe and act. This man had occupied her brain completely.

She kissed Qin Guan back fiercely, her symbolic wide mouth feasting on him. She nearly bit Qin Guan's nose off as she kissed him and licked him.

"Wait..." Qin Guan was out of breath. "I want to use the washroom."

Julia hugged his head and whispered to him, "Beware of the mini camera."

Then she left, leaving him behind with a surprised expression.

"Good! Cut!"

It was a perfect day for the beautiful woman and the handsome boy, who had a love and hate relationship.

The whole crew left. Qin Guan was the last one there. He had to remove his makeup and change clothes all by himself. Famous actors had their own assistants and cars, but he had to rely on himself.

Qin Guan liked that feeling though. He put on some loose pants and sneakers and headed to the bus stop.

In November, his breath turned into mist outside. Lonely lamps were standing along the road. A large Buick business car was parked by the sidewalk.

Julia had pasted her face to the back window. Her cheekbones were flat against the glass.

Qin Guan nearly passed by her, when she suddenly realized the glass was between them. "Driver, lights! Lights!" Julia rolled down

the window, shouting at the driver.

The lights made Qin Guan go dizzy.

He narrowed his eyes to see clearly who was annoying him.

A woman with a wide mouth was shouting and waving at him.
"Qin Guan, over here!"

"Ouch!" The silly girl had overestimated herself and gotten stuck by the window.

Qin Guan burst into laughter at Julia, whose eyeballs had nearly fallen out of their sockets.

"Stop laughing at me! I just wanted to say hi. Cough, cough..."

Julia drew her head back. Qin Guan was standing outside the window, looking into her eyes with a smile.

Suddenly, she blushed. She was an experienced woman. She was no longer a pure girl. In front of that young man though, who was younger than her by more than 10 years, she couldn't help but smile and flush.

Looks were the best traffic permit. She wanted to help him even more.

"Not driving today? Need a ride home?" Julia was not a proud movie diva. She was actually very approachable in real life.

"Yes. My girlfriend has taken the car... Could you please take me to the nearest subway station, if it's not too much trouble?"

"No problem."

The car drove away, leaving the empty shooting location behind.

In five minutes, it pulled to a stop at a corner of the bustling New York City. A tall young man went into the subway station fast.

The window rolled up. As she stared at Qin Guan's back, Julia let out a long breath. Danny's number was twinkling on the screen of her phone.

"Hi, honey. I'm coming home. Okay. Love you..."

Temptation was everywhere in life. There would always be someone better, but one rarely had a chance to change their mind.

Julia's mind was filled with her sweet boyfriend. She had forgotten about the ripples caused by Qin Guan.

One had to choose the most suitable mate, not the best one. Mature people gave up on such unrealistic thoughts.

Qin Guan's only thought was that he would never let Cong Nianwei watch the film.

The next day, Julia greeted Qin Guan first when he rushed into the makeup room. Qin Guan sensed a change in her though. There was no longer embarrassment in her expression, just the concern a senior actor felt about a green hand.

That's better. He let out a breath of relief.

As a professional actress and a movie queen, Julia taught him a lot during the shooting. Qin Guan tried his best to learn from her experience.

This was a precious chance that he could benefit a lot from.

They had shot most of the movie already. The tears of his girlfriend made Chuck want to return to his normal life. He had his own thriving career, and his shows were always attracting public attention.

Chapter 402: A Woman's Heart is the Worst Thing in the World

The real reason was that his colleagues were dying one by one.

His guide had warned him not to trust anybody and then died the next day.

Qin Guan felt relieved. His guide had been the only one who had known about his identity. He could get rid of his secret identity now.

Oh, no. There was one more person. The woman who'd shared a happy memory with him and saved him from the Soviet State Security Committee. She had called him the night before his wedding ceremony, when he was about to marry his girlfriend, who was played by Drew Barrymore.

It was night in the single apartment. Cameras were placed in the corners and in the corridor. The director was sitting behind one of them, watching the splendid scene.

Julia was waiting for Qin Guan at home, wearing a sexy silk nightgown. They were going to talk about the deaths of their comrades.

Green porcelain cups were set on a black tray, filled with coffee she had made herself. The milk pot was surrounded by the cups.

Julia poured milk gently into two cups.

Qin Guan was wearing a fashionable flowery shirt of the 1980s. The buttons on his chest were unfastened, revealing his naked skin.

Looking happily at the warm coffee, he began his farewell speech.

This was their last meeting after all. Qin Guan had decided to be loyal to his wife, so he had to say goodbye to his lover, no matter

how much it hurt.

"This is good coffee. I'd like to be a writer in the future. i want to write a masterpiece everyone will quote. I don't want to live an assassin's life anymore. I live in fear all the time. This life is not respectable."

Julia seemed reluctant to end their affair. Rubbing her slender fingers, she said, "I miss you, Chuck. I always bury my emotions. Boston is a beautiful city. Maybe I could start a new life there."

Qin Guan smiled, but remained silent. His smile looked splendid and comfortable. Even the stars in the sky couldn't outshine his charm.

He pointed outside the window, showing Julia the city at night. Julia turned around and pointed to the photos along the corridor. His image was there, the symbol of her love.

They picked up their cups and toasted gently, looking at each other.

"To life... Cheers..."

The coffee was smooth as silk, moving down their throats and filling their stomachs.

Qin Guan stood up. He was ready to leave, but suddenly he fell down to the floor. "What's happening?"

He was rolling around on the floor, completely out of breath. Julia put down her cup leisurely and leaned slowly towards the soft bed. She looked like a guide to Hell.

"Wow! You look terrible. You should take a look at William. I took a perfect photo of him."

William had been a member of the secret service team.

"Keeler was much easier." She stood up and walked over to Qin Guan. "He would have travelled through half of the Earth to spend a night with me."

Keeler had been another victim.

Julia played with her long hair arrogantly. Grabbing Qin Guan's feet, she planned on pulling him to the washroom to get rid of his corpse.

She tried to drag him, but Qin Guan wouldn't move.

Julia was no athlete herself. A 186-centimeter tall adult was too heavy for her. After several attempts, the assistant director couldn't watch anymore. He wanted to put some kind of wagon under Qin Guan's body.

George stopped him though. They just kept watching.

"Wow, Chuck, you've gotten fat." Julia squatted down like a frog and pulled with all her might.

Bang! His forehead hit the wall around the corner.

Bang! It was his poor nose this time.

You are too big, Qin Guan! You should lose some weight!

The camera kept rolling. Qin Guan was still being dragged across the cold floor. His shirt had been nearly torn in the process. The crew couldn't bear to watch anymore. Qin Guan was crying internally, not because of his cruel treatment, but because of Julia's comments.

I'm not fat. My weight is average.

On the way to the washroom, Julia was murmuring to herself about her victory.

"I nearly failed with Bird. You shouldn't entrust others with something you could do yourself. He wanted to kill you. Do you know that? Such a silly guy!"

Qin Guan was lying on the floor of the washroom. Julia threw a fake posthumous paper at him, laughing at her defeated opponent.

"This sounds like your epitaph would have if you had written it

yourself. Look, Chuck, I remember everything you ever told me. All your sweet words... By the way, say hi to Kari when you see him. I really liked him..."

Chapter 403: The Affair

She walked out proudly, her gown flying in the air. Suddenly, the situation was reversed.

She felt dizzy. The sky and earth were spinning around her. She fell onto the floor, unable to breathe. The poison Qin Guan should have drunk had taken effect on her.

Qin Guan stood by the door of the washroom at the end of corridor. The light behind his back outlined his perfect figure.

As she stared at him, Julia slowly fell down on the floor.

"When you looked out of the window, I switched the cups. If there had been no poison, everybody would have been happy. What's happening now though?"

She was the same person. yet there was no emotion left in Julia's eyes. Qin Guan walked to the kitchen quietly and took a clean towel that had been prepared for him. Then he got to work.

He cleaned the door, the sill, the floor and the bed. He had to wipe away all the traces he had left in the room. That was what he had learned during training.

Sad piano music filled the silence. Julia's body was lying on the cold floor, exactly where Qin Guan had been lying previously.

The hand that used to caress her body now stuffed a pen into her hand. Qin Guan helped her finish the letter on the paper.

George gestured to the camera, zooming out suddenly to a high angle shot.

Qin Guan left. The dying beautiful woman looked like a withered peach blossom fallen on the earth. Mournful, yet gorgeous.

In her hand were her last words.

The camera zoomed in on the paper, the crooked handwriting getting more and more distinct.

"No love."

Chuck returned home without any sense of guilt. He had put all of this into his book, "Confessions of a Dangerous Mind".

Julia's part in the film was finished. There was only one scene left, Qin Guan and Drew Barrymore's wedding.

Julia hugged Qin Guan before leaving. It was a farewell between two friends who appreciated each other.

Her body was soft in his embrace. The fragrance of roses lingered in his nose.

She kissed him on the cheek. It was a normal farewell kiss, yet Qin Guan saw some reluctance in her eyes.

It should have been a happy parting, not a sad one!

Acting scared, he tried to keep a distance from Julia. "Spare my life! Help me!" he shouted.

Everyone burst into laughter at the funny actor.

Julia laughed out loud. You don't like my kiss? How dare you!

She left amid the chaos. There was no lipstick left on her mouth. Qin Guan's face was covered in lip stains and saliva.

The photo ended up in the Sun, the most famous newspaper in the US.

"Oscar movie queen facing a marriage crisis!"

"She kissed a rising Asian actor for 10 minutes straight!"

The picture was not very clear, but it was clear enough for anyone to recognize the woman.

The sales volume of the newspaper spiked up. It even surpassed that of the New York Times.

The next day, Qin Guan had become a celebrity among the crew.

"Hey, Qin Guan! Did you see the newspaper today?"

"No, I haven't bought the New York Times. What happened?"

Qin Guan craned his head towards the newspaper with interest, only to see a picture of him and Julia hugging.

Fortunately, the photo was not very clear and his name was not on the paper, thanks to the regulations of the film industry.

Without permission from the producers and the film company, the media could not release relative information without running the risk of being prosecuted. They could only attract public attention with ambiguous titles.

Of course, there were also rumors published on the paper, which impressed Qin Guan a lot.

"Interesting... My face is not visible! I'm a nobody for the Sun."

He had a point. Thanks to his makeup, the reporter had had no idea about the background of the Asian boy. If he had known that Qin Guan was an Armani model, the title would have been much more interesting.

Chapter 404: Open for Business

The beauty left. The final scene and a second beauty, which was not inferior to Julia by any means, were waiting for Qin Guan.

Drew Barrymore looked at Qin Guan with a mocking expression. The power of the tabloids had taken effect already.

Qin Guan was grateful that Cong Nianwei never read entertainment newspapers. Otherwise, his acting career would come to an end.

The last scene was shot on a sunny day at a small town with a wonderful view. It was Qin Guan and Drew Barrymore's wedding ceremony, which would mark the end of his dark past and the beginning of his new life.

Qin Guan and Drew Barrymore walked out of the church slowly, hand in hand. They were wearing a pure white wedding dress and a formal suit.

White doves flew in the sky above them as the church bells chimed.

Meanwhile, in the graveyard beside the church, some people were about to bury a fresh corpse.

It was Julia. His bride was smiling in her wedding dress, while the other girl was about to be buried.

When they got in the carriage, Qin Guan decided to confess everything to his wife. Holding her hands, which were in pure white gloves, he said seriously and carefully, "Drew, I used to work for the CIA."

He was afraid to tell the truth, but he was eager to be understood by others.

"I have killed many people. Are you listening to me?"

His lips were trembling, and his eyebrows were furrowed. His

long eyelashes were hanging low. His wife had stopped smiling. She was staring at Qin Guan in shock and horror.

Then suddenly, she started laughing. "Ha ha ha..."

The girl burst into unrestrained laughter, baring her white teeth.

Qin Guan felt awful. He blinked as his wife kept laughing like crazy. Her long pearl earrings were swaying back and forth.

He sniffled and sat up straight. "Ha ha ha!" Qin Guan turned his head around. She was still laughing. He turned around again, but she still kept laughing.

Fine, let's laugh together. Qin Guan grimaced awkwardly, exposing his own teeth as he exchanged a glance with his wife.

Okay, forget what I said. It was a joke.

As time went by, three old men, each of them holding a gun, were looking back at their lives. They could recall what they had done, what kind of people they used to be and what dreams they had harbored as young men.

The winner was the one who didn't commit suicide.

This was Chuck's latest show and the last scene of "Confessions of a Dangerous Mind". They had nothing to do with Qin Guan.

That was a common shooting process. Maybe they would never see each other again after the farewell toast. Amid the large film industry, only a small group of people could find new work anywhere at any time.

Qin Guan was working in his store after being forced by Cong Nianwei. He Ming and Lan Jin had sent them the first goods.

They had bought beautiful rattan Chinese baskets and a red carpet for the entrance. Their design paradise would be open soon.

When the J Clothing store opened, Guo was idling about, admiring the products in the small store. In his opinion, they could bring something new to the city.

Several designers were standing by the entrance, attracted by the proud name of the store: Beauty of the World.

Lan Jin was carrying merchandise out of his car. He had been forced to work as a labor worker for free.

"Hey, careful! Teacher Rong's goods are worth their weight in gold!"

Lan Jin grimaced and collapsed on a deck chair by the entrance. He sneered as Qin Guan took out the products one by one.

"I'm not blaming you, but just look at that rubbish! Your Teacher Rong is mediocre."

You try and say that before her.

"Look at this! A wooden mask! Why did you ask me to carry it from so far away?"

Cong Nianwei cast a supercilious look at him. "It's a [Nuo Opera mask](#). You have forgotten your ancestors."

As she hung the wooden mask on the wall, she explained its history.

"These masks are even older than tattoos and colored drawings. They showed the actors' expressions by using the five sense organs and different decorations. It was typical plastic arts. Look at the smooth lines... They are full of beauty, ferocity, savageness and moral integrity."

The masks looked as if they were alive. A gentle middle-aged man at the entrance spoke up when Cong Nianwei was finished.

"How much does it cost?" He pointed to the first mask.

"500 dollars."

Lan Jin held his breath.

The man's eyes were fixed on the mask. Despite the mess inside the store, he picked it up without hesitation.

One of the oldest operas, which combined a sacrifice ceremony, singing and dancing. It can be dated back to the Shang and Zhou Dynasty (1600 BC-256 BC).

Chapter 405: The Art Dealer

"Can I hold it and take a look at it?"

"Sure."

His hand touched the heavy wooden mask, which was made of solid wood.

Thanks to its rich, gorgeous paint and finely-ground wood, the mask looked as smooth and embellished as jade.

"I'll take it. I have no cash on me though. Can I use a credit card?"

Lan Jin almost hit his head against the wall. What? You'll take it? You should think it over. It's 500 dollars!

That was why people needed to be educated. The Nuo Opera was one of the symbols of the Han civilization and a piece of cultural heritage. Its price was quite reasonable.

Lan Jin had been born in a family of businessmen though. Each mask cost about 30 dollars, and the price got even lower at larger quantities.

Qin Guan was not in a rush to swipe the card. Instead, he told the man carefully, "Actually, we are opening tomorrow. I see that you are familiar with artwork though. May I ask what you do for a living? Are you perhaps a member of an art foundation or the owner of a gallery?"

The man was stunned. He looked at the Asian boy carefully.

He was handsome and graceful. He looked like a particularly modest, gentle fellow.

The man took off his hat, gesturing silently for a place to hang it.

Cong Nianwei took it and hung it in the closet behind the cash register, along with his coat.

"If I may introduce myself... I'm Resnais, the owner of a C-level

gallery chain. I also work as a private art dealer in Los Angeles."

"Wow, if you are an art dealer, this mask must be worth far more than 500 dollars.

Qin Guan remained calm when he heard his identity. He was clear about what the man was talking about.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York only exhibited traditional paintings and works of renowned artists. None of its albums and publications were about modernism.

The Los Angeles Asian Art Museum in California, on the other side, was a famous history and art museum with all kinds of exhibits, including famous paintings of different Chinese dynasties, as well as sculptures, stone carvings, furniture and clothing. That museum was dedicated to Chinese culture and history.

As an art dealer from California, Resnais was deeply influenced by the local art market. His trip to Chelsea Street had been a big surprise.

"Okay, you can take a seat here. The next artwork I'll be showing you will shock you."

Resnais nodded. Just as Qin Guan said, the first exhibit was a surprise.

Cong Nianwei took the pieces of art out of the box one by one. Lan Jin jumped up and rummaged inside the box, sensing a great opportunity. Money! They are all worth a lot of money!

"These are Tantou New Year pictures. They flourished at the end of the Ming Dynasty. Ordinary people loved them for their bright colors and pellucid, simple way of narrating."

"Chinese people traditionally purchased New Year pictures before the Spring Festival. They were like the customized oil paintings sold by B-level galleries."

"Oh, here it is!" Cong Nianwei showed Resnais a square wooden board.

"This is another form of a New Year picture. We call it a New Year wood-block print. Artists used to carve a picture on a wooden board and print it out. They were all three-dimensional."

"They have a history of hundreds of years. These boards are the origins of the press. Show Mr. Resnais, Cong Nianwei!"

"No problem."

Cong Nianwei brushed some ink and pigment on the board carefully before gently putting a thick rice paper over it.

After 10 minutes, she pulled the paper back gently to reveal a beautiful picture of "The Three Lucky Stars".

The calm, refined man looked shocked.

In most countries, an oil painting took an artist several years to complete. These prints were meticulously customized artwork though. They also had an outlandish feeling to them that customers of B-level galleries would love.

Resnais went into art dealer mode immediately. Pointing to the artwork, he asked, "How many do you have? Shall we have a talk about them?"

Qin Guan answered calmly, "Not that many. I only have one original, the one you have in your hand. The finished products are 20 pieces. I only have 10 Tantou New Year pictures... Plus the mask you like... 5,500 dollars in total."

Lan Jin nearly fell into the box.

Liar! That's just a broken wooden board!

After debating about it, Resnais and Qin Guan reached a final price. The man left the small gallery reluctantly.

That Chinese man is really cunning. He wants to bring a multitude of Chinese artwork to the US art market. That small

store could be considered a C-level gallery.

A-level galleries sold only original artwork. They were of high professional level, and most of them were members of the National Chinese Merchant Union. They enjoyed a local influence in the US. B-level galleries were inferior in comparison. They sold copies of famous artists' works at reasonable prices. C-level galleries sold both artwork and other products.

Chapter 406: Chinese Treasure

It was a pity that his schedule was tight. He had to send them the contract by post after returning to California. He was eager to become an official collaborator of "Beauty of the World".

The lifeline of goods supply was totally in Qin Guan's hands though. The price of Chinese commercial artwork was pretty low. In China, those pictures could be sold for 30 yuan each.

American people really loved them though.

More and more goods were displayed in the store as the number of onlookers increased. If it wasn't for the board stating "Opening Tomorrow", which blocked the entrance, they might have rushed in and fought over the products.

Small displaying furniture with Suzhou embroidery was on the antique shelves. In the golden sunshine, the hairy kittens playing with balls looked almost alive.

Xiefuchun Makeup Powder was in customized Tang tri-color glazed ceramic cases. Inside the transparent glazed bottles was hair oil used for hair-darkening, scaling, itchiness-relief and detoxification. The oil was made of borneol and musk and came from ancient, mysterious China.

American people were surprised by the products. The customers of the store would be rich, powerful people!

They would judge Qin Guan's shrewd nature by the price of the artwork. He sold ordinary products by the batch, but saved the top products for last.

Qin Guan opened the second to last box. He took out a handkerchief and wiped the dust off thoroughly. Then he put the snow-like silk handkerchief on the box and held it up in admiration. He slowly recited a poem.

"There is no jewellery on Earth that can surpass a pile of clay

from Yangxian town..."

Most of the onlookers didn't understand what he was saying. He seemed very comfortable though. He looked like a Chinese scholar in a blue gown amid a bamboo forest, making a cup of tea with the dark-red enamelled pottery in his hand.

Everyone applauded.

People in America knew nothing about pottery, poetry and the special feelings of the ancient Chinese. What they admired was the person before their eyes, who was as beautiful as a painting.

Qin Guan smiled at them and gently put the pottery in the middle of a cabinet. It was a handmade piece made by Master Gu Jingzhou. Everybody followed his fingers with their eyes.

The lotus-like mini teapot revealed its real nature inside the dark cabinet.

It had a round belly with a clear decorative design. The slender handle was like the stem of a lotus leaf, giving off a summer vibe.

Its most mysterious part were the golden dots reflected on the pot, which symbolized dignity and loyalty.

White English-style teapots were like mud under a cloud. This teapot was the king of teapots.

The shocks came one after the other. Before they could come back to their senses, Cong Nianwei opened the last box and everyone went crazy.

It was a piece of brocade fabric from Nanjing.

Even during modern times, when textile technology was really advanced, Nanjing brocade still maintained its traditional features and qualities.

It owed its name to its bright splendid colors. The fabric was as beautiful as the rosy clouds in the sky. It was one of the four most famous brocade fabrics in China.

The brocade in Cong Nianwei's arms was custom-made, so it was the only one of its kind.

Using a base of red shusu, the masters had weaved golden, silver and copper threads, as well as natural silk and feathers of several kinds of birds and beasts together to form that piece of brocade.

Thanks to their complicated skill, the two-meter wide, five-meter long piece of fabric was the most expensive exhibit in the shop.

"Excuse me! Let me in!"

"Miss, could you please show us that fabric? We work for the Dior design studio."

Guo Nuoyan was nearly stomped on by the crazy women at the entrance. He was almost torn apart before Qin Guan could even speak.

"It's not for sale. We'll sell it at a public auction."

What? Poor designers can't compete with rich VIPs! Are you kidding?

Qin Guan glanced at Cong Nianwei, who opened a storage box and put the fabric inside.

"These small ones could be up for sale though."

Qin Guan took out the last products from the box. There were five beautiful concealed fibre containers that looked like kaleidoscopes.

He gently pulled the contents out. A silk scarf was presented to the crazy designers. It was as thin as a cicada's wings. The sunshine went through the texture, and its color was as bright and beautiful as a gift from the gods.

Unlike the brocade, it reminded him of the soft sound of the Yangtze river delta.

Silence prevailed in the room. Everybody's eyes were sparkling with determination. Everyone in here is an enemy.

The fibre containers were opened one by one to reveal the silk scarves, like maidens reaching marriage age.

Western people were born with an admiration of silk. The products from the Vermont embroidering studios were inferior to the real deal though.

The voices of the onlookers trembled.

"My dear boss, no! What is the price?" The scarves were swaying before their eyes in a dazzling way.

Chapter 407: One of the Most Valuable Certificates in the US

"Fixed price, 1,000 dollars each. It's out of stock this year." Lan Jin was about to say that he could shuttle between China and the US 10 times a month to bring more scarves, but Cong Nianwei covered his mouth and pulled him outside.

"I'll buy them all!" the fiercest girl shouted loudly. She came from France and she was one of the purchasing agents of Hermes. She had gone to the Chelsea Fair after the New York Fashion Week just to kill some time before returning to France.

She had found that fantastic store by accident. As a textile addict, she had gone crazy.

Hermes was the top scarf brand in the world, so an ordinary silk Hermes scarf cost thousands of dollars. Made-in-China silk scarves cost only 1,000 yuan each, which was nothing for her.

Her statement shocked everyone. No other designer had brought so much money along to buy silk scarves as thin as paper.

"I'm Sandrina, purchasing agent at Hermes, Accessories Department... Oh, I know you! You are the CK apparel model! You were in the inner pages of VOGUE... No wonder..."

Guo Nuoyan let her into the store through a small gap.

A golden credit card and a Hermes business card were dropped in Qin Guan's hand.

"I would suggest that you expand your business to France. Americans cannot appreciate the beauty of Asia. They are so rude and uncultivated. They have no history or civilization, so they know nothing about design."

Dear lady, it was a Chinese person who blocked you outside the store. Qin Guan shrugged as 5,000 dollars vanished from her card.

He returned the credit card to Sanderina, but kept her business card.

"Thank you for your words. Looking forward to cooperating with you in the future. Here is my card..."

Guo Nuoyan grimaced. On the card was the number of the QC accounting firm. Qin Guan was both the CEO and chief accountant.

Dude, you are so shameless. How can you be sure that you will pass the accountant exams?

Girls always admired students who majored in science.

The French girl left, looking back repeatedly with every step she took. What a pity! All the good men are married or already have girlfriends.

...

The fight ended and everyone was dismissed. The name of the store spread among the designers though.

Purchasing studio staff, gallery owners, art fair directors and exhibition sponsors all acknowledged the mysterious paradise of oriental artwork.

It was said that all the paintings belonged to Resnais, the best art dealer in California. Seldom would silk scarves made of the best brocade in the world appear in a store, which was what drove all those women crazy.

It was said that the staff of Hermes and Burberry had had a fierce fight over a thin silk scarf in that store.

Stories were already spreading. Besides, the boss opened the store irregularly. If she was in a good mood, the female shopkeeper would make small drawings for designers that seemed like real artwork.

Cong Nianwei was making good use of the spare room as Qin Guan focused on his exams.

Founded in 1887, the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants was the most influential professional organization for accountants. It accepted applications according to nationality. As an international student, Qin Guan had to have his tutor sign his application form to be qualified to take the exam in a foreign country.

Putting on his glasses with a sigh, Prof. Martin tried over and over again to discourage him from proceeding. The boy seemed as tame as a quail though.

"It's the f*cking dean's fault for making the university a practical one!"

"You are a born economist, Qin Guan. Accountants deal with the stink of money. Will you get a Nobel prize for that? Or any kind of honor, for that matter?"

"I just want to make some money and open a small accounting firm..."

"What are you talking about?"

"Nothing, Prof. Martin. As you know, AICPA is the most difficult exam. After getting the certificate, I plan on saving Chinese corporations. I'll help them grow legally..."

Liar!

"Piss off with that form. If you fail the exams, don't come to my class again! What a shame!"

Qin Guan smiled at the old man and rushed to the library happily.

He could register for the exam every day except on Sunday, or in March, June, September or December.

Time was pressing. Christmas was drawing near. Qin Guan decided to take the exam just after New Year's.

The students in the library witnessed a terrible scene. Qin Guan,

the fashion genius and leader of the Chinese freshmen, was working at an astonishing speed.

There were four piles of CPA paperwork, the simplest of which were the regulations.

His extraordinary retentive memory could tackle any subject.

That subject didn't occupy any of his studying time. All his attention was on Auditing, Financial Accounting and Reporting, and Business Environment and Concepts.

The difficulty of AICPA lay in the practical questions, namely the business cases, which would take up 40% of the total score. Each exam would take the candidates a lot of time.

Chapter 408: Christmas Shopping Guidance

Qin Guan had to enrich his experience by exercising.

He turned the pages, writing on them non stop. Only a rustling sound could be heard around him.

Papers were filled, and books were opened and closed one by one.

The campus celebrity spent only two hours on a whole book and two sets of test questions. Finally, the black boy sitting opposite him let out the breath he had been holding. He had remained stupefied as he'd watched Qin Guan work.

He had originally done so out of curiosity for the fashion star, but he had gotten shocked by him.

Rongzhi, who had just won an international robot contest, looked like a nobody compared to Qin Guan.

The nobody was snapping pictures of his idol from some secret corner.

It was rare to see Qin Guan in the library. This was a great chance to collect material. Every night he climbed over the wall between the US and China to make reports to Qin Guan's fan club.

"I saw Qin Guan on campus today. Here are some photos."

A snapshot of a hurried Qin Guan in J Clothing, holding some books, was sent by email.

"Qin Guan shot the posters for J Clothing today."

"These are the posters for the Armani perfume..."

He sent a picture of the Armani posters piled in a box.

Qin Guan's fans in China were all jealous of him. Show off!

Christmas Eve was the biggest holiday in the US, just like the Spring Festival was in China.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei wanted to buy some postcards from

the mall. They had received cards from their schoolmates, thus learning about the tradition of sending cards to each other before Christmas.

The mall was crowded. People were purchasing cards, presents, decorations and colorful ribbons like crazy.

"Look at this cute card!" Cong Nianwei pointed to a card with a red-nosed reindeer. Before Qin Guan could say anything, a large hand took all 10 copies from the shelf.

Stunned, they looked at the strong man, who had taken all the cards and thrown them into a shopping cart. He headed for the wrapping paper without looking back.

Qin Guan tried to console his girlfriend, "We did not need that many anyway. Just take the leftover ones."

He was right. There were still several lonely cards left on the shelf. The sales assistant was in the warehouse. They might have to wait another hour to see the new products.

It seemed like Christmas shopping called for a special operation.

"Excuse me..." Slender fingers stretched over and picked up a reel of colorful ribbons from above two ladies' heads.

Before the old ladies could come back to their senses, the thief had disappeared. That was the advantage of having long arms.

Cong Nianwei pushed the cart while Qin Guan grabbed goods. They were the perfect match for a robbery.

"Oh, my beautiful lady! Your makeup is so elegant..."

Standing by the gift counter, Qin Guan was flattering a girl, his eyes fixed on the decorations in her hands.

"These are too old for your Christmas tree. Look, they are a little torn. I can see the sales assistant coming. You'll get the most beautiful decorations for your tree. I'll deal with these for you."

Qin Guan smiled as the girl flushed.

"Okay... Here you are..." The girl covered her burning cheeks and handed the decorations to Qin Guan.

Qin Guan threw them into their cart fast. They had walked three meters away, but the girl was still standing there, lost in thought.

Qin Guan craned his head towards Cong Nianwei, expecting some praise. "See? Only 20 minutes!"

Cong Nianwei poked at his head with her index finger. "Liar! The supplier restocked the shelves 10 minutes ago. The girl will have to wait for another 20 minutes for the next supply."

Qin Guan made a face, grinning cheekily. "It doesn't matter. She is still thinking about my smile. When she comes back, she will find new stock."

What a shameless guy!

They smiled and talked like tasting honey from a jar. After they decorated it, their small nest looked very festive.

What played the most important role at Christmas though? Food, of course...

Uninvited guests came to their apartment in the afternoon with the shameless intention of enjoying a traditional American Christmas feast.

The turkey was sizzling in the oven. Qin Guan had bought the semi-finished turkey from a store and seasoned it with black pepper, salt and butter.

He set the cold dishes carefully. Sliced oranges were a must, as they stood for the best Christmas wishes.

Chapter 409: Uninvited Christmas Guests

Before dinner, the guests suppressed their hunger with candy, hot chocolate and ginger snaps.

Cong Nianwei was making a traditional American mince pie on the stove. If it wasn't for their inspiration to have a traditional holiday, they would have chosen Chinese cuisine.

She put baking powder and salt and softened some vegetable butter into the pie crust. The stuffing contained onions, meat and butter.

Unlike a Chinese pie, which had to be fried in a pan, the mince pie had to be baked in the oven for 10 minutes.

Ding! The oven turned off automatically. Putting on thick oven gloves, Qin Guan took the large turkey out of the oven using a tray.

Then he placed it on a big white porcelain plate, decorated with rose petals. Everyone could smell the butter and pepper coming from it. There was no oil dripping around the turkey, which meant that it had been cooked perfectly. Its golden skin was cracking because of the low temperature in the room. The skin must be crisp and tasty...

The Batiste brothers carefully carried the large plate to the table and on the fine embroidered tablecloth.

"Ouch!" The white tablecloth betrayed Coulibaly, who was trying to stretch his black hand towards the turkey.

Cella hit him with his own gift, a crystal truncheon. She used it like the Spear of Judge.

When the brown pie and tasty polenta were on the table, the guests turned into hungry wolves.

"Shall we thank God before dinner?"

"For what? For the food? Just thank all the Chinese gods. Let's

eat!"

"Okay, let's tuck in!"

They all stretched their hands. The chicken legs were taken by the Batiste brothers. Who said that the French had good table manners?

Joseph was gloomy. His strong body couldn't beat those shameless guys. By the time Qin Guan picked up the wine, which was mixed with brown sugar, orange peels, almonds and raisins, only the bones of the turkey were left.

The glasses were filled one by one. Not a single drop was left in the bottle. A glass of warm wine after a satisfying dinner was the most wonderful thing.

"Hey, guys..."

"May the glory of God bless the Earth with peace and men with goodwill..."

Eight members of a choir were going around the building in Santa Claus costumes.

"And..."

"Hark the herald angel sing..."

There were singers everywhere on the streets. They were not professional ones. They had just taken this chance to get together with their friends.

The foreigners knew that that night was doomed to be a sleepless one.

Wrapping paper was lying in the corner, the gifts from their friends arranged by Cong Nianwei.

They were planning on working overnight, when someone unexpectedly knocked on their door.

An elegant china doll and her loyal guard were standing outside

the door.

"Er... Merry Christmas."

They went into the apartment leisurely. "Sorry to trouble you, [Qin Sang](#). I just wanted to stay here for the night..."

"What?" Cong Nianwei went out of the kitchen, her eyes wide open. "Qin Guan, who is she?"

"She is the chairman of my Japanese fan club. I met her while I was in Japan..."

Cong Nianwei frowned as the mountain-like fat man beside her suddenly kneeled down on the floor.

"Take us in, Qin Sang. Please!"

You're scaring me! I think you might perform hara-kiri like the ancient warriors.

If hara-kiri made sense, Dashi might actually commit suicide.

Actually, most of Yamaguchi Tsutomu's strongholds had been taken over by the New York police, but she had escaped successfully.

When Han Zhuijiu and a group of outlaws, including Mexican and Italian gangs, had destroyed all the Japanese forces, Yamaguchi Tsutomu had realized she had no place to go in New York. The failure itself was not devastating, but their very foundation was being pulled up by the roots...

Finally, she had thought of Qin Guan. She knew where he lived, but had never dropped in. If she could survive that night, she would fly back to Japan the next day and never return to New York again.

Thanks to the support of the government, the Japanese Mafia had forgotten about the cruelty of the law of the jungle.

The US was not a good place for the Japanese.

The fat man was kneeling on the floor of the small room. His black clothes still smelled of blood. The girl was staring at Qin Guan indifferently with her big, clear eyes.

Qin Guan was no idiot. He couldn't make Cong Nianwei worry. He picked up his phone and spoke gently.

Mr. Qin in Japanese.

Chapter 410: Top Brands

"Do you trust me?"

Yamaguchi Tsutomu nodded without hesitation. The fat man on the floor looked up suddenly and stared at Qin Guan fiercely in question.

"Okay, I'll make a call."

The girl remained silent. As Qin Guan talked with somebody on the phone, Cong Nianwei made the girl a cup of tea.

The fragrance of the tea comforted her worried mind. She sat on the couch and gestured for Dashi to stand up.

"Okay, I know..."

Han Zhujiu had been waiting for Qin Guan's call. Without help, Yamaguchi Tsutomu could do nothing in New York. If she was able to return to Japan quietly though, Han wouldn't bully the woman or start a bloody feud with a foreign gang. Besides, Qin Guan had saved his life.

The next day, a small private plane took her away. Qin Guan didn't expect her to pay him back.

After New Year's, Director Zhang Yimou would be taking the cast to Los Angeles for the Oscars. Actually, Qin Guan didn't want to go. He planned on returning home during the holidays.

Sister Xue tried her best to convince his parents though, who didn't know that Qin Guan had only five minutes of screentime in the film.

The homeless boy was forced to fly to Los Angeles, and Sister Xue flew to New York like a haunting ghost.

She pulled Qin Guan directly to her office, which Guo Nuoyan had rented for her. Two guys from the CK and Armani operational departments were sitting in the room, looking at each other with

hospitality.

As soon as Qin Guan entered, he knew that Sister Xue was plotting something. She preferred to have others asking help from her.

In six months, Xue Wanyi had been promoted. To avoid making a fool of herself in certain occasions, Professor Li and Teacher Rong had told her to grow up.

She smoothed her hair down gently and told the confused men, "Both of you work for top brands. You identify as truly talented people. Although Qin Guan is not your exclusive model, I have to inform you about some changes in his work schedule."

"His film will be nominated for an Oscar this year."

What? We had no idea about that.

The two men were confused. They were only in charge of the communications between the models and their companies. They had no idea about the general company policies.

Even Giorgio Armani had no idea about that, let alone those two.

"He will definitely walk on the red carpet, as well as appear before the large background of the award ceremony. His film is on the list of nominees for best foreign language film, so he will get some opportunities during the ceremony..."

The two men nodded repeatedly, waiting to hear her requirements.

"So, considering our past cooperation, can you, as experienced insiders of the fashion circle, give us some suggestions on formal wear?"

"He should definitely wear Armani."

"He should wear CK, of course."

They both shouted in one voice. Then the guy from Armani burst into laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" The CK guy looked both ashamed and angry. "Our apparel is really expensive. Our sales volume this year was twice as high as yours!"

The Armani guy stopped laughing and turned to Sister Xue.

"I can make the decision. We'll lend Qin Guan the latest Armani customized suit."

"Great! Thank you for your support."

Sister Xue made a decision without hesitation. The CK guy choked before falling silent.

What could he say? He wanted to offer the same thing, but he could not!

Although he was a calm person, Qin Guan was shocked by the suggestion.

Advanced suit customization was no small deal.

First of all, one had to spend a certain amount of money in store to get an invitation to an advanced customization launching event. Only then would one qualify to purchase something during the event.

Besides, customized clothing cost over hundreds of thousands of yuan, which was already too expensive for the average person. Hand-made suits could cost up to several million yuan.

An advanced customization suit could be considered a certificate inside a certain circle. People in your circle wouldn't laugh at your style or bad taste.

There were strict criteria for lending advanced customized apparel. A third or fourth level star would be an insult to them.

As for superstars, if they looked ugly in a rented customized outfit, they would be erased from the list and have to buy it the next time.

That was how advanced customization worked.

Qin Guan wouldn't turn down such a chance. He was no idiot after all.

The process was simple. Qin Guan would give Armani his schedule, and Armani would deliver the suit in time. After the award ceremony, they would take it back and check it carefully.

Before Sister Xue and Qin Guan went to Los Angeles, Sister Xue still had Qin Guan's career to consider.

"This year, the Armani perfume will be released. This is a good start. You have to become one of their three exclusive models."

Chapter 411: A Promotional Conference

"That is the symbol of a top model. By then, you will be the top male model in China. Maybe you could become one of the top 100 men in the fashion world. You will have a place among beauties from all over the world."

She was really ambitious. Qin Guan had better watch out.

...

As she looked forward to the future, Sister Xue still didn't forget her aim. There were two months left before the Oscars, but the promotional conferences of the films were being held one by one since January in Los Angeles.

There were also many different previews, negotiation banquets and press conferences among film companies and stars.

Qin Guan liked the weather in LA. It was winter, yet it was still warm in the city. Even the social tension caused by Iraq had been eased. People could feel a spring breeze coming.

Director Zhang Yimou had invested a lot in that conference. Right after New Year's, he and Zhang Weining went to Hollywood.

As the Holy Land of the film industry, Hollywood, with its history of only tens of years, was a picturesque town.

Next to the small town were large film and TV studios, where many film production companies were gathered. They composed the big Hollywood family and contributed to the success of Los Angeles, the second largest city in the US.

The award ceremony would be held at the Kodak Theater (which had been renamed Hollywood & Highland). It would continue to be the site of the award ceremony in the future. Previously, the ceremony had been held at the TCL Chinese Theater and the Dolby Theater.

There were still several days left before the selection of the films. Qin Guan was not late to the event, but the promotional staff had already finished many exhibitions and exclusive preview meetings.

Qin Guan met Director Zhang and Producer Zhang instead of idling around Hollywood like a tourist.

Film promotion in 2003 actually meant explaining the concept of the film repeatedly to everyone involved. In fact, movie critics and LA-based distributing companies knew nothing about Chinese films.

What had attracted their attention was the famous Kung Fu Star, Li Lianjie, as well as the box office success of "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon".

Qin Guan's first task was to attend the last promotional meeting before the award ceremony, with the intention to find a powerful distributing company for the film. Otherwise, their investment would be in vain.

Qin Guan was wearing his customized Armani suit. The cunning, considerate brand had prepared in advance three ordinary formal suits to serve as standbys for the different banquets he would be attending in Hollywood.

Qin Guan followed Director Zhang. The middle-aged man was a Chinese guy who looked unexpectedly handsome in his western style suit.

It was a small-scale promoting conference, so only some distributing companies with purchasing intention had been invited. They would be negotiating about the final price that day.

"Qin Guan, this is Sam, the distributing director of Miramax. Sam, this is Qin Guan, an actor in 'Heroes'. He is a student at Columbia..."

Zhang Weining and Sam seemed to be familiar with each other.

Qin Guan smiled at Sam, "Hello, I'm Qin Guan. I am honored to

be acting in a film of your company. Thank you for the opportunity..."

The old man was a typical cunning guy working in the American film industry. He shook Qin Guan's hand gently.

"Which film?"

Miramax had invested in plenty of films, including some with limited budget. It was a good method to attract an audience.

"Confessions of a Dangerous Mind."

"Wow! Well done, young man! An indie film!"

Although all companies were commercialized, they actually felt a deep respect for directors and actors devoting themselves to indie films.

Director Zhang was surprised. What? Qin Guan, a supporting actor in domestic commercial films, has become an indie film hero in the US in barely half a year? The world is changing really fast!

He scanned Qin Guan from head to toe. He seems elegant and graceful. Could he act in an indie film though?

He had forgotten about the concept of aestheticism in foreign indie films. Qin Guan, Sam and Zhang had a harmonious conversation. After the conference, they exchanged contact information through their lawyers.

The publishing rights in North America belonged to Miramax. The 25-million-dollar price made it the top Chinese film.

During the following negotiations, Sam even made a joke. "Shall we change the name to 'Zhang Yimou: Heroes'?"

They all looked into the further promotion of the film. The next day, Qin Guan returned to New York, while his babysitter left for Los Angeles, the supreme headquarters of the film circle.

She worked in Hollywood like a duck in the water. Thanks to Zhang, she got all kinds of invitations to different banquets.

Warm Southern California was far away. Qin Guan began to take exams as soon as he returned to New York.

It was worse to take the exams in New York, because of the high prices of the US. Considering this was the location of Wall Street, the competition was especially fierce there.

The application fee in the state of New York was 220 dollars, while in western parts of the country it was only 25 dollars. The exams also cost 650 dollars. Along with the fee for educational background certificates, Qin Guan spent 1,000 dollars in total.

That was pure discrimination. There were also poor people living in New York. Qin Guan could afford the cost, but he didn't have much free time to study for the exams.

The CPA certificates were of high value, but time was just as valuable.

Chapter 412: The CPA Exams

In another state or town, there might have been fewer candidates, but Qin Guan was sitting in a crowded classroom. That was the power of New York as a financial center.

As the only Asian examinee in the room, Qin Guan made a bad impression on the American elites wearing formal clothes and leather shoes.

Asians were good with numbers. That was known all over the world. Besides, they were attentive and had a big advantage when applying for a job at a giant accounting firm.

He must be a strong opponent.

The seats were fixed to 60, but would be rearranged during the next session. The atmosphere was quite serious.

Qin Guan didn't say anything. He just found his seat by looking at his number and waited silently for the long battle to begin.

The bell rang and the papers were distributed. All the candidates began to answer the questions.

The atmosphere was getting weird. The sound of swift writing was the only thing heard in the quiet room.

Gradually, the eyes of all the elites turned to the Asian boy, who was working hard on his exam paper.

Under the cover of his perfect looks, Qin Guan had bared his teeth like a demon. He was ticking multiple choice answers at a high speed. The paper seemed as simple as picking cabbages at the market for him.

At first, people thought he was just doodling on his paper distractedly, but soon they realized he was answering the practical questions.

He was like a general on the battlefield, the papers and pens at

his command.

Everyone else was questioning their lives and abilities. Am I mediocre? How come he is so good at things I find difficult? A girl wearing glasses had been in PWC for two years as an assistant accountant. This was the first time she was doubting herself.

How can an employee of a giant accounting firm be inferior to a student?

It was easy to tell that Qin Guan was a student. He was the only one wearing jeans in the room.

Even the invigilators were stupefied. Are there any "1+2=3" questions on the paper?

Two hours later, the Asian boy stopped writing. He let out a long breath and looked around at the surprised people staring at him. He grinned happily, baring his white teeth.

The invigilator suppressed the impulse to warn him.

Qin Guan started knocking on his desk out of boredom. If looks could kill, he would have died already. When the invigilator cast a warning glance at him, Qin Guan found another method to kill his time.

In the next two hours, everyone got exhausted. One hour seemed like a day for them. When the bell rang, everyone let out a breath of relief.

Qin Guan went out with his books, smiling to himself. He intended to weed out as many opponents as possible.

"Hey, wait a minute, sir..."

The girl sitting next to him was talking to him. She must have suffered a lot because of him. What's the matter? Wanna quarrel with me?

"Excuse me, sir, but... Are you applying to the four giant accounting firms?"

Qin Guan blinked. He saw a small steel plate on her chest, with the logo [PWC](#) on it.

"Don't worry, I'm not applying there."

Qin Guan left without looking back. Better not trouble her.

The girl flushed and let out a breath of relief, patting herself on the chest.

Thank god he is not interested in my firm. A guy with such a high IQ and a bad temper can cause earth-shaking changes in a firm. He is so handsome though...

After his exam, Sister Xue returned from Los Angeles in a happy mood.

Director Zhang's group had flown back to China. Zhang Weiping would be dealing with their affairs with the American companies. Sister Xue had come to say goodbye to Qin Guan. She would be coming back again in March, when the Oscar award ceremony would be held.

"Your achievements in Los Angeles?" Qin Guan asked, reading through a thick pile of paperwork.

Sister Xue showed off proudly. "I spent three days visiting any film companies and agents that would have me. I left your resume everywhere. I also asked Miramax to help you register in the Screen Actors Guild. You have to cooperate with them. Asian stars are rare in the US. I'm looking into your further development. You have to be strict with script selection. They will be monitoring the scripts closely. You cannot act first and report afterwards."

Qin Guan saw Ancestor Xue off like a good boy. He didn't know that his popularity in China was increasing at a surprising speed.

In fact, ever since he had left, he had been away from the mainstream Chinese media. Naturally, people couldn't find news about him easily. At the end of the year though, he was popular again, which made the Taiwanese grind their teeth.

The reason was simple, yet funny.

Thanks to "Meteor Garden", a popular idol drama from the mainland, handsome men were trending again in Asia.

Thanks to its combination of campus life, powerful bosses, Cinderella stories, romance and love triangles, the campus idol drama was becoming popular among students. The four main heroes, known as F4, had attracted the attention of Chinese girls.

Male stars in China were retreating before them. Besides, fans were always fickle with their affection. The four boys could be seen everywhere, including on TV series, magazines, entertainment programs and CDs. In the girls' dreams, they were four charming princes.

PricewaterhouseCoopers, one of the top for accounting firms in the world.

Chapter 413: The Real Prince

Where there was oppression, there was resistance. There were still many calm, good girls around.

On the day when all the popular forums were flooded by posts about the F4, a resistance team was formed.

"Handsome men need comparison. Who's the No.1 male actor in our minds?"

"Comment on ways to identify a prince."

"Comparison is necessary."

Fans of Cong Nianwei and Qin Guan sent war signals.

Some people climbed over the wall and stole Qin Guan's original NYLON pictures, as well as the latest posters of the Armani perfume. They didn't take them for free. They left 0.5 yuan and a message that stated, "Chinese people have visited this place."

The ones who made the posts didn't badmouth F4. They simply put pictures of the five boys next to each other.

One of them was wearing a formal suit and a clean white shirt. His wide forehead was shining in the sunshine under his short hair. He looked like a fine, graceful nobleman of ancient times. His warm smile made him look like a handsome childe.

The girls sitting before their computers couldn't help but cover their faces.

Handsome men really needed comparison. The four boys seemed unkempt with their thick bangs and long sideburns. With careful observation, one could tell that their brand outfits were fake. Their thick waists and short legs were also unbearable.

I have bad taste...

As a result, the situation changed completely. Fans were crazy, but they were not blind.

"Wow! Qin Guan is the real deal."

"It's been a long time since I saw him in a magazine. I nearly forgot about him. Thanks for the poster!"

"Ha ha, I'm his loyal fan. Welcome to the club. We have branches all over Asia."

The posts were spreading on the network like rolling snowballs.

Director Zhang Jizhong's assistant was really happy. The episode of Xuzhu would be airing again the following evening.

After a busy day, housewives liked to watch TV and chat with their spouses. They were tired of idol dramas and thought that "Demi-Gods and Demi-Demons" was a good quality show.

"Dear, you talk about F4 all the time. In my opinion, they pale in comparison to this boy."

"Mom, your taste is awful..." Her daughter glanced at the screen impatiently.

"Make some room for me."

The monk on the screen was making something with the girl in the dark icehouse. There was no sense of immorality, only pure beautiful feelings.

Crack, crack. The whole family was obsessed. Only the sound of them chewing popcorn could be heard.

Xuzhu's beauty and suppressed sensual passion shocked the audience. He was way better than tough Xiao Feng and slender Lin Zhiying.

F4? They are nothing. They may wear royal gowns, but they are no princes.

Sister Xue went back to her office, only to find the three phones jammed with messages. People sent all kinds of proposals to her.

She hung up another call with a forced smile. I just hope he will

do as well in the US as in China.

When he returned to China, Zhang Weiping was also shocked. In several weeks, the supporting actor had become very popular.

Okay, let's work on "Heroes".

"Qin Guan has a short, but splendid part on 'Heroes'."

"'Heroes' goes to Hollywood. The actors on the red carpet have been decided."

"Qin Guan's successful journey in the US."

Only when the news were released did ordinary people find out that a Chinese person had squeezed into the American fashion circle with his own effort.

He had become Armani's local representative for a valued product. Could F4 have done that?

While fans in other Asian countries were crying and asking F4 to marry them, the fans on the mainland calmed down first.

Their idol was talented both at acting and studying, which was a positive message for young girls.

Qin Guan, you are my prince charming!

"Achoo!"

Qin Guan sneezed on the other side of the ocean. Who is cursing me? He was reading a letter sent by AICPA.

It was strange for a modern society to keep sending mail the old-fashioned way to show its professionalism and history.

Shaking his head, Qin Guan pulled the letter out of the envelope. Generally, speaking, American people would take exams one by one, not all together in the same period, to avoid wasting money and time.

Chapter 414: The First Client

Of course, that was for common people. Qin Guan took all his exams in four consecutive days.

His score attracted attention from the AICPA, as the success rate had dropped from 48% to 38%. The directors tried to find excuses for the elites, but it was in vain.

The Chinese student had gotten a mark of 396, thus breaking the American national record. Actually, the full mark was 400. That picky marker had looked for a bone in an egg to avoid giving Qin Guan a full mark.

If they knew what had happened in the examination room, the directors would have gone crazy.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei glanced at his final mark and lost any interest to read on. They would just wait for the certificate that would authorize Qin Guan to open his own business.

Qin Guan was one of the 10,000 members registered at AICPA. He could register his firm, find a location for it and start accepting clients.

He Ming was pretty straightforward. When he heard the good news, he gave Qin Guan countless financial sheets and suspended his contract with his previous accounting firm without hesitation.

I've wanted to fire you for a long time. You proud Americans take advantage of our unfamiliarity with the market and charge us 120% higher! I won't be bullied again in the future!

Business was business after all.

"The total assets of your company are about 30 million. According to industrial standards, I have to charge you at least 2,000 dollars a month. It's a reasonable price. There will also be extra charges for big changes, including tax avoidance, financing, regrouping and so on. I'll be checking your accounting department

once a month."

He Ming nodded again and again. I'm relying on you. I have no idea what you are talking about.

When he hung up the phone, Qin Guan lifted Cong Nianwei over his head romantically.

"I'm making money, Weizi! I'm making money!"

He was finally happy after going through long hardships. Qin Guan felt like he had slaughtered a giant dragon by himself.

He turned around in the hall, holding Cong Nianwei.

"Ah! Careful!"

"Ah!"

The girl landed on the couch, falling on her back, her legs pointing up to the sky. The boy was lying on the floor, twisting and rolling around.

Qin Guan climbed to his feet dizzily. "How are you, Weizi? Are you all right? My bad..."

One would have thought that the girl was dying.

Qin Guan moved the cushions away to reveal Cong Nianwei's body. He moved a stinky frog away from her face and saw her staring at him angrily. He hastened to help her up.

After a few minutes, Cong Nianwei came back to her senses and saw his silly smiling face before her.

"Are you crazy? You have made so much money! Those brand representative contracts earn you one million a year! Why are you so happy about 2,000 dollars? You have only one client. Even a pipe fitter is richer than you!"

Qin Guan shook his head repeatedly. "No! Just think about it. I have only one person working in the firm. I don't need any others. Plus, I got my first client before I even opened for business. Do you

know what this means? Acceptance!"

"This is an auspicious beginning for a new enterprise. It's an achievement a professional accountant works many years to accomplish, yet I, a green hand in the profession, have already reached that level!"

Before Cong Nianwei could laugh at his arrogance, Qin Guan's phone rang.

"Qin Guan! You accepted He Ming's case, but forgot about me!"

Lan Jin sounded very upset. He was holding the phone with a trembling hand as tears threatened to spill from his eyes.

"What? Forgot about what?"

"I sent you all my paperwork and financial sheets via email. Why didn't you make me an offer? You are looking down on me! My company is too small for you!"

"Which email did you send it to?"

"XXXX@XXXX.."

"You missed a letter..."

"Okay, wait a moment. I'll send it again."

Qin Guan hung up and turned on his computer, looking at Cong Nianwei smugly.

I told you so. My good luck keeps coming. "Qin Guan?"

"Yes?"

Chapter 415: The Old Accounting Firm

"How much did you charge your second client?"

"500 dollars a month..."

"Wow! So, you can earn 2,500 dollars only from your firm! That will be 30,000 a year. Congratulations!"

Qin Guan turned around to look at her smiling face. Her sneer made him calm down. He gently picked up her hand. "I want to hold your hand and grow old with you. It's my honor to be with a calm woman like you. Lan Jin's company is small right now, but considering how smart he is, it will grow 10 times larger in five years. My fees are reasonable. He will be happy about his total assets at the end of the year."

"Both my firm and our future will be good. Wait for me. In two years, we will get married."

Cong Nianwei flushed at his words. "Who... Who will get married?"

"It all depends on me! I'm the powerful demon here!"

The moon peeping outside the window pulled some soft clouds over to cover her eyes. Snowflakes were falling on the earth.

"It's snowing..."

"Hush... Don't speak..."

It was late at night. Goodnight, everyone.

Qin Guan found the aim of his life in his small firm. He was busy and secretive in his actions, except when it came to his classes and part-time jobs.

An Asian boy was haunting the business streets of Manhattan and the accounting firms of New York. He was always wearing meticulous Armani clothes and carrying a black briefcase.

He was planning on visiting some big accounting firms to see the operational patterns of other firms. He was a real spy.

Before he could choose his first target, his phone rang. "Hello, is this Mr. Qin Guan?"

"Yes, it is."

"This is PWC. We saw the latest list of the AICPA and wonder if Mr Qin Guan would be interested in our firm. Do you have time for a meeting?"

This was a common way companies used to recruit talented people. They would ask headhunters to find people according to the latest list.

Qin Guan was happy about the phone call. It had come just in time. "Okay. I'm on Broadway. Okay..."

Qin Guan hung up and headed straight to PWC.

Wall Street was located at the southern part of Manhattan. Despite its beautiful surroundings, it was governed by the cruel laws of the financial jungle. It was the cradle of all kinds of financial firms, as well as the money center of the US.

PWC's branch in New York was also its headquarters in the US. It was located in a tall building on Wall Street. Getting out of the crowded elevator, Qin Guan arrived at the HR department along with other quiet office workers.

There were dozens of folded chairs in the big hall. The assistants were distributing blank forms to the applicants. Qin Guan saw lines of formal dresses, leather shoes, and suits. The ladies had pulled their hair into tight, strict buns. Black and grey were the most popular colors in the room. Everyone there looked steady and serious.

Qin Guan chose a seat in the back and filled the forms out carefully. They focused on educational background, certificates and work experience. The forms differed according to the

department.

There were not that many positions for people with a CPA, let alone for general accountants. Two different interviewing rooms had been prepared for people with different certificates.

Qin Guan was the third candidate to be called. Led by a soft-waisted girl, he entered the interviewing room. It was a clean meeting room without any decorations. Six interviewers were sitting behind a long desk. There was a single desk for the recorder. Everyone in the room fixed their eyes on him.

The recorder coughed. Qin Guan glanced at her.

Wow! An acquaintance. It was the girl who had been sitting next to him in the examination room. She was working for PWC, but she was a CPA green hand.

Marsha gritted her teeth. She had failed one of the exams by only one point.

She tentatively asked Qin Guan about his career plans. He said that he would be starting his own business. Yet he was still there, in the interview room.

He must have gotten the certificate. Otherwise, he wouldn't be looking so proud. My mum is right. She says all handsome men are liars.

Qin Guan and the interviewers had no idea what she was thinking about. They were just asking and answering questions according to the standard procedure.

"You majored in Accounting in China. Now you are studying Finance at Columbia. It took you only half a year to get your CPA. You must have a good academic foundation."

Chapter 416: Latent Rules

"I know that every country has CPA exams. Why didn't you take the exams in China?"

"The evaluation differs. You were wise enough to choose the best one."

Like all people on Wall Street, the men and women around him were particularly proud.

Qin Guan felt offended. He decided not to be polite with those guys, but he still replied with a smile, "I chose AICPA because it is quite an easy certificate. Actually, I spent less than a month on my preparation. I know all the gentlemen and ladies present are considered talented in the financial circle. You must know Prof. Martin, my tutor. Before the exam, he told me that I could only apply for this certificate, but my low IQ wouldn't allow me to pass. He said that all I could do was play with an abacus. I had to take all kinds of exams, such as actuary exams, auditor exams, etc..."

Qin Guan changed the meaning of Prof. Martin's words on purpose.

Silence prevailed in the room. Marsha was wondering if she should record his words or not.

Qin Guan moved to a more comfortable position, brushing lightly at the non-existent dust on his pants. "I think his comments made sense. In China, without any working experience, I wouldn't even have been able to enter the examination room. I love the US. I love freedom, democracy and equality. I passed the exams easily. I actually got the best score in the country!"

"I was relieved when I got the notice. Thank god my classmates from China are not here, or the best ones would be coming after me. That would have been annoying."

One could be austere if they had no selfish desires. Qin Guan was

not there for the interview. He just wanted to sneer at them.

Those talented people were born with a deep-rooted discrimination for people of other races. If the applicant had been American, they would never have asked such a question.

Since I'm here though, we can have a good talk with each other.

The interviewers had never seen such an applicant before. Most accountants were strict and serious. It's said that Chinese people are really modest. Is that a joke?

Qin Guan had the right to express his opinion though. Who could say that his answer was wrong? It was just an annoying answer to hear.

"A good accountant should be both professional and proficient. Our firm is developing thanks to the constant training our staff goes through."

"For us, that mark is not the only criteria by which we evaluate an accountant. For example, an independent accountant should be good at negotiating when dealing with a client."

"Our middle-level directors have fixed resources. If it's possible, we would like you to be our partner. We would like to hear your self-evaluation now, Mr. Qin Guan."

Marsha was also curious about his answer. Yes, you are a straight-A student, but what we need is someone with a comprehensive ability.

They smiled. Qin Guan smiled back at them.

As far as he knew, a partner was the highest level a CPA could reach besides being a founding partner. There was no Chinese partner in the top four firms in the US. The highest position a Chinese man could reach was only senior executive. There had to be some kind of secret behind this.

He looked at them calmly and gave them a smile. "Your line of

business can be divided into six categories. According to different experience, accountants accept different clients. Your clients rely on advertisements and connections. Most of them come from mutual recommendations."

The people across from him nodded unconsciously. The young man was right. He has a general idea of the basic frame and operational patterns of an accounting firm.

Marsha was shocked. The student had no working experience in the US, yet he seemed to be familiar with the industry.

Qin Guan continued, speaking neither too fast nor too slow. "So, now I'll come to my biggest advantage."

"Look at this face, please." Qin Guan turned his face in half a circle slowly. "I think everyone must have a clear idea of my professional proficiency."

Everyone felt dizzy. Wow! They nodded softly together.

Marsha nearly threw her laptop down. What idea? Can't you make it more clear? It seems like I am the person with the lowest IQ in the room.

"I like the young man. Our major client department is short on such talent. Vivian and Jennifer are still hesitant about their choice."

"Our external business department also needs an ambassador. We could make an advertisement for him..."

"In fact, he would do well in our PR department. He would be welcomed at business parties."

They planned on competing over the boy, but Qin Guan's next words stupefied them.

"Actually, I came to the interview with the aim of learning different operational concepts from you. As one of the four top accounting firms, PWC must have its advantages."

"I have already learned a lot from you. Thanks a lot. You told me about the current situation for Chinese accountants, as well as the reason there is no Chinese partner in the US. Thanks again for all your patient answers."

Chapter 417: Qu Xuemei Is Coming

The interviewers either didn't understand, or they did, but they were not clear on what he was talking about.

This was a patent rule in the circle. A Chinese accountant on Wall Street could only depend on himself.

An old man with a poker face waved his hand around leisurely. "It's better for you to know the current situation. You must know the high standards we set for our staff. If you spend 10 years here, I can promise you a senior management position."

10 years to get to senior management. That's all you can offer me. Thanks a lot.

"Wait to hear from us again..."

They had a discussion and told Qin Guan he could leave.

Qin Guan stood up and bowed before them gently. Then he turned around and grinned at Marsha in secret. He left the room without looking back.

The door was closed. They were still discussing Qin Guan's performance. Marsha was not as optimistic as they were though. That Asian boy doesn't see their firm as his final destination.

Marsha knew that Qin Guan would never work at PWC. He had already shared his goal, which was to start his own firm.

The sky above Wall Street was even darker than in other places, because the tall buildings and mansions there were very close to each other. Dream-pursuers could be seen everywhere, their hope evident in their busy steps.

So many people became legends there, while so many others left empty-handed. Standing among the buildings, Qin Guan looked back at the street of the most flourishing economy in the US.

A twisted vine was growing from the dirt by the roadside. It

should have been climbing up the wall, but instead it was growing tenaciously on the ground.

Qin Guan let out a long breath to drive away all the negative feelings caused by the interview. If a plant can fight against its surroundings, I can surely find my own way.

Ambition always came from a tough situation. Qin Guan left Wall Street without hesitation and headed to his happy nest with his briefcase.

Let's return to the VOGUE headquarters now, where Richard and his arch enemy, Qu Xuemei, were staring at each other. She had resigned from her position as chief editor of VOGUE Asia and flown back to New York to apply for the same position as Richard.

What the hell is this Chinese woman thinking about? During the general policy meeting that day, they nearly fought over the model selection.

Of course Qin Guan has the potential to become popular, but VOGUE has already promoted Chad. We should take advantage of him to get more profit out of him.

Why do you keep talking about sustainability, feasibility and development? Why do you insist on promoting Qin Guan and downplaying Chad? Are you kidding?

Finally, Richard mustered all his courage and tried to oppose the terrible woman. "In my opinion..."

"Shut up!"

"Okay, okay..."

His revolution was suppressed immediately. Then Qu made a horrific suggestion to their boss.

"According to my reliable source, Qin Guan has agreed to three covers and four inner pages with NYLON. That's an exclusive contract! The magazine started its business on cosmetics, but its

sales volume is rising all over the country. Although it's nothing compared to us, in New York NYLON is already at second place. It has even surpassed W!"

"If we don't make a countermove at once, in two months we'll have lost our throne in New York."

Qu looked fiercely at Richard, the conservative chief editor. In her opinion, he was capable enough to defend their territory but not to explore a new domain.

"I know that we should consider our policy carefully. When a model is bringing money though, it's better to choose a conservative plan."

"There are many top brands in the world. Someone better than Chad is sure to appear someday. What will we do then?"

Before Richard could speak again, the woman made another suggestion he hadn't expected.

"Since we can't convince each other, let's make this a contest. We could organize a secret judge show for Qin Guan and Chad. We could invite W, Cosmopolitan, Harper's Bazaar and NYLON. We'll say that we want to express our appreciation for the kindness of these top brands."

"Raynana, who works for NYLON, has a hanging garden at the top of her building. There is a greenhouse with a one-way window there. The people inside cannot look outside, while the outsiders can see inside clearly."

"It's the perfect place for a show. The people we will invite will be able to appreciate the grace of the two models."

"Besides, those two will appreciate our effort. No matter who wins, they will get a good chance to make profit and become famous. As for VOGUE, this is good promotion. I think the other bosses will also be interested in the plan."

The boss pondered it. It seems like a good idea.

Richard was shocked by Qu's openness. Instead of abusing her power, she had chosen to fight fair. I hear that there is a mysterious insect poison in China. She must be eating it...

Qu was satisfied. This plan had many upsides and not a single downside for Qin Guan. He was a nobody in the fashion circle after all. If he took advantage of this chance, he could appear before the top brands in the US. He would be a winner, even if he lost the contest.

Chapter 418: Enough Profit

Actually, she wanted to use that chance to promote Qin Guan. She did not care about the result.

"Okay, it sounds doable. It's been a long time since all the bosses met. You and Richard can take care of the details. First, make a schedule with the two boys."

Their biggest issue had been settled by Qu in a dramatic way. She had promoted her model skilfully. Whatever the result, she would be the final winner.

Richard couldn't express his feelings. He was itching to say something. That clever, mighty woman seems so charming right now! Surely, this doesn't mean I've fallen in love with her?

He shivered at the thought. Forget it.

After the one-month winter vacation, schools opened again. Qin Guan was active at the beginning of the semester, but he did not join any new societies or do any voluntary work on campus.

During their last meeting at Columbia, he had met many Chinese juniors and seniors majoring in Accounting. They were all going to interviews and getting internships by then, so they had mastered the basic level of knowledge.

Qin Guan was seeking part-time staff for large-scale statistics. He needed final results to carry out his analysing work.

His firm had hired some part-time accountants for basic data calculation. This actually saved him on rent.

Qin Guan was too busy with work. As soon as he left the PWC building, he called Xu Xiaoxiao excitedly.

Xu liked Qin Guan's ambition like a cat liked fish. He asked Qin Guan to come over.

Qin Guan arrived at Xu's restaurant and found many people

waiting for him there, including the young married woman who owned the general store next door, the Chinese supermarket owner across the street, and the massage parlor owner around the block... All of them were Chinese. Their eyes were glinting. Xu must have told them something before Qin Guan arrived.

"Hey, pretty boy! Are you good at accounting and reasonable tax avoidance? Have a look at my accounts. I have to submit a lot of forms to the government every month."

"American officials are so shrewd, young man. They charge my massage parlor so much at random..."

As they all complained loudly, Qin Guan looked at his potential clients speechlessly. Are you kidding, Xu Xiaoxiao? These people are not rich enough to hire an accountant!

When he learned about their assets, income and property though, he realized he had underestimated them.

What did Chinese people like to do after residing in a place for a long time? Purchase a house!

Chinese people didn't understand the American concept of renting a shop. In Manhattan, where an inch of land was worth an ounce of gold, those store owners actually owned their own stores. They were great and powerful.

After an initial evaluation, they all reached the lowest standard of a CPA, which was over one million.

Each of them could only spend 6,000 dollars on basic CPA work, including dutiable goods declaration and annual verification. They could get at least 50% tax reduction though, so it was worthwhile.

After experiencing what it was like to have a professional CPA, they wanted to sign a contract with Qin Guan's firm.

Xu also hired Qin Guan for his restaurant, which would bring him a lot more profit. It was so generous of him!

Qin Guan's firm had actually reached the professional standards of a single firm, which was 100,000 dollars a year.

From that day on, Qin Guan's QC accounting firm was officially open.

...

A small grey sparrow flew down to the ground from a withered weed. It was getting higher and higher due to its ambition. There was still a chilling wind and the sneer of the bald eagles, but those things couldn't delay it from getting to its destination.

In one day, it would transform though flourishing Chinese magic and reveal its real nature. It would become a splendid phoenix.

Qin Guan was working hard towards his goal. The Chinese students also appreciated the chance he had given them through their part-time jobs.

The greatest obstacle for an accountant was inexperience. Experience was precious when seeking a job or applying for an internship. Although they weren't making much money and the job required lots of patience, they enjoyed it like malt sugar.

Before, they had only known about American company functions in theory. It was Qin Guan who had given them the chance to put their knowledge into practice.

Many foreign students had been attracted by his reputation, in hopes of getting an internship. Nobody cared about the low payment.

As a result, Qin Guan had gathered many Chinese students, who were following his lead naturally.

Qin Guan's influence among the Chinese students made Zhang Dekai nervous. He paid no attention to Qin Guan's status in the fashion circle or his popularity at Columbia, but he attached great importance to his influence among Chinese students.

This was because all clubs and societies would be having elections at the beginning of the semester, because the seniors had graduated at the end of the previous semester.

Chapter 419: Election

There were so many promotional activities, lobbying and speeches on campus, that it seemed like they were electing a state governor, senator, or even the president.

Ivy League universities were a natural cradle for politicians. Columbia was the Alma Mater of two American presidents, so it was a real breeding place for political talent.

The Chinese Student Union of Columbia also faced the same dilemma. Their last chairman had gotten an offer from CBS TV and taken advantage of it.

One could imagine the value of the position, as well as the advantages Zhang would gain if he succeeded.

Qin Guan worked daily, while Zhang was nervously trying his best.

Taking advantage of his position, he drove out the car of the union and got the sackbut and microphone ready. He had also printed posters and leaflets about himself, with the title "Cherish Constant, Steady Development".

Standing on the busiest path of the campus, Zhang shouted at the students through his loudspeaker. Posters had also been pasted on all corridors in the buildings. On them, Zhang was smiling warmly at everyone in his school uniform, holding his books in his hands.

His assistants would hand out a leaflet to every student with an Asian face. Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were idling around on campus, when they saw the scene. Zhang, who disliked Qin Guan, shouted at him through the microphone.

"Give me your vote, handsome boy! As a member of the union, I'll do my best to help everyone. You must agree with my opinion and support our work."

"I know you seldom participate in after-class campus activities,

but I would like to hear your ideas."

Are you kidding? You run for chairman and let me mind my own business. We live in different worlds.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei took a leaflet and left, feeling both confused and gloomy. Xu Xiaoxiao, who had also witnessed the whole thing, got angry.

Are you challenging Qin Guan? I know he has no interest in the election because of his tight schedule, but I'll help him! I don't want to see your disgusting face again.

As Xu was thinking of a plan, Rongzhi got scared by the loudspeaker. His miniature flying robot nearly fell down on his head.

Your provocations are tasteless. You nearly destroyed my treasure! I'll get back at you!

He almost vented his anger on Zhang.

Both Rongzhi and Xu were making plans against Zhang Dekai.

As an older student at Columbia, Xu was familiar with the routine of the elections. In 10 minutes, he had already made arrangements through his phone.

When he returned to the classroom, he stretched a hand out to Qin Guan. "Lend me some money."

Qin Guan was confused. He was working on his homework.

"How much do you want?" He searched in his pocket.

"One thousand dollars for a start..."

What? I thought you were asking for change to buy a cup of tea.

"I put your name down for the chairman election. Give me some money for the campaign. I'll be your sponsor. I'll give you the money back tomorrow."

"Don't forget, I am your benefactor. You don't need to thank me."

Thank you for what? Did you even ask my opinion?

Qin Guan stared at him. "I have no time for this. It's too much trouble."

"I'll do all the work for you. You just need to show up on election day. If you don't accept such favourable terms, I... I will cry myself to death right here in front of you!"

"What a miserable life!" Xu cried out.

Qin Guan covered his face. "Okay, okay. Just inform me in advance!"

He handed Xu his credit card. The matter had been settled.

...

The next day, the campus was livelier than ever. There were two Chinese girls in cheongsams standing on the road with colorful ribbons, showing their support for Qin Guan. They were distributing leaflets to the passersby.

On both sides of Zhang Dekai's campaign car were two small campaign cars with posters of Qin Guan. He was smiling happily at the crowd.

His image was also on colorful balloons. The photos were clear enough for anyone to count his eyelashes.

The posters were of the same composition as Zhang's, except for the fact that they were a little bigger. Compared to a professional model, Zhang looked ugly.

In half a day, all the Chinese students at Columbia had heard about the legendary candidate. His story could be turned into a novel.

"I know him a little. I saw his TV show in China before I came to the US."

"Yes. He is also a student at Columbia. People in China said that he was a straight-A student. It's true!"

Chapter 420: Batter on the Trigger

Two girls with straight black hair were happily discussing the influential figure on the shady path of the Columbia campus.

"People say that he is the top student of the Finance Department. I heard that he's on a full scholarship..."

"He is handsome, hard-working and capable at making money. He gave part-time jobs to plenty of seniors..."

The loudspeakers beside Zhang were broadcasting Qin Guan's achievements. Suddenly, Zhang shouted at his assistant, who was carrying a pile of posters and leaflets.

"What are you doing here? Be smart! Be positive! Distribute the material!"

The girl, who was wearing black-framed glasses, got scared. She pursed her lips, as if she was about to cry.

"Okay, okay. Stop! Go to the meeting room and check our budget. I have to invest more!"

"But we do not have much money left..." she said hesitantly.

"Shut up, Liu Tianxia! Do something about the budget! You are in the Accounting Department, aren't you? You have an auditing certificate, right? I need an extra 500 dollars for my campaign! Go!"

Liu ran to the meeting room with tears in her eyes. She was afraid that she might start crying in public. A small robot disappeared in the thickets silently.

Inexplicably, Qin Guan found himself the focus of the whole campus. Everyone he passed by greeted him.

"Hey, miracle boy! I support you!"

"I'll vote for you, Qin Guan!"

"Looking forward to your election speech!"

Qin Guan felt like a monkey in the zoo, surrounded by onlookers. It was stranger than in China.

He saw people playing a soccer game on the field between the two libraries. The cheerleaders were waving boards with the phrase "Qin Guan will win".

Would the tradition of the cheering team ever change? Those people would cheer for anyone who paid them.

Hovering above the campus was a sea of balloons. Occasionally, a poor balloon would break away from its owner and drift in the air before it exploded.

Qin Guan saw his face get smashed. That hurt! Dear Xu, how much have you prepared for my campaign? It looks like a wedding ceremony!

Qin Guan saw Xu standing by the cars. The two of them fought playfully. Meanwhile, Zhang's car remained silent.

In the meeting room, Zhang's face was as dark as the burned bottom of a pan. As he looked at Liu, he tried his best to suppress his rage.

"For the last time, Tianxia, help me! You are good at accounting. I only need a little help. The election is in two days. We are working hard for a better future, aren't we?"

"I know what you are thinking about. You think that without a bright future I will turn you away. I swear that if I am elected chairman, I will reciprocate your true feelings. Help me, Tianxia!"

The girl was not stupid. She knew that the man was lying. If he really liked her, he would have confessed his feelings earlier. They had known each other for a long time after all.

"I want to think it over..." She lowered her head, her face hidden behind her long hair. Zhang was hell-bent on winning...

Outside the window, a flying object that resembled a UFO was on

its way home.

The day of the election came fast. The auditorium was crowded. It was an unprecedentedly gigantic election. During the previous elections, only a few internal members had voted for the chairman. Attracted by Zhang Dekai and Qin Guan's candidacies, most Chinese students had shown interest in the activity.

Zhang was excited about the big occasion. The more people voted, the more significant the role of the chairman would be for the University of Columbia, as well as many major companies.

The hostess was a new member of the union. She was a pretty girl in a cute white dress. She stared at Zhang with blinking eyes and smiled at him from time to time.

Liu Tianxia watched them with a poker face. She left without a word.

"Okay, I know. Don't push me. It's only a speech. Why do I have to dress like this?"

Qin Guan was looking down at his formal outfit. He looked as if he was attending a grand banquet.

Xu smoothed out the wrinkles on his suit. He patted Qin Guan on the shoulder and shouted, "Come on, my friend! I'll always be by your side!"

The hostess invited the first candidate to deliver his speech. Qin Guan mounted the stage leisurely.

He knocked on the microphone gently and stood straight, smiling at the audience.

He was like a wintersweet with red petals and yellow pistils bursting into bloom on its skinny branches. He was like an orchid with a nice smell amid ancient ruins. He was like a lonely bamboo tree on a remote mountain or withered golden asters in a forbidden city.

Chapter 421: Something Happened

The people in the meeting hall quieted down, as if a strict teacher had entered the classroom with his pointer.

Everyone got lost in Qin Guan's smile.

Clearing his throat, Qin Guan began his speech. "The Columbia Union has a long history of endeavours..."

"In fact, the aim of the union is to provide all kinds of employment guidelines and work opportunities. It also serves as a tie among Chinese students that have graduated from Columbia..."

"The structure of the union is outdated. If I was elected president, I would engage in external relations and focus on the employment of Chinese students..."

In his convincing speech, Qin Guan spoke about the problem the students were concerned about the most. His style was different from the current working style of the union. Most students knew the name of the president, but had no idea what he had done for everyone.

Zhang Dekai was getting more and more nervous. He had originally thought that Qin Guan knew nothing about the internal affairs of the union and had paid no attention to its actual functions.

However, not only did Qin Gian make a perfect analysis on the advantages and shortcomings of the union, but he had also made a good plan for the future, one that was actually much better than his. The loud applause woke him up. Qin Guan had finished his speech.

"Now we would like to invite the next candidate to deliver his speech."

Zhang fixed his tie, mustered up all his courage and got on the stage.

Turning to face the audience, he began his speech.

"Some people can give easy promises, but one should actually show the time they have spent working for the union. I have been a member of the union ever since I registered at Columbia. I started my service as a staff member, at the bottom of the pyramid, and invested most of my time in this work..."

Suddenly, a muted video with subtitles started playing on the screen behind him.

There was a man and a girl in the video. The man was Zhang Dekai and the girl was a sweet junior.

The camera snapped a picture of the scene. The board on the door behind them read "Chinese Union of Columbia".

The two of them were talking happily. The subtitles were transcribing their dialogue.

Zhang: Give me a kiss, younger sister.

Girl: I want a beautiful dress.

Zhang: No problem. I'll ask Liu Tianxia for some money from the union expenditure. I'll buy one for you tomorrow...

Girl: You clever guy...

The shape of their mouths was corresponding to the subtitles. Both Qin Guan and Xu Xiaoxiao were shocked. We should just finish the meeting now. There is no suspense about the president anymore.

The audience held its breath, pretending nothing had happened. That was a really good joke!

The hall was even quieter than when Qin Guan had been delivering his speech. Everyone's eyes were fixed on the screen, leaving Zhang to speak excitedly on the stage.

Suddenly, the scene changed. Zhang was reproaching Liu Tianxia by his campaign car. In the next scene, Liu was working on the

fake account.

By then, Zhang had realized that something was going on. He noticed that all the audience was staring at the screen behind him.

What are they looking at? A blank screen?

He turned his head around just in time to catch a glimpse of Liu Tianxian and the forms on the table.

He felt as if he was about to have a stroke. Who did this?

In a corner, Rongzhi was quickly manipulating a small car with a mini ejector, making it escape as fast as possible.

The video was cut off suddenly, leaving no time for Zhang to take action. He didn't even know what everyone had seen before he'd noticed.

He had lost his voice. He turned his head around again stiffly, only to find the audience looking at him full of anger and contempt.

Zhang knew he was doomed. He would be facing not just a failure in the election, but also a follow-up investigation. Thank god Liu took care of the account. I can just say I knew nothing about it.

Suddenly, a member of the audience shouted, "Any other candidates running for president? Any other ideas anyone?"

"No!"

"Qin Guan! Qin Guan! Qin Guan!"

The audience was disgusted with Zhang. They were eager for a representative of their own to put an end to that ugliness. Qin Guan was a newcomer in the union, but they hoped that he would work for their benefit.

Qin Guan was elected president for the next semester. His predecessor also felt hatred for Zhang. There were still six months left before he graduated. What would everyone think of him now?

Standing on the stage, Qin Guan waved his hands down, indicating for the audience to be quiet.

"My first task after taking the post will be looking into the dereliction of duty of the second candidate. I will announce the results publicly. In the future, I want to establish an effective supervising system to make the Chinese union as clean as all other college clubs..."

The audience applauded again. As Qin Guan talked, Zhang was getting more and more desperate.

Chapter 422: A Powerful General

The audience left the hall reluctantly, leaving everyone involved to deal with the matter.

Liu Tianxia took a thick pile of documents out of her bag without a hurry. She seemed well-prepared. "Take a look, everyone. These are the documents concerning the union's finances ever since Zhang took over the job.

They looked at the documents page after page. Zhang's signature was on every page. Without it, the budget wouldn't have been valid.

Every detail was clearly recorded by Liu Tianxia. No rules had been broken. The chief criminal seemed to be no other than Zhang Dekai.

Well done! Liu gave everyone an honest, innocent smile.

Zhang Dekai was taken away. Qin Guan had no interest in seeing the end of his story. Personal shame should not be made public. He would only lose some money and get a warning.

Actually, Qin Guan was interested in Liu's skills. He stopped her before she could leave.

"What are you doing, Master Qin? You want to defend your opponent against this injustice? Impossible! Look at your trouble-making face!"

Without Zhang, the girl had changed completely.

"I just want to hire you part-time at my company."

Liu was stunned. She looked at Qin Guan as if he was an idiot.

"How could you trust me?"

"It's only some basic data. Besides, I do trust you."

Liu burst into contemptuous laughter. "After seeing Zhang

Dekai's end?"

"I read through the forms. You didn't make any mistakes in the data or process. All the money was taken by Zhang. You didn't even stuff one coin in your pocket. Why would I not trust you? You are an accountant with professional integrity. I can't let such a talent go to waste!"

Qin Guan's eyes were clear. Liu stopped laughing. Burying her face in her hands, she fell silent.

Everyone felt sorry for her when they saw her shoulders shaking. If Qin Guan was right, then the excellent girl had been hiding from the public eye for a long time.

Suddenly, Liu put her hands down. There was not a single tear on her face.

"You read all the forms in a few minutes?"

"Yes." Xu Xiaoxiao began to show off to her, as if it was his own achievement.

"Have you seen our department's ranking list? Qin Guan is the best postgraduate student."

Looking at him calmly, Liu Tianxia said in a disdainful manner, "I'm a junior..."

The girl was indeed a genius.

"Anyway, I need to have some fun after quitting from the union. You can send the forms to my email. I'll charge according to the current prices."

Liu Tianxia left the hall without looking back.

That day was a celebration for Qin Guan. After six months in the US, he had become the president of the Chinese Union of Columbia. It was unbelievable.

The storm had gradually passed, and a sincere smile had appeared on the faces of the Chinese students.

There were more and more parties and balls, hosted by renowned people from different industries and graduates of Columbia University.

Words couldn't express their gratitude towards the most handsome president their union had ever had. By then, the advertisement of the Armani perfume had been released all over the world. The beautiful small bottles appeared again and again on mainstream channels and TV stations.

The perfume quietly made a gap in the line of defence of Channel in North America.

When they saw Qin Guan hug Raquel, housewives paused, their fingers hovering over the remote.

When he disappeared like a bubble, they burst into tears.

"That b*tch killed him!"

"Vampires are a symbol of evil. Forgive me, my Lord! I am still your sincere servant..."

"I love that handsome boy..."

In the latest edition of NYLON, Qin Guan's advertisement took up a whole page. He had left the perfect image up to fashion insiders.

Qu Xuemei and Richard were preparing for the activity. According to the report on their boss' desk, NYLON had the largest sales volume out of all fashion magazines.

Qu's prophecy had come true. Richard had lost all confidence in Chad.

...

Busy days always went by quickly. Before Qin Guan could realize it, Oscars season had come around.

Before the 2003 award ceremony, movie critics, actors and directors had arrived in Los Angeles to experience the warmth of

the West Coast.

It was a fine day. Qin Guan had asked for leave from Prof. Martin and got together with the cast and crew of "Heroes".

He had no idea about the ceremony until he checked in at the hotel. Horrified, he realized that only three people were qualified to attend the ceremony, Zhang Yimou, Zhang Weiping and him. All the other stars were absent because of their tight schedules.

Qin Guan felt strange about the situation, but Sister Xue found out the truth after conducting an investigation in Los Angeles.

Chapter 423: Different Kinds of Figurants

There were only 3,000 seats in the ceremony hall, while the participants were about 6,000. Only guests with invitations would enter the hall.

"People have submitted applications for an invitation from early on. According to the rules, we can only get two to three invitations. We had a discussion and made a decision. You should thank Zhang Weining. He admires you so much."

Qin Guan felt gratitude for Zhang. On second thought, he realized he was useless. He could do nothing to help the crew before the opening ceremony.

Taking advantage of this, he decided to walk around the largest film studio in the US and experience the atmosphere there.

Influenced by the Oscars, everyone in Los Angeles was cheered up. Plenty of companies and investors were pouring into the city. Simple sheds had been set up as temporary interview rooms for figurants.

Qin Guan was excited. He felt like a shark smelling blood.

Sister Xue was his driver. Looking alertly at the annoying boy, she asked him, "What are you going to do?"

"I just wanna take a look." Before his voice could fade away, Qin Guan had disappeared like the wind.

He merged into the crowd at once. He had been bored at the parties he had been attending all day long and planned on making some pocket money for himself.

Money eyes! Murmuring, Sister Xue parked the car. Suddenly, she saw Qin Guan standing in a line of figurants. He stood out because of his rare Asian face.

He had chosen the shed with the smallest numbers of

interviewees. In two minutes, he went out with a piece of paper.

It had to be a notice. Excluding the time he had spent on the forms, the interviewer must have talked to him for less than a minute. It must be a terrible role.

Sister Xue went into the shed and realized what Qin Guan had done.

The audition was about a film with a limited budget. The title was a good summary of the film. It was called "Bloody Journey". Sister Xue could already foresee its fate. It would be rated NR-17.

As expected, the figurants would be playing corpses. Qin Guan walked over happily as Sister Xue was reading the script angrily.

"I think it's really easy to act in a film in Los Angeles. I passed another audition in 10 minutes!"

Sister Xue sighed. "Tell me, what's this? A zombie? A monster? The living dead?"

Qin Guan grinned, shaking a sheet of paper before her proudly. "I want to try all kinds of different films to see the distinctions. You know, investments vary."

"This is a B-movie. The investment must be billions. I have one line in the film..."

"Wow!"

Sister Xue was shocked. Asian people were in a weak position in Hollywood, except when it came to independent and animated films. Qin Guan had come across a B-movie at random. He was really lucky.

"The leading actor is Dwayne Johnson."

Sister Xue took the notice, where the shooting time, location and payment were stated. The title of the film was "Walking Tall".

My boy is so lucky!

Before she could come back to her senses, Qin Guan followed the crew of "Bloody Journey" up the hill.

Their studio was on the hillside. There were many small shooting basements there that resembled large warehouses. Figurants could start work right away.

The US fully deserved the title of the country that produced the most films. When Qin Guan and Sister Xue arrived at the studio though, they realized that the crew was even worse than a Chinese troupe.

Inside the giant studio was only a lonely camera and several pale-looking staff members. Before Sister Xue could regret this, a man who seemed to be the director shouted, "All figurants head to the makeup room!"

Qin Guan was pulled into a room surrounded by plastic sheets. He thought it was quite different from a traditional make-up room. That makeup room was like the studio of a machinist. There were all kinds of paints and tools everywhere.

A hairy strong man was sitting in the center of it all. He was carefully painting blood on the bodies and faces of the figurants with a serious expression on his face.

"Next!" He patted the man in front of him. Qin Guan walked over. The strong man took a notebook from the table and read out loud, "Next scene, a man and his fingers. Got it!" He sized Qin Guan up.

"Do you see the iron operating table over there?"

Qin Guan nodded.

"Change into the white shorts on it. If you don't want to stain your expensive polo shirt, I suggest you take it off and give it to someone else for safekeeping."

It seems like my role is a special one. Qin Guan took off all his clothes. The strong man fell into thought as he looked at him in interest.

Chapter 424: Dracula Makeup

"Wow, dude! What do you do for a living? You have the perfect figure. I could make standard models by putting you in a plastic mold."

Thanks so much for the appraisal. I'd die in the mold.

Qin Guan put on the white linen shorts and explained to him, "Strictly speaking, I'm a part-time model."

Then he turned around. When he saw Qin Guan's face, the strong man immediately covered his face with both hands. "F*ck! Let me calm down for a second. I'm not gay! I like girls with big boobs. Okay, let's get to work. Fred will make sure even your own mother won't recognize you."

He took out a box of diluted latex and brushed some on Qin Guan's chest and belly.

When the latex was thick enough, Fred pasted four pieces of artificial skin on Qin Guan's ribs and abdomen. Then his assistant began to apply bad-quality powder and liquid foundation over them.

In five minutes, the snow-white latex had turned the same color as human skin. It looked like Qin Guan's real skin.

Fred estimated the effect and took a small bucket from the table. Inside it was blood, the best tool for the dressers of a dracula movie. Some careful dressers would blend paints of different colors, while some tougher guys would just apply tomato juice.

The man-made blood was poured over Qin Guan's belly. After a while, Qin Guan had a general idea about his make-up.

The reason he was lying on the table was because he had been disemboweled. The texture of the latex expressed that terrible visual.

The assistant took a mini disposable injector filled with a suspicious-looking liquid. "Open your mouth," he told Qin Guan.

Qin Guan looked at the liquid in alert. "What's this?"

Fred laughed. "I thought you were experienced, young man. Don't worry, it's a mixture of syrup and edible paint. It's not eel blood or anything."

Some smaller studios used eel blood for convenience.

Qin Guan relaxed. The assistant injected the artificial blood into the gaps between his teeth.

It was the perfect bloody make-up. Sour, sweet and tasty!

Qin Guan tasted the blood carefully. It's good. I want more!

Before he could say anything, the director shouted outside of the room, "Are you ready for the next scene?"

"Okay! Roll him out!" Fred shouted back.

Dude, can I have some more juice to go?

Before Qin Guan could voice his shameless requirement, he was rolled out by an assistant.

There were some simple mechanical machines in the center of the set. Qin Guan's bed was rolled over to them.

It was dark. There was only a surgical lamp hanging down from the ceiling. It felt like the Sun, projecting heat and light down on Qin Guan.

The latex was burning with the heat. Qin Guan paid no attention to the hot pieces though. He was absorbed in the entrails hanging by threads above his head. The end of a hanging gut was touching his stomach.

This role was an unprecedeted tragedy. He was disembowelled and living thanks to all kinds of machines. What a miserable life!

American people are f*cking crazy! I like them!

Sister Xue couldn't stand still from the shock. My baby, you have been a leading actor in two films! If this was China, you wouldn't have accepted such a role!

That was why indie film actors were not very popular in the US. Their films were nowhere to be seen and all their effort went to waste.

Before Sister Xue could come back to her senses, everyone was ready. A D-level actress was standing by the operation table. She was one of the heroines of the seven stories of the film.

Marsha had straight brown hair. She had discovered the abandoned warehouse by chance during summer vacation. It looked like Hell itself. Blood and guts were everywhere.

Besides, there was still a living person inside. At his request, Marsha liberated him from death, but she got in danger later.

Qin Guan was the guy liberated by Marsha, an extra with only one line.

"Three, two, camera!"

Suddenly, Qin Guan entered perfect acting mode.

Marsha mustered all her courage to move slowly into the warehouse. Blood was everywhere. The main source of blood was in the center of the room. It was an operation table.

Artificial blood was pumped into curling guts to form a steam. There were blood drops dripping from the gaps.

"Oh, my God..."

On the cold operation table, she saw a stranger. The man's pupils were already slack and his face was shining with joy.

Chapter 425: The Green Hand

It was the thirst of desire and the craving of self-liberation. There was no pursuit of life. Trembling, he stretched his bloody hand out to Marsha and looked at her with a miserable expression in his eyes.

Both the director and the actress were lost in his sorrowful eyes.

Marsha was out of control. Ignoring their terrible surroundings, she rushed up to Qin Guan and took his shaking hand.

"I'll help you! Stay awake, I'll make a call..."

Qin Guan seemed comforted. His slender fingers held her hand tightly with more energy. At the director's request, the camera zoomed in on their locked hands.

The director was suddenly enlightened. He tried to express his feelings through different methods. Practice made perfect after all.

Young man, you were lucky to have an indie film actor in your dracula movie.

The director was busy changing the position of the camera while Qin Guan controlled the whole process. His slack pupils were gradually concentrating as he got warm. He could see the operating lamp before his eyes, his internal organs hanging on the ceiling, and the beeping machines beside him.

He didn't move. Instead, he closed his eyes quietly. Long eyelashes covered his eyes like butterflies with broken wings.

"Please... I want to leave... Forever..." he said through pale thin lips.

He preferred death over life, but he could not explain it in words. The bloody, violent scene turned to art thanks to Qin Guan.

The director patted his thighs heavily. Who said that American Dracula movies are all about horror? Humanity is everywhere!

Marsha was encouraged by Qin Guan. In her opinion, that kind of life would be an insult for the handsome man. She gently pulled her hands back, for fear of disturbing him, and slowly turned off the machines.

Beep...

The electrocardiogram turned into a flat line, indicating that the tortured man had gone to Heaven. Qin Guan didn't stop acting though. The script was too brief. The writer hadn't taken the natural reaction of a human body into consideration.

The oxygen tank couldn't support him anymore. Qin Guan trembled as if he was experiencing an electric shock. After jerking a couple of times, his eyes opened again. His pupils went slack until any hint of feeling disappeared. His wounds had exhausted him. He had no energy to make a final effort. His toes were stiff. He had finally left that ugly world.

What would Marsha face later on?

The camera was still rolling as she fixed her eyes on the corpse on the operating table. She looked slightly obsessed. The director was also lost in thought, so he forgot to stop the camera.

Qin Guan felt terrible on the table. He was nearly blind under the bright lamp. Plus, the table was cold and the lamp was quite hot. His nose was about to start running.

He was groaning silently, when Sister Xue walked up to the director to remind him. It was crucial to have a considerate agent.

"Oh, okay... Cut!"

Wow! I saw tears in your eyes. Is this your first movie? Sister Xue had a point. The green hand had been shocked by the quiet death.

When Qin Guan jumped up from the iron table, Sister Xue buried her face in her hands.

"Qin Guan, cover yourself with the sheet!"

"Why? I'm not naked." Qin Guan looked down and saw that his shorts were pasted on his body. They were soaked in blood. He looked like a wet temptation.

He wrapped himself with the sheet fast. Then he smiled at Marsha awkwardly and ran to the dressing room. How embarrassing! I hope she saw nothing!

Marsha hadn't seen anything. She had been staring at his bottom. That subtle invitation was the best kind of temptation.

Qin Guan took a shower in the dressing room. The sugar paint dissolved easily in the water. He got out and Fred applied some special chemical agent to the flaying surface to take off the latex pieces.

When Qin Guan went out with clean wet hair, Sister Xue had already gotten his payment.

Chapter 426: Uniformed Temptation

There were certain payment standards for figurants in the US. Those who weren't registered at an actor labor union got paid eight dollars an hour, and those who were registered got paid 10 to 20 dollars an hour according to their resume, including their working experience and the number of films they had participated in.

Waving the 20 dollars at him, Sister Xue cast a supercilious look at Qin Guan. You spent two hours here. What were you thinking?

"I enriched my experience. I just wanted to see different kinds of films. I'll try anything new. I'm in the film capital now!"

"Parties are boring, Sister Xue! We haven't been working together for a long time, but it's great! Here you are!"

Qin Guan took several coins out of his pocket. "Six dollars. That's all..."

"You bastard!"

Sister Xue chased after Qin Guan, waving her handbag at him. It felt like they had gone back in time, to a period filled with laughter.

The next morning, Qin Guan and Sister Xue headed to the "Walking Tall" studio really early.

After waiting for a long time, everyone finally arrived. Then the group headed to a small town in Los Angeles.

The first scene was an exterior scene. This meant that Qin Guan would suffer a loss. His formal work would last only one hour, but he would have to spend half a day in transit. If this had not been a typical American shoot-'em-up movie, Sister Xue would have pulled Qin Guan out of the project.

The cars finally pulled up at the small town, where the other

group had arrived before them. It was the group of the leading actor, Dwayne Johnson, a strong bald man with a pretty face. He was quite different from the typical ferocious guys in Hollywood gangster movies.

He had become famous for his role in "The Mummy", where he had portrayed a villain hieromonk from ancient Egypt. The magical power he had possessed had made a harmonious contrast with his pretty face, which had made his career very successful.

He used to be a professional wrestler before he had been discovered by a talent agent. Unlike the antecedent movie "Scorpion", this was his first leading role in a film.

When everyone was present, the director began shooting the first scene.

Unlike their Chinese peers, American directors had no responsibility to give instructions before the shooting. Every detail was written clearly on the script. If one couldn't display the corresponding level of ability, the producer and director would re-evaluate their skill.

It was Qin Guan's first time to put on an American policeman uniform.

It was a black fitting uniform with golden badges on the arms and plaques on the chest. Its belt and slender pants made the uniform look tempting.

When Qin Guan walked out of the simple dressing room, the lighting engineer, who was busy carrying props, couldn't help but whistle. The middle-aged woman flipped her long hair to show her feminine charm.

Qin Guan walked up to the crew slowly, trying his best to pull his pants down. Sometimes slender pant legs were a mistake. His pants shocked the crew.

His upper body looked delicious, while his lower body looked like

a clown's. Even Dwayne Johnson smiled.

Luckily, the flaw could be camouflaged. Even the most perfect films could sometimes experience unexpected accidents.

The scene was quite simple. The hero had retired from the navy and realized that his working position had been lost. When he couldn't find his own way, two kind-hearted police officers had escorted him home.

Qin Guan was the officer driving the police cruiser. He was only in the background. The other actor was the one who chatted with the hero. That was why he had passed the audition so easily.

All the cameras were in the proper position. Sitting behind the main camera, the director looked up at the sun and covered his head with a newspaper. "Ready? Three, two, camera!"

A police cruiser drove by slowly. The policemen saw Dwayne Johnson's backpack and introduced themselves warmly.

"Hey, are you looking for a job? The nearest logging camp is in Aberdeen, hundreds of kilometres away from here."

Depressed, the hero answered, "That's too bad."

The kind-hearted policeman continued to suggest other jobs. "You could also go to the casino in town. You could play Black Jack there."

Camera No. 3 zoomed in on the car to reveal Qin Guan. His uniform looked tidy. His head was leaning slightly towards the backseat, and his seat belt was fastened tight.

"Come here, JK. Isn't he handsome?" the director asked.

"Of course!"

"That face would normally attract all the attention. Nobody would look at the other officer in the scene, even if he had more lines."

"Strangely enough though, the two men are in complete

harmony. The audience will still be able to notice that the other guy is handsome though..."

Because of that strange phenomenon, as well as the selfishness of the director, the camera was pointed at Qin Guan. As a result, the other figurant remained in the background during the whole process.

Chapter 427: Fans Everywhere

Several metres away, Sister Xue was sitting on a brick, watching the scene with her eagle-like eyes. Her face was nearly paralysed from smiling.

"No, thanks," the hero said politely. The director turned to camera No. 2 reluctantly.

The warm-hearted policeman spoke again, "Are you Vaughan? I know your family..."

The director didn't zoom in on him immediately though. Instead, he switched to camera No. 3. Qin Guan was smiling friendly in the driver's seat. His eyes were fixed on his partner.

"Wow! Look at his face!" The assistant director was speechless. This is not a romance film. Why are you so excited?

"Switch to that camera." The assistant director couldn't help but obey the director. Finally, the poor policeman got his close-up.

"Skow, come out. Say hello to the brave soldier!"

The assistant director saw the joy in the director's eyes. He was actually pouting. It's a misfortune to have a director like him.

Qin Guan got out of the car and uttered his first line in the film. "Welcome back, soldier."

"Good! Such a pleasant voice..."

F*ck! How can you tell from one line? The other guy has said so much, yet he hasn't earned any praise.

The policemen drove the hero back home. The first scene was finished.

"Good! Cut!" Qin Guan drove the car back to the cameras.

"Good work! It's a good day today. We can get more work done. Five-minute break!"

The director ran to his backpack and took out his wallet. There was a newspaper clipping in it with an impressive picture of Qin Guan's face. It was the advertisement of the Armani perfume.

Trembling, the tough man with the curly black hair walked up to Qin Guan with the picture.

"Qin Guan, could you please sign this for me?"

Sister Xue was surprised to see the director call the figurant by his name. She was enlightened at the sight of the picture though. He had to be a fan of Qin Guan's.

"No problem. One minute." Sitting down on a brick, Qin Guan smiled at the director. He pointed to another brick across from him. "Sit down, please. What would you like me to write?"

The man looked excited. He sat down and rubbed his hands together, moving his brick closer to Qin Guan's.

"To my truest fan, Kelvin Brey. A heart would also be appreciated."

Qin Guan signed the back of the picture according to his request. When he looked up, he nearly fell down from fright.

The director was so close to him that he was nearly sitting on his legs. Their noses were almost touching.

The assistant director couldn't put up with this. He walked over and pulled Kelvin up from the collar.

"Okay. Get ready for the next scene, everyone!"

"My picture... My picture..." Before Kelvin could burst into tears, Sister Xue ran over and stuffed the picture into his hands. He couldn't help but smile through his tears. "I can die happy now..."

What an unworthy life.

The following scene went smooth. In 10 minutes, Qin Guan's part was finished. Sister Xue let out a long breath of relief.

Let's get your payment and go! Tomorrow you'll be on the red carpet of the Oscars.

Qin Guan followed Sister Xue back to the hotel with a contented smile. It was a dreamless, happy night.

The next day, Sister Xue carefully took out the Armani Haute Couture from the closet. Qin Guan was speechless.

"You are so dramatic. Does your hand hurt?"

"Put it on, you idiot. Careful! Don't wrinkle it!"

Qin Guan put on the outfit piece by piece. The extraordinary couture gradually revealed itself.

It was definitely worth its price of three million dollars. The fabric was extremely expensive. Every thread had been weaved according to the designer's inspiration.

Plus, it had been custom-made for Qin Guan's figure. The simple black suit, the bow made of the same fabric, and the gem buttons on the cuffs were a perfect combination.

"I can't tell the difference between an ordinary suit and this. The design is almost the same, and no one would be able to judge the fabric or the techniques."

Qin Guan wasn't terrified at the idea of wearing an expensive outfit. He knew nothing about its uncommon features until he arrived at the site.

Comparison helped. All the other outfits seemed to be missing something.

The Oscars red carpet was different from the one in China. It was divided into two parts, one for stars and one for guests.

Different attendants were treated differently. Most of the attendants were directors, producers and superstars unwilling to show off. They preferred to chat with each other in the guest area and take this chance to form new relationships.

Chapter 428: The Oscars

Qin Guan and Zhang Yimou arrived at the red carpet. According to the request of the organizing committee, Director Zhang would walk on the stars carpet with his actor. Then they would be led to the guest area.

It was a helpless solution. The guest area was crowded, while the reporters were gathered around the stars area. If they didn't get any worthwhile material, they would break the fence and hunt down the guests.

The staff of the organizing committee strolled around the guest area time and again, trying to pull some lazy VIPs to the stars carpet. The VIPs had to go for a walk and then get permission to return.

If the stars in China knew about this situation, they would have been jealous. I should be walking on the red carpet! Not you!

Qin Guan and Director Zhang stood on the edge of the carpet, waiting for the people in front of them to walk a little farther away. Several second and third level American celebrities were waiting behind the ropes. They would get the chance to walk on the carpet after all the stars on the list had finished their presentation.

Haute Couture was showing its real power. Affected by the war in Iraq, most stars had chosen to wear black, grey and white outfits to the ceremony. It was the details that were the most important.

Qin Guan looked like Triton among minnows. Most people around him were members of the entertainment and fashion circle. The envious expression in their eyes was clear. They talked to each other secretly, speculating about Qin Guan's identity.

Then a helpless voice was heard.

"Okay, okay! I'll go! You are capable enough to catch me!" It was

Catherine Zeta-Jones, who was complaining to the staff as she arranged her long dress. The beautiful woman was one of the most likely actors to win an Oscar. She shrugged as she stood behind Qin Guan.

"Are you Chinese?"

Qin Guan felt someone poking him in the back.

"Yes." He looked back and gave her a friendly smile.

"Nominated for Best Foreign Language Film?"

"Yes."

"You are out." Zeta-Jones was straightforward. "The award committee was informed five days ago. Besides, I didn't see your movie at the publicity conference a few months ago."

The woman was really rude. Qin Guan cast a glance at Director Zhang, but saw him look calm at the news.

Both "Chicago" and "Gangs of New York" were powerful competitors for the Oscar. The two films had been produced by Miramax Films. Miramax hadn't invested as much in "Heroes" though, because it was a foreign film.

At the indication of an assistant, Qin Guan and Zhang Yimou stepped on the carpet.

The host made an introduction, "The nominee for Best Foreign Film... 'Heroes' from China... Director Zhang Yimou and actor Qin Guan..."

Fortunately, Qin Guan got the chance to hear his full name. He was grateful for the honor.

Sister Xue nearly cried her eyes out as she watched Qin Guan set a foot on the red carpet.

Qin Guan looked his absolute best. He was a completely different guy during working hours. Some people said that Zhang Yimou was the only Chinese director who looked handsome in a western

style suit. If they saw the red carpet Oscar show though, they would admit that Qin Guan was the most handsome Chinese man in a western style suit.

Among all the foreign reporters stood a lonely figure. He had been sent by the Xinlang website and had gone to the ceremony by paying for his own expenses. As the only Chinese media representative there, he focused on "Heroes".

Because of his limited budget, he could only take some photos. He had no video camera. His only chance to take pictures was when they were on the red carpet.

"Director Zhang is coming! Get ready!"

Unlike the excited Chinese reporter, the other foreign reporters put down their heavy cameras to take a break after taking pictures of the Dutch star before Qin Guan and Director Zhang. The competitors for Best Foreign Film were not as important to them.

When they saw the two Asian men though, they hastened to lift their cameras up again.

Qin Guan's outfit looked as fitting and natural as his own skin. Everyone took in his perfect figure. Inlaid, handcrafted embroidery was blossoming on his chest. As he moved, it reflected silver light like pure sand on a beach.

Even the outfit couldn't surpass the elegance of the Asian actor himself though. As he walked through the media area, he leaned naturally to the right.

He waved his right hand at the crowd. On the camera, he looked like an angel fallen from Heaven. His smile was like the blazing sun, casting light at everyone around him.

"Wow! Director Zhang and Qin Guan!"

Finally, the Chinese reporter caught sight of the only Chinese faces on the red carpet.

Chapter 429: The Award Ceremony

"Wow! It's Qin Guan! He's with Director Zhang!" the reporter murmured to himself as he looked at their backs. Another photographer, who had heard his words, craned his neck around.

"Dude, do you know that actor?"

The reporter began to introduce his compatriot proudly.

"Of course, he is one of the most famous top models in China. He has also acted in several good TV shows. His audience ratings were unparalleled..."

"Really?" The foreign reporter was surprised. The Chinese reporter had described Qin Guan like a superstar in China.

"Great!" The foreign reporter gave a thumbs-up to the reporter from Xinlang, who held his head high proudly. I may have added some things, but most of the things I told him were true.

By then, Qin Guan and Zhang Yimou had reached the background board and signed it.

"This way, please." A security guard in a grey suit opened the gate at the end of the carpet for them. The stars could enter the guest area through that gate.

There was a curtain hanging before the entrance of the theater. Several iron rods were holding up a temporary ceiling, blocking the sunlight. Celebrities in expensive clothes were chatting in the small area.

There was also a big board, where the official Oscar media representatives were gathered. Only TV stations authorised with independent rebroadcasting rights were qualified to set up their cameras there.

The staff was still playing a game of running and chasing. They walked among the crowd, occasionally getting hold of some stars

or celebrities.

Some famous directors had failed to escape and were standing in front of the tall golden figure, taking pictures for the press.

Following the guidance of the staff, Qin Guan and Director Zhang also stood by the splendid golden figure, which was about two meters tall. It was the first time Qin Guan felt the desire to take out his cell phone and take a picture.

Although he preferred indie films to commercial films, he was shocked by the atmosphere there. This was the capital of the film industry all over the world after all.

It was a pity that he hadn't taken his cell phone with him. Sister Xue was standing behind the ropes. One day I, Qin Guan, will take pictures here with the golden statue! I will not be a guest, but a winner!

Qin Guan's ambition couldn't be concealed from Zhang, who also wanted desperately to win an Oscar.

After taking some photos, they retreated to the edge of the red carpet. They exchanged a glance with each other and cast a meaningful look at the golden statue.

Under the light of the setting sun, the guests entered the hall with their invitations.

The stage was decorated in baby blue and crystals, which made a sharp contrast with the red chairs and carpet under the stage.

When the audience was seated, Steve Martin, the host of the ceremony, mounted the stage with a serious expression.

"Before the grand award ceremony, all the actors and reporters should deliver a speech about the wrongful war. It is with heavy hearts that we have gathered here today for this award ceremony. It was not long ago that the war in Iraq broke out."

He was right. At previous ceremonies, actresses had dressed up

like peacocks. That day though, all the ladies were dressed in black or white. No one had dared wear jewellery. Thanks to Steve's humor, everyone eventually felt comfortable.

The first award winner was announced. The musical "Chicago" had beaten "Gangs of New York", "The Lord of the Rings II" and "The Pianist" and won the Oscar for Best Film.

The executive director of Miramax, an old man with grey hair, was smiling so happily that the wrinkles on his face seemed to form a flower.

Adrien Brody, the leading actor of "The Pianist" won the award for Best Actor. Holding the golden statue, he burst into tears on the stage.

The cameraman zoomed in on another nominee for the award. Nicholas Cage was smiling calmly. Even Qin Guan though, who was sitting in the back of the hall, could feel his disappointment.

As a skilled actor, an Oscar was his lifelong dream. It was also the dream of thousands of actors in the US. That small golden statue was their only aim. There were so many factors involved though, including the script, the director, the producer, the distributing company, the audience, the national policy, and so on. Of course, luck was the most important factor.

Qin Guan slowly let out a long breath. Suddenly, he saw Catherine Zeta-Jones walk on the stage.

The British woman, who had been criticized for using her body to her advantage, had finally received an acknowledgement of her talent. She hugged her husband excitedly as she accepted the award. Steve made a joke about feeling jealous.

"Film stars play all kinds of roles. I appreciate them, worship them, but also feel dissatisfied with them. For example, some of them only cooperate with their wives!"

Chapter 430: Happiness Is Simple

Before his voice could fade away, loud laughter broke out. Everyone fixed their eyes on Michael Douglas, the winner of the Oscar for Best Actor in 2000.

Douglas, who was older than Catherine Zeta-Jones by 20 years, had won his first Oscar after they'd gotten married. As a result, people said that he had won the award because of Catherine's fortune.

It was an Oscar tradition to make dirty jokes during the ceremony. If one didn't know, they would have been confused.

The crowd quieted down eventually, and the large screen on the stage changed. Director Zhang couldn't help but straighten his back. Finally, the time had come.

"Let's announce the Best Foreign Film of the 75th Oscars. The nominees include 'El Crimen del padre Amaro' from Mexico, 'I Don't Feel at Home in This World Anymore' from Germany, 'The Man Without A Past' from Finland, and 'Heroes' from China."

The highlights of each film were played on the screen as the host made an introduction. When he came to "Heroes", the black solemn Qin palace appeared on the screen. Li Lianjie was standing in the center of the frame with a murderous look on his face. Red satin ribbons, yellow sand and white petals were dancing around him.

It was a typical, yet impressive oriental film. Even informed famous directors couldn't help but fix their eyes on the screen.

It was a pity that the highlights lasted no more than 10 seconds. Before people could get a general idea, the video switched fast to another film.

Finally, the light on the screen faded away. Steve Martin opened the envelope that contained the name of the final winner. "The

winner for Best Foreign Film of the 75th Oscars is... 'I Don't Feel at Home in This World Anymore' from Germany!"

Caroline Link, who was sitting only two rows in front of Zhang Yimou, hugged her producer upon hearing the news. In her film, the female director had depicted a cruel war from an exquisite point of view. The film's alternate title was "Nowhere in Africa".

Another reason the film had won the award was the ongoing war in Iraq. American people were sympathetic about the devastation caused by the war.

The camera turned in the direction of Qin Guan and Director Zhang. Qin Guan was in no mood to expose himself in such a way, but Director Zhang remained calm and expressionless. When he looked at the female director though, he seemed jealous. Words couldn't express his feelings.

That award had been his goal for so many years. It was an acknowledgement of all the zeal he had put into his work. His heart was full of mixed emotions. Men did not shed tears easily though, so the Chinese man had no outlet for his feelings.

Silence. Endless silence. This was the closest he had ever gotten to winning an Oscar. It was a pity that he had missed his chance.

The rest of the ceremony was peaceful for Director Zhang and Qin Guan. The next jokes and awards had nothing to do with them.

The stars were twinkling above the theater as everyone went out. Some people looked happy, while others looked depressed. After one day of noise, the place finally quieted down. Sister Xue was waiting for them.

Director Zhang looked unconsciously at the clean night sky and covered his eyes gently with his hand.

"Are the stars dazzling?" Sister Xue looked up at the sky.

Zhang Weiping held his laughter back. He had originally wanted to comfort his old friend.

Director Zhang felt at a loss. He didn't know whether he should cry or laugh. Actually, he was luckier than most people in the film circle.

He had been to the Walk of Fame. He had attended an Oscar ceremony. His film had been nominated for an award.

His dream would go on. Cheers! To the filmmakers and directors in China!

"We should drink something."

"Yes, it's a pity to attend such a show and not have a late night snack."

"There's a canteen over there!"

They bought Mexican corn cakes from a canteen beside the theater, ignoring the looks they got from everyone around them. They couldn't resist their stomachs and the temptation of delicious food.

This was also the most delicious Mexican food in Los Angeles. A large box of Tito's Tacos cost only 20 dollars. They enjoyed their cakes without dignity at the entrance of the theater.

The cakes were made of fresh corn kernels instead of corn flour. The brown cakes were sweet and fresh. There was New Orleans roast, fresh red onions, and green peppers in the cakes. Combined with some green onions and black pepper, the cake was really a surprise.

Qin Guan took a big bite. The onlookers around him swallowed their saliva. That Asian boy seems to be enjoying his cake so much!

The roast was tender with a crispy crust. The pressure of his teeth made the juices flow out and ran down along his mouth.

Chapter 431: Crush Him

To avoid staining his shirt, Qin Guan scooped up the juice with his left hand. The juice ran down along his slender fingers as Qin Guan licked it.

Sister Xue almost dropped the onion rings in her mouth.

What will I do with this boy? He becomes a different person when he eats... It's so embarrassing!

Before she could warn Qin Guan not to lose face in a foreign country, the Americans around them started talking.

"High-class restaurants are too far from the theater. We'll be too hungry by the time we get there. Shall we get a corn cake now?"

"Okay, just a snack."

"Hey, John! We can eat here instead of at the hotel!"

Qin Guan's group was driven away by the sudden influx of customers.

The Californian man was confused. His small van, which usually sold snacks to tourists, welcomed a group of film circle VIPs.

"Seafood corn cakes, takeaway..."

"Traditional ones, eat in. And two cups of coffee..."

The reporters and onlookers silently took out their cameras and cell phones to take pictures of the handsome men and beautiful ladies as they passed by.

The owner of the canteen got excited when he saw Jones, one of the top gourmet critics in the US. Wearing his signature black-framed glasses, he stood in front of the small van.

"A traditional cake, please."

The owner tried to calm down. Delighted, he made the most perfect Mexican corn cake he had made in his life.

Before he could come back to his senses, his lucky star, Qin Guan, had left with his friends.

Another beautiful day dawned. It was the beginning of a new life.

Qin Guan saw his friends off at the airport and returned to his everyday life again.

"Qin Guan, this is Qu Xuemei. Come to my office. Now!"

She hung up without hesitation. This was just like her. You should wait for my answer next time. I have to finish my homework. I've been away from campus for three days.

Qin Guan decided to ignore the call, but his phone shook on the desk again. It was a message from Qu. Don't mess with me, or I'll come to your college.

Qin Guan sighed. It seems like she really needs me.

He put away his books and ran to the campus entrance with his car key. Chief Director Qu returns to VOGUE. My golden time is about to begin. My financial future will be taken care of soon.

Qin Guan didn't think Qu's call was a trick, even though she had sent him NYLON's address. Profit was more powerful than enemies. Maybe VOGUE and NYLON would be cooperating in the future.

Qin Guan was in an optimistic mood when he reached the roof garden of the NYLON building.

There was a large glass greenhouse there for planting flowers. The flowers were divided into four neat areas with clean paths between them.

Outside the greenhouse were some strange facilities that looked like the buttons of an ancient typewriter. It was a combination of an iron frame and a round iron plate.

Qin Guan tried to sit on it. It was firm, and the round plate could rotate along with his body.

"Your roof is very modern, Raynana. You could use it as a temporary grandstand. It's big enough for a small party. I like its modern style."

Raynana smiled to herself. Qin Guan made a good point. He still knew nothing about their plans though.

To ensure a fair play between the two models and the selection of the exclusive model of VOGUE, neither Chad nor Qin Guan had gotten a notice in advance. Qin Guan was assigned to an independent fitting room. The cabinet beside it was his dressing room.

There was another fitting room next to it, which made Qin Guan realize that he had a partner. He went out of the dressing room in an Armani suit and saw his partner, Chad, talking nervously with Richard.

"Qin Guan! Come here!" He looked back and saw Qu Xuemei.

"Sister Qu?"

"Your task today is to crush Chad! Use all your power! Understand?"

"But we have to cooperate with each other during the photoshoot..." Qin Guan was confused by her demand. As the chief editor, she should be focusing on the effect of the photos. Why is she asking me to do the exact opposite?

"Stop that rubbish! Think of Chad as an ordinary model from China and do your best to crush him. Use all your skills during the photoshoot! Do not be considerate towards your partner. If he fails, it's his fault!"

Chapter 432: Let's Blossom

Qin Guan's lips formed an O. There was an excited expression in his eyes. Okay, but you asked for this. If the photoshoot goes bad, it's not my responsibility.

Qu Xuemei finished her introduction and shouted at Richard, "Hey, the show is about to begin. All idlers get out! Want to have a try? You are old, but still vigorous... Please get out quickly then!"

Hey! I'm not old! I'm only turning 32 this year. You are the older one here, okay?

Richard was angry, but he could do nothing but retreat before Qu. Only the staff members and the two models were left in the greenhouse.

Chad had also been warned to do his best. After Richard left, he cast a sympathetic look at Qin Guan.

That Asian model must have offended the chief editor of VOGUE. Now I have to take him out! If I use my full ability, I will destroy his future. He may even start doubting the purpose of his own life.

As he thought of that, Chad smiled at Qin Guan mercifully and followed the assistant to his fitting room.

Qin Guan was confused by his smile. Did my father die or something? Why did he look at me that way?

The fragrance of flowers was floating in the air. The people in the greenhouse calmed down enough to enjoy the peace of the elegant environment.

Meanwhile, outside the greenhouse, there was a riot of colors. At the joint invitation of the top five fashion magazines, brand businessmen had gotten together on the roof.

The roof had become their temporary office. Sitting on post-modern style chairs, they enjoyed their cocktails and talked about

their plans for the latest collection. They were clear about the purpose of the party. It was another promotional event of the fashion circle. It was a win-win situation. Magazines needed their investment, while they focused on media publicity. A model of high commercial value would benefit both sides.

The sun set slowly as the atmosphere of the party became active. After the initial greetings, everyone seated themselves, waiting for the surprise arranged by the top magazines.

The organizers had really put a lot of thought into the party. Even the chairs looked interesting.

"Wow!"

Several people screamed as the chairs in the back rose higher and the front ones descended a little. LED lights of different colors lit up under the chairs. Different areas were divided by different colors.

Brands that sold advanced ready-to-wear apparel were a mysterious silver color, and jewellery brands were represented by blue. Make-up and cosmetics were red, while leather products were yellow. Green stood for watches and other accessories.

The audience members smiled at each other like naughty kids finding new toys. They felt relaxed in that beautiful environment. This was a good chance to let loose and express their whimsical thoughts.

The two models had no idea what was going on outside. One of them was confident, and the other was excited. They stood shoulder to shoulder on the path between the flowers.

Chad cast another merciful glance at Qin Guan and stretched his hand out to him like a king presenting his hand to a peasant for a kiss.

"Chad."

"Qin Guan. I've heard a lot about you."

Qin Guan shook his hand with a shy smile.

If Sister Xue or Qu had seen his smile, they would have known that Qin Guan was about to play some kind of trick again.

The assistant gave them the final instructions. "You two walk on the site together and separate at the end. Chad goes first and Qin Guan follows. Understand? We'll start now."

They both nodded. Suddenly, music started playing.

The lights on the ground were turned on. They looked like fireflies in the dark as the strong lights on the ceiling were extinguished one by one. The greenhouse looked mysterious, yet elegant.

Every cell in Qin Guan's body was shouting, "Go! Go! Go! Blossom on the stage!" That's what Qin Guan did. His refined leather shoes started stomping on the fireflies without hesitation.

Chad realized that things were getting out of control as he walked along with Qin Guan. The show was not in his hands anymore. The Asian model next to him was not an underdog he could easily crush.

Despite his poker face, Chad was shouting silently in his mind. This is not an absolute massacre! It's a fair game!

Wearing a beige trench coat and a pair of pants of the same color, Qin Guan expressed his feelings freely. Armani's style was self-liberation after all. Every piece of clothing on his body was shouting at the audience, "Not like this. This is comfortable!"

Qin Guan followed his heart.

Chapter 433: Stealing Flowers

He pushed his sunglasses up the bridge of his nose. Some hairs stood on end, revealing his full forehead.

"Wow!" The audience looked surprised. They had gotten absorbed in the performance of the Asian model.

Qin Guan took off his white silk gloves and stuffed them into his pocket. Suddenly, he unfastened his belt and opened his coat to reveal his black shirt. Office workers were happy and relaxed all day long.

A distinctive shirt could make one's day.

Chad, who had been about to show off his sexy muscles, had not been prepared for Qin Guan's move. It was unreasonable. Actually, Chad was much stronger than Qin Guan, so his sex appeal was his big advantage. The Asian model had dared challenge him in that field though! And he had succeeded!

Chinese people were beautiful in a subtle way. The Asian boy was outstanding.

Chad was suddenly in a dilemma. If he copied Qin Guan, he would be overshadowed. If he chose another way, he wouldn't do as well.

Before Chad could choose a countermove, they reached the turn where they would separate. Bingo! Chad was enlightened. My best chance lies in the solo show. The true face of Lushan was lost on me, for it is right in this mountain that I reside. The models on the stage had no direct picture of their performance, while the audience could take in every detail with one glance.

The models separated at the turn and the audience began talking in low voices.

"Where did they find that Asian model? He is an inspiration from Heaven!"

"Thank God I came. They said that the models have no idea about the show today. They don't know that it's a competition."

"Qin Guan is in perfect condition."

Walking through the flower beds, Qin Guan and Chad reached their starting point again. The paths were leading in different directions.

Qin Guan took a step back, surrendering the first turn to Chad.

"He seems like an experienced guy. He is very cooperative."

"Let me see... He has cooperated with our brand in Asia! I'll take that into consideration."

The representatives of Givenchy and BOSS were watching Qin Guan carefully as Chad began to show his power as an international top model.

Half-way through the path, Chad suddenly tore the coat apart furiously, splitting it into two pieces. He put the pieces on his shoulder and proudly put both hands at the collar of his shirt.

His broad, thick chest was revealed through the torn shirt. Qin Guan felt sorry for him. Dude, you are really bold. I like your sexy figure, but have you thought about the pay? That shirt must cost at least several thousand dollars, let alone that coat! You will suffer the consequences! I'm working to make money, not lose money...

Chad had no idea about Qin Guan's thoughts. He made good use of his muscles and impressed the audience with his steady steps.

"He has proved himself to be a model worthy of VOGUE. He is a top model in all aspects."

"Look at his figure. It's suitable for special brands..."

"CK, for example... Ha ha ha..."

The CK delegate felt offended by the high fashion brands. His brand always reminded people of underwear...

When the Asian model stepped onto the site, they were absorbed back into the show. They were wondering how the man would deal with such tough competition. Chad would actually be really hard to beat.

Brands had seen so many talented models after all. They were in need of models who never gave up. You had a good plan, but I have a better one. Qin Guan would teach them a lesson.

His previous advantage had been lost, but Qin Guan's counterplan was really good.

He was walking on the shining path in a free, elegant manner, with a romantic expression in his eyes. Suddenly, a red rose appeared in his hand, as if by magic.

"F*ck! It's my favourite Louis XIV Rose!" Raynana couldn't help but curse. The shy girl got angry at the thief.

The audience concentrated on the rose immediately. Unlike ordinary roses, that one was blood-red, its petals spreading freely like a rare beauty.

Chapter 434: The Lingerie Show

The rose was gradually getting closer to Qin Guan's face.

Qin Guan's lips looked pink against the flamboyant color. He opened and closed his mouth to hold the stem between his lips. The flower was gently inclined against his cheek. His fair skin, sexy chin and the bright flower looked amazing...

"Quick! Support me, I'm fainting! Is the sun gone from the sky?"

"Wow! He's a real Apollo! I want his number..."

Do your husbands know about this?

Chad turned back with a confident smile. Suddenly, he was stunned.

Qin Guan had changed into Cupid, casting romantic glances at the girls. The old-fashioned model had turned into a romantic guy, the favorite type of guy of every Manhattan girl. No girl could say no to money and fun.

A sweet melody played as the cynical prince slowly walked towards them.

Qin Guan was walking along the path, in perfect harmony with the music, the fragrance and the gentle breeze. He opened his eyes softly and gave everyone a strange smile. His lips were wide open, his smile warming up the atmosphere.

Chad was surprised by his smile. The man seemed to be saying hello to the whole world, although there was nobody in front of him.

Qin Guan returned to his starting point. When he reached the assistant again, he felt the pain in his teeth. That f*cking rose had thorns! My tongue is bleeding! That was the reason behind his final smile. It had been a painful one.

The blood in his saliva was the cost of showing off. The audience

couldn't see what was happening, but Chad knew the truth. He couldn't help but burst into laughter. Ha, ha!

The photographer was adjusting his camera. The underwear show would be starting soon.

Soldiers were eager to die, and professional models were eager to take their clothes off.

They got a piece of CK underwear each. They could do anything they liked with it. What should they do? Take the underwear off? No, no, no. That would be a striptease, not a fashion show. There were other kinds of tricks for an underwear show.

Female models could wear feathers, jewellery, paillettes or crystal high heels to impress the audience. Male models would usually choose a tie or a pair of leisure fabric shoes to create a sense of comfort or sexual attraction.

There were not many props available to them though. After searching through the fitting room for a while, Chad gave up on his plan. He decided to take advantage of his sexy figure again instead of diverting attention from it with unnecessary accessories.

The muscles of occidental people caused a direct visual shock. Chad got on the stage for the final show. Numerous cameras with long lenses were twinkling in the dark. Chad would pause three times along the path so they could take pictures.

At the first flash, he deliberately shook his chest muscles several times. He was successful.

"Wow! I'm dizzy..." A blond lady seemed to be suffering some blood loss.

Chad looked back, turned around and smiled. His tight bottom was wrapped in the most comfortable fabric in the world. Its beautiful shape was clear on the camera. Compared to strict ready-to-wear apparel, Chad looked free in the underwear, like a beast breaking out of its cage.

The CK delegate fell into deep thought. We have to sign a contract with him before he is seized by another underwear brand.

Chad's agent felt relaxed as he watched his performance. He was happy to see Chad live up to his reputation. He silently wiped cold sweat from his forehead. The Asian model he had been worried about had outshined Chad though. It was terrible. Chad did not seem to be affected though. He had been born to be a model.

Sadly, his joy didn't last long. Qin Guan came out again and surprised the audience. He had found a large piece of knitting yarn in the fitting room. He knew about Chad's advantage, but he could also expose his own muscles. In Qin Guan's opinion though, it would be really boring to show one's bottom, chest and legs in that occasion.

He wanted to teach Americans a lesson about underwear.

He wrapped himself in the white knitting yarn. In the dark, he looked like a fairy walking on a cloud. The audience wanted to see his true face, but they hesitated at that ethereal feeling.

If the music had been played by a traditional woodwind orchestra, Qin Guan's performance would have been even better.

Chapter 435: High-End Jewellery

With his slender legs, fair skin and ethereal figure, he looked as elegant as an orchid. The audience could only see his bare ankles as he walked, the yarn floating around his body.

The photographers held their breath, for fear that they would scare the fairy away, but the clicks of their shutters expressed their admiration. Walk slow, my fairy.

The CK designer burst into tears. For so many years, underwear had been underestimated. He cried over the public's ignorance. Look at him! He makes underwear look like artwork, not just a few pieces of comfortable fabric.

All the audience members were experienced fashion experts. They would never show surprise, appreciation or amazement on their faces, but they began to vote by throwing white or black cards into the boxes. After the voting was over, the best model would be announced.

Chad was annoyed. He thought he would be crushing a shrimp, only to realize he was facing a shark instead. He had to admit that he had lost the game, despite his adept underwear show. The Asian model looked sexier than him in that thin yarn.

"Good job!" Wearing only his shorts, Chad stretched his hand out to Qin Guan sincerely.

"You did well too!" Qin Guan shook his hand. "Sorry, but I have to change. That yarn is really rough on my body."

"Ha ha!"

The yarn had been used to keep bugs out of the greenhouse, so there were small thorns all over it.

Qin Guan scratched at his body in the fitting room. Fortunately, there were no cameras inside.

When they went outside again, they found nobody there. There was no trace to indicate that an event had just taken place in the greenhouse. The small lights on the ground were distinguished one by one. Qin Guan and Chad exchanged a worried glance as they looked around.

Suddenly, the windows opened and beams of soft light shined down on them. The whole greenhouse lit up as if it was daytime. Applause and cheers suddenly broke out.

"Well done, Qin Guan!"

"You are so sexy, Chad!"

Qin Guan and Chad adjusted their eyes to the light and saw a beautiful rainbow on the roof outside the greenhouse. The audience was sitting on keyboard chairs. Some of them were acquaintances, while others were complete strangers.

They were applauding the two models in the splendid garden.

The VOGUE assistant silently took the voting box away. Qin Guan and Chad had no idea what was happening, but they smiled anyway.

Qu Xuemei and Richard went into the greenhouse together and led Qin Guan and Chad off the stage.

When they reached the temporary lounge, Qu explained everything to the two guys. The two of them suddenly became allies. A secret reality show, huh? With so many VIPs and insiders? Any small mistake could have brought our careers to an end! You are terrible, Sister Qu! I thought you said that you liked me back in China.

Words couldn't express Richard's feelings. The results of the vote had not been announced yet, but he was ashamed of Chad. His tongue was tied as he faced the accusing expression in their eyes.

Qu was a born queen. Dignity meant nothing to her. Bold people always prevailed.

She glared at them as she said, "What are you talking about? Do you know how many top models would have fought for such a chance? Look at the audience members! We invited everyone! Bag, jewellery, clothing, cosmetics brands... Stop looking at me like that! You two should pay me for this opportunity."

She's shameless!

Qin Guan and Chad shrugged.

"Out! Why are you still sitting here? Go attend the festivities!"

Qin Guan and Chad exchanged a hostile glance. We are enemies again. Let's go out to the arena!

By that time, there was a fashion feast held up on the roof. People were talking animatedly. Sometimes, an inspiration would result from that clash of thoughts.

When they saw Qin Guan and Chad, they clapped for them. Some brands, who were interested in the two models, wanted to have a private conversation with them,

Qin Guan took a cup of hot chocolate from a tray. Before he could let out a long breath of relief, some people walked over.

"Hello, I'm the agent of Cartier in North America."

"Hi, we are from Tiffany..."

The two gentlemen paused at the same time. There were only few top brands in the jewellery industry. They were all famous among common people, and they were always competing against each other over renowned customers, models, and so on.

Chapter 436: The TV Show

Suddenly, Qin Guan felt as if he was being held at blade point. He was starting to miss Sister Xue. Qu stood behind him silently. It was obvious that she would be serving as his temporary agent.

"I think your image fits our representative requirements in Asia. Besides, we have a general idea about your popularity and audience. If you say yes, I can confirm that you will be our representative in Asia for 2003."

Shao would have killed for such a chance.

Meanwhile, the Tiffany agent seemed hesitant. "As a local brand, Tiffany will be able to fit your schedule. However, we need a worldwide representative. Your performance today is not enough for us to make a final decision."

The Cartier agent smiled confidently upon hearing that. The Tiffany agent's next words made him regret that though.

"Tiffany needs a model for Baselworld in April. I wonder if you would be interested in that job. There will be representatives from the most famous jewellery and watch brands there. They will compete against each other according to their sales volume. As far as I know, Mr. Qin Guan has been honored as the best commercial representative in Asia. He must be confident about his abilities."

Qin Guan was scared by the offer. Baselworld was considered the Oscars of the international watch and jewellery industry. In 2003, they had changed the name of the fair and turned it into a real international fair. Before 2002, only occidental brands had been able to participate.

Professional merchants attended the fair every year with a large capital in order to purchase top limited edition collections. During the fair, 150,000 people would surge into the small town of only 180,000 residents. The importance of the fair was pretty obvious.

Qu kicked Qin Guan secretly, implying that he'd better accept the invitation fast. Then she handed her business card to the agent.

"Hello, I'm Qin Guan's temporary agent. We could have a private conversation over there."

I will do the dirty work. You just go and flirt with other people.

Cartier and Tiffany left and some other brand businessmen came over to chat and probe Qin Guan. Those picky guys took everything into consideration, including one's educational level, style of conversation, behavior and subtle feelings.

Exhausted, Qin Guan sent the last group of people away. Then he cast a glance at Chad and burst into laughter.

The people interested in Qin Guan worked in the jewellery, watch or handbag industry, while Chad had attracted brands like DKNY, LaSenza, and AB Underwear. All underwear brands! Some of them had started their business by selling ladies' lingerie and planned on expanding to men's underwear.

As he looked at Chad's grimace, Qin Guan felt refreshed. At the end of the festivities, Qu showed up again and gave Qin Guan a pointed look.

He followed Qu to a quiet corner of the garden and saw a dapper man standing there. He was about 30 years old and looked very bold and casual.

"This is Miroc, manager of the CW TV station. They are planning a new reality show relative to the model industry. He is here to consult fashion experts on the potential of the program."

"He liked your performance and wants to know if you would be the temporary director of the program. If the audience ratings are good, they will invite you to be a long-term guest."

Qin Guan fell into thought. Reality shows in the US were just a starting point.

Not all chances for a TV program were good though, and a failed show could destroy one's career. Qin Guan had gained access to top brands now, so any move he made had to be taken into serious consideration.

Qu remained silent beside him. She was sure that Qin Guan would say yes. Qin Guan had to ask some questions first though.

"May I know what kind of program it is? I actually know nothing about TV programs."

Miroc smiled. "You are a modest man. I've heard that Chuck hand picked you to portray him out of numerous candidates. You must have great potential if a TV tycoon admires you so much."

You are overestimating me... Qin Guan was speechless by his deduction. Miroc continued his boasting.

"I think Chuck would think highly of my program. I will be showing a side of the upper fashion circle to ordinary people. I'll fulfil the dreams of the average girl. Every girl has dreamed of becoming a supermodel. My program will be called 'American Supermodel Competition'!"

"Unlike traditional competitions, that select candidates by having them mail videos of themselves, we'll broadcast live from the very beginning to show the real life of a model. The audience will get to see how they train and work... It will be excellent!"

Qin Guan felt a little strange. I have seen that program before. In my previous life, I spent my spare time in the evening before the TV, drinking and appreciating those long legs, full bottoms and big boobs. The most important factor were the disputes among the girls. It was really interesting! I will accept the offer. I like lively disputes!

Chapter 437: Terrible Business

"I'd really like to cooperate with you," Qin Guan broke in, stretching his hand out to Miroc warmly. "I appreciate your offer very much. I'll be waiting to hear from you..."

He shook Miroc's hand firmly, making the man feel flattered. Qu led Miroc away immediately, her face buried in her hands.

"I'm Qin Guan's agent in the US. We can discuss this further. Here is my card..."

Qin Guan was surprised. When did you become my formal agent?

After Miroc left satisfied, Qu explained everything to Qin Guan.

"Sister Xue, Professor Li and I established an agency in China. I didn't come to the US just for a position transfer, but also to take care of your working arrangements here."

"We should be more professional in the future. I'll keep track of all the offers you get at this party and select the most suitable ones for you. Don't worry, I'm a professional."

Liar! You are much stricter than Sister Xue.

Qin Guan couldn't say no though. Qu was glaring at him through her beautiful golden-framed glasses. Qin Guan felt like there was a sword in front of his face.

I better be a good boy...

"It's really late. Why don't you go home and sleep with your girlfriend? Or would you rather stay with me and 'work' all night long?"

Qu raised one of her eyebrows, placing her left hand gently on Qin Guan's chest.

"Huh?"

Qin Guan shook his head so violently that he nearly threw his

hair back.

"Then why are you still here? Do you want me to take you home? Your place or mine? Cong Nianwei will never know."

Before her voice could fade away, Qin Guan disappeared up the stairway. He must have broken Carl Lewis' world record.

Qin Guan should change his name to Coward Qin.

I'm so fortunate to have a female monster take care of my working arrangements. Qin Guan had no idea that another female was waiting for her, one almost as bad as Qu.

In the morning, he entered the classroom with Xu Xiaoxiao, who was looking at him in admiration.

"Well done, Qin Guan. Your QC Accounting Firm is really popular now!"

"For what? I have no commission business these days."

Xu poked him with his elbow, giving him a knowing look. "Everyone in Chinatown knows that. Today is the small taxes reporting day. The staff of your firm will have to make a summary list of my restaurant for small traders. They said that a small commercial alliance would be established soon. In the future, more than 300 Chinatown traders will be your clients."

Qin Guan was shocked. What the hell is going on? More than 300? I have no staff. I've only hired seven students part-time. Who released these news? I'll beat them if I find out...

Meanwhile, Liu Tianxia waved at him from the door.

"What's the matter?" Qin Guan was thinking about his troubles with a frown. Suddenly, Liu smiled at him.

"I sent the leaflets to Chinatown. Of course, Xu helped me a lot."

"For what?"

"Your firm is developing too slowly for your status as the

president of our union."

What? I don't understand.

"I took care of the publicity both for the firm and for you."

Qin Guan sighed. "But this is beyond our means. We don't have enough staff. There are so many basic calculations and statistics to take care of."

"Don't worry about that." Liu cleared her throat loudly and Qin Guan suddenly saw dozens of students gathering around him.

"Look at me, President Qin!"

"Senior Qin, I'm a sophomore at the Accounting Department! My name is Miaomiao."

"Senior Qin, I'm Debbie! I'm a junior!"

"They are all your staff."

I'm the boss, I should know who my staff are. And these are all girls. How is that okay? This seems like a union of beautiful girls from different races. Other clubs would have found this strange.

"They will be your main forces. They will become official employees in the future."

Qin Guan was stupefied. Xu Xiaoxiao was salivating.

From then on, Qin Guan's firm was upgraded from an independent agency to a small-scale firm. This took him only one month!

Qin Guan had no idea about the situation until he sat down in Xu's restaurant. The accounting reports of the small businesses aside, some Chinese staff had also brought their duty declaration forms. They were hoping that the talented young man could make some suggestions.

By the middle of April, they had to submit the forms to the tax bureau. Chinese people in the US were not that familiar with it.

In America, advance payment was generally more than the actual tax payment. The government would return the excess money every year. The returned money would differ according to different forms.

For example, one could get a tax reduction by moving, getting robbed, sending their kid to kindergarten, paying for college tuition, or making a failed investment. For ordinary people, this was quite difficult to work out.

Qin Guan divided his girls into different groups. One group was in charge of collecting paperwork from small traders, while the other group introduced the tax reporting process to the consultants.

Chapter 438: New Work

Some lazy guys also entrusted this to Qin Guan. Soon, Qin Guan was sitting exhausted in his chair. He suddenly recalled the movie "The Shawshank Redemption". The protagonist had originally been a banker, with almost the same calculating abilities as Qin Guan.

Chinese men and women were standing in line in front of their desks. According to a traditional Chinese saying, when people from the same town met, they cried. Qin Guan's team was really familiar with them.

Both Chinese people from Chinatown and other places around Manhattan had come over. In China, all doors opened in courtesy, while in America business was business. As a result, these people had the chance to express their gratitude.

"You are really capable, young man. Check this form for me, please. And the previous payrolls. This is quite a trouble for me! In China, the government just tells me the amount of taxes I have to pay..."

An old woman handed him a payroll issued by the New York Stock Exchange. She got paid a considerable amount of money for working as a public area janitor on Wall Street.

Next to the payrolls was a bundle of spring onions and a bag of eggs. It seemed like she had been to the supermarket just before coming to the restaurant.

"Oh! Thanks, but..."

"Take it. You are so handsome, but you are too thin. My boy is stronger than you. He is about 100 kilos..."

I think you'd be a good feeder... It was hard to turn down that kind offer. In half an hour, a bunch of presents were piled by his feet.

There were pickled cucumbers from a Chinese chef working for a Michelin-starred restaurant, a small toolbox brought by a fireman from Fifth Avenue and some Chinese drugs that aided sexual function... Thanks a lot!

Before that day, Qin Guan had had no idea about the Chinese immigrants' infiltration capacity in New York. They had talented people in all industries, but were lacking the power to unite.

Night fell and the crowd dispersed. There were smiles on everyone's faces. Those simple people always forgot to fight for their rights.

"Boss Qin, business is flourishing! Your treat, okay?" Xu looked up from a pile of paperwork, holding a toothpick in his mouth. His hair was like a bird's nest.

The chatting girls focused on their boss, who was always charming. He grinned and took a card out of his pocket.

"I have a golden card from your restaurant. You'll be paying..."

"Oh! Don't forget to find two sheets for me. I got so many practical gifts. I love Chinese people. Americans come to my house for dinner with only a flower!"

The girls burst into laughter.

"Boss, I want the puff package!"

"The home-made chilli sauce also seems delicious!"

Qin Guan was speechless. They are really my staff! They are all foodies!

Soon, all the presents were taken away. People always had some bad friends in their lives. Qin Guan was crying internally as he heard their happy laughter and cheerful voices.

He was still crying when he got to the VOGUE headquarters. If he had a doll, a needle and a thread, he would have stitched Qu's birthday on a doll [1].

He had a really tight schedule. All his work in the future would be arranged by Qu Xuemei.

IWC watches, Tiffany jewellery, the Armani perfume, haute couture... Other small products made by famous brands... Tens of notices in total! There was a summary at the end of the form. His total income was an impressive 20 million dollars!

Qin Guan held his breath when he saw the amount.

"You were also chosen as the exclusive model of VOGUE for the next three seasons. Congratulations! You beat Chad by 40%. Sign these!"

Bang! Qu dropped a pile of paperwork on her desk. It was as thick as a dictionary.

"There's no rush." She was about to walk out of the office, but when she reached the door, she suddenly remembered something.

"To avoid overexposure to the public, Sister Xue has asked that you turn down indie films. I'll make the decision for you. After signing those papers, you will go to an audition for a TV series."

"They are working with flexible methods and high efficiency. I think it will fit your schedule."

That schedule will sabotage the way I pursue art.

Qin Guan felt sad, but he would still get the chance to act in a TV series, which was pretty good. In America, films and TV were two entirely different circles. Only popular actors could balance between them.

His hand was sore from signing. Finally, he found the copy of a script at the bottom of all the paperwork. It was titled "Sex and the City-Season Six". He would be auditioning for a guest part in the first episode. The requirements were simple. They were looking for a tall, handsome, sexy man.

Qin Guan smiled. He knew Qu's standards. He would be playing

himself. It would be easy for him. The series were focusing on the lives of four women living in New York. Love and sex were always a popular topic.

[1] To secretly curse Qu.

Chapter 439: The Screen Test

This was the final season of "Sex and the City". Qu had succeeded in pushing Qin Guan into the last bus of a series that had one of the top 10 audience ratings on HBO.

When he reached the shooting site, Qin Guan expressed his sincere respect for her powerful connections.

"Come here, Qin Guan. This is Essen, the director of the sixth season. Follow his instructions carefully."

Essen, who was sitting on a folded chair, nodded at Qin Guan, who was slowly walking towards him. The crew usually announced the role requirements to the actor union and waited for actors to arrive. There were plenty of over-confident guys volunteering their services though, so Essen had chosen another way this time. He had accepted recommendations from other actors and crew members. Sister Xue's effort during the Oscars had earned Qin Guan a chance to audition for the part.

The other candidate was a local handsome guy, who was very well-prepared. In order to portray the Wall Street elite, he had borrowed a special costume.

Essen sized Qin Guan up from head to toe. Qin Guan was wearing a hoodie and a pair of jeans, which was typical student attire. Suddenly, he was enlightened.

"Try this scene." It was his first meeting with the heroine. He was an elite working on Wall Street, who parked his luxury car next to his new apartment.

Qin Guan was dressed like a decorator. Only when the crew drove the luxurious Hummer over did he feel the director's malice.

He would need both acting skills and extreme beauty to cover up the disharmony between his costume and the props.

The other actor was also harboring malicious intentions.

"Director, we could play the same scene for comparison's sake."

If Qin Guan had had something sharp in his hand, he would have attacked him. The most horrible thing was the director's answer though. "Okay, you go first."

The American man had been looking for such a chance for a long time. If he could give a good performance in that famous series, he would be getting a lot more offers.

He would bid goodbye to the turbulent times that he had to search everywhere for a role.

Pitt took the car key confidently and fixed his black suit before pulling the car slowly to the side of the street.

The hummer stopped and a tall, handsome man got out. He was wearing an upscale suit that went well with his luxurious car. He walked to the door of the apartment.

His acting was quite satisfactory. Even the sexy Kim Cattrall, who was having a break on the set, couldn't help but shoot a look at Pitt. He's a handsome guy.

Pitt stopped and smiled at the director. Then he told Qin Guan in a high voice. "Your turn, my friend. Catch it!"

He suddenly threw him the key. The key fell in his hand with a beautiful curve. Kim Cattrall grimaced when she noticed Qin Guan's outfit. The boy will fail.

Qu Xuemei was looking on as the crew was looking at Qin Guan in sympathy.

Qin Guan smiled and looked up. Suddenly, Essen saw the Asian actor change completely.

As a talented Columbia student and the boss of an accounting firm, Qin Guan could even play the role of the US Secretary of Treasury, let alone that of a Wall Street elite.

With steady steps and a confident smile, Qin Guan got into the

car and drove back to the starting point. The door was opened slowly and an intelligent, capable man got out with a smile. It seemed like he had just returned from a golf date. After dinner, he went home leisurely. Even his ordinary jeans looked expensive on his body. They had to be from the latest BOSS collection.

The key was in his slender fingers. Kim nearly dropped her cup of water on her body.

"He's so handsome. I want to date him..."

Compared to the previous serious man, this elegant, handsome one met the standards of a mature woman.

"Listen to me, director. I think this one is better."

She pulled at Essen's sleeve excitedly. "He looks like those rich men on Wall Street. He looks both handsome and rich!"

Qin Guan nearly slipped at the entrance of the apartment. Are you praising me?

Qu remained silent as Kim talked, raising her eyelids to have a look at the actress. She had won a Golden Globe in 2002, and she was one of the best actresses in the series. She played Samantha, a PR manager who was after love and sex.

She seems to be a master of love in real life as well.

After hearing her words, Essen made a final decision. Pitt left, looking depressed. Qin Guan got ready at once.

"Your first scene will be shot in the evening. Your part will not take much time. Just this evening and the next day. Is that okay for you?"

Chapter 440: Flirting

When Qu nodded at Qin Guan, he said yes to Essen.

Qin Guan and Qu spent their spare time before the shooting in an open-air coffee bar, waiting for Essen's instructions. They enjoyed some coffee in the sunny afternoon.

Qin Guan used to think that Chinese people liked to gossip a lot, but during the shooting of "Sex and the City", he realized that American women were almost as bad.

The audience was really interested in the TV series and the romantic interests of the four women.

The ever-increasing number of reality shows on TV also made Qin Guan realize the power of gossip among girls.

"The costumes and props are ready. All the actors can try them on!" an assistant shouted at the actors who were watching the shooting happily. Okay, let's go!

When Qin Guan came out of the dressing room, the whole crew held its breath. The boy enjoying his coffee in his jeans had suddenly changed into another person.

The haute couture had been rented from a garment shop. For Qin Guan though, who was used to wearing the latest fashion, all the clothes were out of date. Qin Guan was different from other guys. He was like a puppy amid a group of grey ducks.

...

Qin Guan fixed his dark blue suit and the silk handkerchief in his chest pocket. Then he sat back down at the coffee bar by the street. The drink in his hand was still the same cheap five-dollar coffee, but he was not the man he had been five minutes ago.

The people shuttling along Wall Street were the busiest in the US. Even a naked woman on the street wouldn't be able to delay

them, yet the elegant young man attracted attention from the ladies.

Women in Chanel, Burberry and Ports wearing expensive fragrances were emitting endless female hormones as they looked at Qin Guan.

"The woman in the pink trench coat with the file in her hand has passed by us three times already. Once for coffee, once to deliver some mail and once for... I have no idea what!"

"She is okay. Look at those women! The one in grey is making eyes at you. Wow!"

There was a strange magnetic field around Qin Guan's seat. People were taking the seats around him one by one. They were all female white-collar workers in high heels.

That year, pointed high heels were really popular. The longer ones could even be used as screwdrivers. The best method to flirt with a strange man was by nonchalant physical touch. In that situation, only their feet could reach Qin Guan.

In the quiet evening, a fierce battle was taking place under the table. Several feet in pointed high heels were fighting against each other. It felt like daggers were stabbing Qin Guan's legs.

Qin Guan spit out the coffee in his mouth. A rainbow appeared in the sunlight.

Qu burst into laughter, and so did the envious onlookers. They were taking pleasure in Qin Guan's misfortune. It was really difficult to turn down a woman's admiration.

Everything was ready for the next scene. Essen looked up at the dark sky and shouted at everyone, "Attention, please! We are shooting the first scene!"

The lighting engineer pushed several accent lights over. Qin Guan drove the car slowly towards the building.

Kim Cattrall entered the set, wearing a sexy low-cut dress. The door of the car opened, and a pair of clean black leather shoes, slender legs and fitting pants appeared. Qin Guan went out. Even the luxury car couldn't divert the attention from him.

The camera followed Qin Guan to the entrance of the apartment building. He took the key out of his pocket leisurely. As he was about to enter, Samantha rushed up to him.

"Wait a moment! Let me in, please."

The camera turned to her. Her disdainful expression suddenly changed when she saw Qin Guan's face. Her red cheeks, watery eyes and dry lips seemed to be saying, "I want to flirt with him."

Qin Guan seemed unaffected. Smiling politely, he introduced himself like a gentleman. "Kenny, I just moved in."

His voice was really attractive. Samantha felt a big shudder, much like an electric shock. "Samantha, I live on the third floor," she said slowly in a flirting voice, emphasizing each word.

Qin Guan got her meaning. He raised his eyebrows and glanced at the woman, who was inviting him with her body language. "I live on the fourth. You are right under me."

Samantha got excited at his innuendo and raised her voice. "It's my honor to be there. Your car is pretty nice."

Liar! You just sneered at its country style.

She shot a flirting look at Qin Guan. "I like a good Hummer. If you know what I mean..."

"Well, goodnight..."

Her smile was full of fire. She turned around to go upstairs, the smell of her perfume lingering around Qin Guan.

Chapter 441: A Good Bath Towel

The meaningful expression in her eyes and her soft blond hair impressed Qin Guan a lot. He shook his head and looked back at his mighty Hummer with the typical confidence of an elite.

"Good! Cut!" The director stopped the cameras. Samantha's first scene was finished.

There were only two relative shots left, which would be finished the next day. This was the high efficiency of American TV series.

Qin Guan rushed up to Kim in the parking lot. The woman spoke to him with a smile, "I like both vigorous Hummers and household Fords..."

Qin Guan stood there silently, holding the key of his small blue Ford. Qu was annoyed.

"What are you looking at? She is old enough to be your mom! Go! Go! You have a girlfriend at home! Stop flirting all the time!"

After half an hour, Qin Guan still felt wronged. When he got to his apartment, he tried to get Cong Nianwei to comfort him.

"Wei, Qu is really mean to me. She always shouts at me. Even the slightest disagreement makes her angry. I must have done something to her in a past life."

Cong Nianwei was working on a thick pile of papers as she answered his question. A pencil was balanced behind her ear.

"Is she a good agent?"

"Yes."

"Is your schedule more reasonable after her rearrangements?"

"Yes."

"Is she corrupted?"

"No."

Cong Nianwei turned her head around and smiled, her hair falling on her shoulders. "That's enough. A strict, responsible agent is much better than a white-washing b*tch. Actually, I hope everyone around you is like Sister Qu."

Qin Guan burst into laughter and hugged her around the waist from behind. "Aha! You are jealous! Don't worry! My love is like the sun and the moon. It will never change."

Her pencil left a post-modern style mark on the paper.

"Ah! My graph! This took me two hours to make!"

"Wei, it's really late. Time for bed..."

Qin Guan was both suffering and having fun. The next day, he arrived at the studio with a sweet smile. In several minutes though, his smile had faded away. He was naked except for a pair of flowery shorts. A kind-hearted assistant gave him a bathing towel.

In that scene, Samantha would visit Qin Guan's apartment with a flower basket while Qin Guan was taking a shower.

Dear director and scriptwriter, I would like to remind you that this is a predictable joke!

The audience always liked that kind of story though.

Great! This is my first TV series, and I have to sacrifice myself like in my first indie film.

As Qin Guan was about to cover himself with the towel, the director sneered at him.

"Hey! Don't do that. You are not a peasant! The towel should be on your chest. Act sexy, okay?"

Then he came over and pulled his shorts down.

"Let me go! What are you doing?"

The shorts were now under Qin Guan's navel. They nearly fell

down as people looked at him from behind.

"But, but..."

"But what? Cover yourself!"

Dear Qu Xuemei, why were you so happy when you were giving me instructions?

Qin Guan sprinkled some water onto his body.

"Attention! We're doing the scene in the bathroom. Three, two, camera!"

Qin Guan opened the door and saw Samantha standing outside with a flirting smile.

"Sorry, I was taking a shower..." Qin Guan looked shy. His lean muscles were visible on the camera pointed at his back.

The assistant stared at Samantha in the lens. She's so lucky to have such a sexy encounter.

"I prepared a gift basket for our new neighbour. There's cheese, ham, condoms and handcuffs inside."

While Samantha was saying something provocative, the director zoomed in on Qin Guan. His oiled skin looked sexy and full of light. Crystal-like, clear drops were running down along his cheeks, jaw, Adam's apple, and strong chest till they reached the towel.

That common towel became an object of admiration.

Qin Guan's expression seemed to be acknowledging her invitation.

"Handcuffs?" He raised his eyebrows in confusion.

"From the bar next door," Samantha replied at once.

It was an SM bar with all kinds of equipment.

She handed him the box and basket. "I hope you'll enjoy them."

Qin Guan stopped smiling. With an evil, flirting expression, he

warned the sexy woman, "If I take them, my towel will fall down..."

"I know..." Samantha was frank.

Qin Guan smiled again, this time with the embarrassment of a boy and the confidence of an elite. He was good at combining different kinds of charm. He was like a sexy conqueror.

Chapter 442: Exhausted

The female audience would feel as if they were being conquered by such a man.

Suddenly, Qin Guan threw the towel away. The camera turned immediately to Samantha. I know you all want to see everything underneath, but I'm wearing shorts. Ha ha!

Samantha seized Qin Guan's body up boldly. Then she went into his room with the basket, walking up to the naked man leisurely.

Meanwhile, the voiceover was saying, "After a short while, Samantha enjoyed Chip the stockbroker."

"Cut! Excellent! Five-minute break before the next scene!"

The director was watching them with relish. Everyone was regretting letting Qin Guan wear shorts. They were happy though, because the next scene was a sex scene!

In American TV series, there were sex scenes everywhere. Qin Guan lay down helplessly on the bed, waiting for the director's instructions. The whole crew, including the female janitor, were trying to find an excuse to come over.

I feel like a monkey in the zoo. Have you never seen a naked man before?

Of course, but you are the most handsome man we have seen naked.

"Ready? Three, two, camera!"

After restraining them for a long time, Qin Guan's emotions burst out like a runaway horse.

"Yes... Oh, yes..."

"Yes..."

His eyes were closed tight and his arms were spread from the

extreme sensation. His bed was shaking violently, making cracking noises. At the climax, he suddenly opened his eyes .

"Oh, yes..."

Samantha fell on the bed and lay down beside Qin Guan.

Hm... Not the missionary type...

After sex, people were inclined to open their hearts to each other and enjoy their intimacy. Qin Guan felt that he needed to do something for the beautiful woman in his bed.

What did women want? Love? A warm and sweet everyday life? Jewellery? Money? To pay his sexy partner back, Qin Guan shared a secret with her.

"I have never done this before, but I have some inside information I want to share with you. Yalong Pharmacy will rise sharply in the stock market in the following days..." Chip told Samantha.

"Yalong Pharmacy?" Although she was panting after their strenuous activity, Samantha didn't forget to put it down on her notebook. "Thanks, honey."

Qin Guan hugged her from behind and kissed her earlobe gently. Kim shivered slightly. If we were not filming, I'd definitely do something with you.

She had to control herself though. Meanwhile, Qin Guan was whispering sweet words to her. "You are wonderful..." He patted her bottom vigorously as they continued their games in bed.

The director turned off the camera without telling them.

The two of them looked at each other. No one dared look back at the camera. Kim was only in her underwear, while Qin Guan was in the same flowery shorts he had been wearing earlier.

Their legs were interlocked. Two fair arms were supported on the bed on either side of Qin Guan's head. He smelled a faint

fragrance of roses.

"I'm exhausted..." Kim pretended to feel weak. Actually, she could have gone rock-climbing with her bare hands.

"I can't support my body." Suddenly, two full boobs in a green bra were falling towards him. In two seconds, they would be on Qin Guan's face.

What can I do? What can I do? He would be the first actor to be run over by boobs.

Suddenly, someone grabbed his ankles and pulled him down. He flew out of the bed and fell onto the floor with a bang.

Kim fell on the sheets, while Qin Guan landed on the floor, one of his ankles in Qu's hands. Qu must have been possessed by Mou Xiaoliu. She had pulled a weight of more than 70 kilos.

"Come here!" Qu let Qin Guan go and clenched her fists.

Essen, who was the mastermind, realized that nobody had noticed him. "Okay! Cut! Ten-minute break!" he said quickly in a low voice before he ran away.

Crack... That was Qu's fingers.

"Come here, you b*tch!"

Kim shook her head fiercely in bed. "Never!"

"Come here! I won't touch you!"

Liar! The woman turned into a kitten.

"It's my... My fault... Forgive me!"

"For what?"

"I'm not concentrated on acting. I was flirting with him..."

Chapter 443: On Show

Qu cast a disdainful look at her.

"This guy is mine!" Qu pointed at her own nose. "I know you are an expert at man hunting, but keep your claws away from him!"

Qu felt grieved. How dare you lay a finger on my pie!

"Understand?"

Kim nodded. Although she had been the first offender, her confession had seemed sincere, so the queen cut her some slack.

Qin Guan was sitting on the floor, admiring the two ladies. Suddenly, Qu shouted at him.

"Get ready for the next scene! Careful with your shorts!"

Qin Guan was relaxed though. My girlfriend is right. I am lucky to have such a strict agent.

After a fierce stare-down, Kim was defeated. Before leaving for the fitting room, she cast a regretful, sad look at Qin Guan. He couldn't help but shiver.

Soon, she came back out in black lace underwear, revealing her sexy body.

"Get ready, everyone!" the director shouted.

Qin Guan lay down on the bed again. The sheets had been changed. He held his arms up and put them on the railings by the bedside. Then a property master locked his hands there with handcuffs.

"Actors!" At the command of the director, Kim climbed on the bed with a seductive smile.

Qu twisted the newspaper in her hand. I should be getting some sleep at home on the weekends! I deserve it!

Knowing the power of the Asian woman, Kim dared not play

with fire. She kneeled on the bed and nodded at the director.

"Final scene! Three, two, camera!"

The camera started filming. In a moment, Kim became Samantha. She was playing happily above Qin Guan, giggling and flirting with him. Qin Guan didn't show his face. It was strange for him to look up at Samantha. He wanted to laugh.

The two of them were doing physical exercises on the bed. It was not romantic, but it was funny. Suddenly, the door opened.

Two men came in, both bald and wearing tacky grey coats. They looked like Manhattan policemen.

Annoyed, Samantha shouted. "F*ck off! I'm busy!"

The director couldn't help but shiver. Such resentment!

The men were not scared though. "FBI. You are arrested for insider trading, Chip."

The camera turned to Qin Guan, who looked at them blankly, both hands still locked on the railings. Although there was a beautiful girl on top of him, he was rendered impotent.

"You must be quite the womanizer. Whenever a girl lies in your bed, the Dow Jones index rises."

The FBI agent failed to open the handcuffs. It was embarrassing. He actually had to ask for help from Samantha.

"Please unlock them, madam. He has to put ours on."

Samantha did as she was told calmly. "Good men are always taken by the police."

How many men have been taken from your bed by the police?

The director zoomed in on Qin Guan, who fully deserved the title of "Wall Street Playboy". Despite the circumstances, he cast a flirting look at Samantha.

The director gave him a thumbs up. The actor was perfect. He

was neither pleased by his gains, nor saddened by his personal losses.

Three scenes were finished in two days. Such was the high efficiency of weekly American TV series. The audience ratings were surprisingly high. The episode would be airing on CBO the following week.

Meanwhile, the film "Elephant" had been sent to Cannes and would be in theaters both in France and America at the same time. Of course, no one expected it to be bought by a good theater chain. Profit always ruled.

Thanks to the considerate publishing, production and investment though, the film would finally be opening in a cinema special for indie films in America. Because of its ambiguous subject, it would only get one week.

It would be playing twice a day though, if that was any consolation.

As a result, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei's timetable would include watching a film in the daytime and a TV series at night. When they stood by the entrance of the best indie cinema in New York, they were shocked.

Chapter 444: Escaping from the Cinema

The Sunshine Cinema, which was first established in 1909, used to be a Jewish circus. It always showed indie films and it was a harbor for independent movies. The white European-style building with the splendid yellow LEDs was a beautiful sight in New York at night.

They walked up to the ticket office and saw that the latest indie movies were on in all the theaters. America was tolerant of underground movies.

"Two for 'Elephant'. Fourth or fifth row..."

"Six dollars each. Twelve dollars in total."

Considering the average resident income in New York, it was quite cheap.

They walked to Theater No. 2 with their tickets. Two people who were dressed like artists were complaining there. "Wow! It's not in Theater No.1. Let's just pray there's less people."

Why? Why did the theater matter? Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei entered the theater with a sense of foreboding.

They admired the sense of art in cinemas. Unlike ordinary amphitheater cinemas though, the chairs there were placed along the same horizontal line. It was like a traditional Chinese Peking Opera theater or a mini drama hall.

Suddenly, the popcorn in Qin Guan's mouth started to taste bad. Cong Nianwei smiled though. "As long as a two-meter tall man is not sitting in front of us, this will not affect us. There are only 10 minutes left before the film begins and there are few people inside..."

You are so good at comforting others...

Qin Guan sat down on his assigned seat helplessly. There were

only 30 to 40 people sitting in the theater, which could hold about 400 people in total.

Qin Guan lost any hope that the movie would get any publicity.

The projector started working. Qin Guan made his debut on the screen. Lights and shadows were meeting in the dark hall. It was silent. Only the sound of people chewing popcorn could be heard occasionally.

When Qin Guan appeared on the screen though, a group of people on their right shouted in surprised low voices.

"That boy is so handsome! I was about to fall asleep, but he woke me up."

"Hey, John, isn't that boy familiar?" They kept talking as the plot progressed.

"I remember now! He is from our college! I have seen his picture in the newspaper. I bought the product he was advertising!"

"What product?"

"The Armani perfume. Didn't you see the advertisement?"

"The vampire? Oh my! Stop talking. I want to watch the film carefully."

The small group paused its conversation to watch Qin Guan's performance. Soon, they screamed out again loudly.

"Wow! What a nice figure!"

"Go on! Go on!"

"Ah! The camera turned away!"

This is an indie film, ladies, not a porn video. Okay?

Cong Nianwei was interested in the film at first, but then she was annoyed by the noise. How is such a film so popular?

She was right. The film ended suspensefully in 90 minutes. Fans of indie films had their own opinions. The lamps on the ceiling

turned on one by one, indicating that the audience had to leave.

Qin Quan winked at Cong Nianwei and asked her proudly. "Your boyfriend is perfect, right?"

Before she could answer, someone shouted behind them. "Qin Guan!"

They looked back to see some American girls staring at them, holding Coca Cola and popcorn in their hands.

"It's him! Nina, Alice, come here!" Their screams attracted attention from the whole audience.

"What's happening?"

"The protagonist! He came to watch the film! He's really good!"

They fixed their eyes on Qin Guan, the only shining point in the theater.

What should I do?

If one encountered a dangerous beast in a wild field, they couldn't turn around and run. They had to retreat slowly. The girls were human beings though, not beasts. They threw their popcorn away and rushed up to them. It was too late for Qin Guan to escape. Several hands started grabbing his shirt.

"Well done, Qin Guan!"

"We are Columbia students. Stop running!"

Qin Guan tried his best to get rid of their claws. He ran as fast as possible along the corridors between the seats with Cong Nianwei. In a few seconds, they were back in their car, leaving the sad fans behind, beating their chests in sorrow.

Qin Guan's long legs had saved his life again.

In fact, Qin Guan wanted to talk to the audience, but not to those vigorous girls. He got some feedback soon though, as one of his fans, a girl from Barnard, rushed back to college hurriedly.

She was a contributing reporter of the school newspaper, and she wanted to publish the news on the next issue. Besides, as a senior gossip lover on the entertainment forum, Vivian wanted to share her experience of the thrilling intimate contact she'd had with the star of the film.

Chapter 445: Qin Guan's Limited Influence

OMG didn't refer to Omega, but a website subordinated to YAHOO. It engaged in star and celebrity gossip, and the posts there exceeded one's imagination.

There was a group of amateur reporters who were good at uncovering the dirty laundry of the stars. They would combine clues they found in their junk and share the information with the public regularly.

The information was always about trifles, such as the food and shopping habits of the stars, but the public was very interested in them.

Vivian logged into OMG and posted a picture of an escaping Qin Guan and a copy of her movie ticket.

The title of the post was the meaningful, "The secret hero of an indie film."

She described the process of meeting Qin Guan at the cinema, as well as the handsomeness of the actor in real life. She added a picture of Qin Guan from VOGUE.

Everyone was really jealous of her experience. As a senior member of OMG, she got 1,000 kudos for her post in half a day.

"The film is not in theaters in my state. Is there a DVD out yet?"

"Same question. I'm interested in watching it."

The school newspaper was already being printed. Vivian was really glad to see the replies. Although she was extremely busy, she managed to post detailed information about the film.

"Right now, the film is only in theaters in New York and Los Angeles, but you should pay attention to Netflix. There will be a DVD for rent soon."

OMG was the largest gossip forum in America. The news spread

in only one day. The power of underground movies was slowly growing. However, the official critics, which Qin Guan was focused on the most, were as silent as the suburbs in the morning.

The next day, he bought "The New York Times" on his way to college. Unfortunately, he saw nothing about "Elephant" in the movie review section.

Depressed, he was planning on asking his girlfriend to comfort him. However, he realized that everyone on campus was staring at them. Cong Nianwei smiled when she saw the school newspaper on a shelf. Qin Guan's photo took up the whole page. He was in a military uniform, holding a gun. His beauty was unparalleled!

"Cheer for Our Handsome Qin Guan: An Indie Film."

Cong Nianwei waved the paper at Qin Guan. "At least you are popular on campus."

Qin Guan's supporters decided to contribute to his box office success after reading about the news.

After class, Liu came over with her girl force. "President, we just got some funding from the Chinatown small traders. It's a special sponsorship for you."

"A film club? What's that?"

"Why didn't you tell me about the movie? You are not loyal!" Xu finally said after restraining himself during the whole class.

"I just invited our Chinese schoolmates to watch the film in the name of the trading union. Do you know what we called this before 1949? Flattery!"

Bang! Qin Guan patted him on the back. "That's poor Chinese of you. I'm not a Peking Opera actor!"

Xu felt wronged. "I tried my best to promote you. Everyone in Chinatown heard about the news... Hey, come back! I'm your sponsor..."

Hundreds of students from Columbia poured into the Sunshine Cinema. The ticket seller, who was used to being lazy, was now in a hurry to deal with the long queue before him.

"Two tickets for 'Elephant'."

"Ten tickets for 'Elephant'."

Several couples were confused by the long queue.

"What's happening? Is there a famous indie film on?"

"'Elephant'? No idea. It must be an independent film with a limited budget. It has to be good if there's so many people here to see it though. Shall we take a look?"

All 400 tickets were sold out soon. The long queue was not shortened though.

"What? It's sold out for today? Tomorrow? I will be busy tomorrow. Will you add another screening?"

The manager was shocked by the crowded hall. He checked the timetable and decided to add a temporary screening.

Luckily, the long queue went into another hall. The shrewd manager called the boss to report everything to him.

"Yes, I have taken care of everyone, but there are still people coming occasionally. Yes, I'll add two more screenings tomorrow. We have one spare theater... No problem!"

The screenings were doubled after the call. The film would be played for two weeks.

New York Box Office on the first day: 720 dollars

Los Angeles Box Office on the first day: 600 dollars

New York Box Office on the second day: 7,000 dollars

Los Angeles Box Office on the second day: over 800 dollars

The box office the next day was multiplied by 10!

Chapter 446: The Power of A Single Person

Charles, a film critic who was passing by, was intrigued by the long queue outside the Sunshine Cinema. He bought a second-hand ticket from a Chinese old lady at the high price of 10 dollars and followed the line of Chinese people into the crowded hall.

He fixed his eyes on the screen right away.

Despite all the noise around him, as well as the poor projecting conditions, Charles was totally absorbed into the shooting skills of the director, the story and the main actor.

The film was a Triton among minnows compared to other messy independent films.

When the film ended, ignoring the strange looks other people were giving him, he ran along the streets as fast as possible. He wanted to express his feelings by writing a brilliant article.

At the last minute, the editor of "The New York Times" received a film review from Charles about an independent minority film. Luckily, it was a short one. The editor decided to add a paragraph to his column.

On the fourth day, thanks to the surging box office success of the film in New York, all 107 cinemas of the US paid attention to the film. There was also an article published in The New York Times.

"Review by Charles, a famous film critic: Without the main actor and the final climax, the film would have been a boring one. The shooting skills and narrative approach of the director added novelty to it though..."

That could be considered a direct approval of an indie film. Vivian forwarded the link to OMG without trouble, as well as the statistics of the rising box office success of "Elephant".

"I'm getting more and more interested in this film. I'm pleased to see it playing in my city."

"Qin Guan looked like an immortal on NYLON. The big screen is a decisive test for handsome men. I'll go watch it."

It was strange. Generally speaking, the box office of the first day tended to be the highest. This was not true about "Elephant" though. The cinemas playing it increased from two to 107, and on the third day, the box office was double as much as on the first day.

...

Strange things were going on.

Han Zhujiu and his guys were sitting at the front row of a cinema. People from Chinatown had booked the entire theater. He had decided to help his lifesaver. What f*cking story does the film tell us though?

"F*ck! You bastards! Wake up!"

"Oh? Is it finished?"

"What a shame! I shouldn't have brought you guys. You are insulting art! Art!"

An elegant old couple came out of another hall, talking about the film, and saw the Chinese gangsters leaving the hall solemnly in a formidable, orderly array.

"China sure is a country with a long history and a splendid culture. Those boys watched a private screening."

"Yes. Education in America is very concerning. Even Chinese gangsters get together to watch an indie film."

As a result, the Chinese people in Chinatown were labeled as "art lovers".

A week later, the ranking box office list in North America was released. "Elephant" was 10th on the list of indie films with a total box office of 270,000 dollars.

Director Gus heard the news in Cannes. He was attending a publicity conference for his movie. When he was told, he thought

something was wrong with his ears.

Actually, he had directed the movie only because it was his dream. He had wanted to realize his dream before his savings ran out. What was happening now?

He had gotten all his investment back without even getting any publicity. From the next week onwards, half of the box office would pour right into his pocket. According to the statistics, the box office was supposed to be rising.

His lips were quivering slightly. Judging by the Chinese audience, he knew that his lucky star was Qin Guan.

As he looked at the application form for best actor, he laughed happily. Being accepted by a mainstream audience was his lifelong goal. He was no longer fixated on the Cannes festival.

He didn't care whether he would win the award or not. He would rather be an independent director. His assistant noticed that he seemed to be relieved from all his burdens. He looked refreshed and confident.

Qu Xuemei had just finished a half-hour video call with the elegant Italian old man. From then on, Qin Guan would become one of the three exclusive models of Armani.

Not all Haute Couture of famous brands was accepted by fashion experts though. Firstly, couture had to be high-end. Secondly, the designer had to be well-known. Thirdly, one should have enough handwork masters working for their studio. Finally, the show and representative models were also important.

Billionaires did not like to wear the same clothes as a nobody.

Thanks to the popularity of "Elephant", the clever old man had selected Qin Guan as their exclusive model during the board meeting.

Qu let out a long breath of relief. Qin Guan had set one foot on the stage of top fashion. Whether he would also set the other foot

would depend on his ability.

Chapter 447: Explosion

The artistic youth of Columbia went crazy over "Elephant". Girls of senior and middle school were fighting over NYLON copies. Qin Guan's fans were searching for film tickets at high prices. If they knew what he was doing at the same time, they would have died.

What was Qin Guan doing? He was digging in his toes with a finger in the bathroom.

Cong Nianwei had prepared beer and cold dishes and turned on the TV for the evening CBO show.

"Hurry up, Qin Guan. Your series will be on soon!"

"Wei, come and rub my back. I can find no bathhouse or feet trimming experts in New York. What if I opened a bathhouse?"

Cong Nianwei cast him a supercilious look in the misty bathroom. "Bad idea. American people would never go there. Besides, where would you open it? In Chinatown? It would be meaningless!"

"Han Zhujiu could take care of the security... Stand still!"

"Wow! Awesome! I feel lighter now. On the right... Yes... Lower..."

Cong Nianwei's cheeks were as red as cherries.

They sat together amid the steam, with a bath towel covering their bodies. Qin Guan's first TV series had just started.

...

On the screen, Qin Guan and Samantha were fighting like monsters, while on the couch before the TV, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were...

Bending over his bare chest, Cong Nianwei let her long black hair hang down on her fair shoulders.

"Qin Guan?"

"Yes?"

"We missed the show."

"It's no big deal. It's just the boring love life of an American woman."

"But I wanted to watch your erotic scene..."

"It was clumsy. There's nothing to see. It's true. Just go to sleep..."

Feeling guilty, Qin Guan stretched his arm out under her head to make her more comfortable.

He had done that on purpose. A jealous woman was the most terrible thing in life. As he thought of that, Qin Guan felt extreme pain on his thigh.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were the only ones who had missed the episode. The target audience of "Sex and City" were mainly housewives and white-collar workers, who sat before their TV early at home. Even if they were at work, they didn't forget to turn on the TV.

Samantha was their favorite character. She was the brightest point of the show. They wondered which man would be her next prey.

The sixth season would be the final one. The first episode didn't disappoint the fans. A fresh face appeared on the screen.

"Wow! He's so handsome!"

"Picky Samantha is good at choosing a man."

Countless young men and women, who were deeply in love but unable to fulfil their desires, admired Samantha's love hunting skills. Some female OMG users thought that the stockbroker looked familiar. They paused the show and looked at Qin Guan carefully. Finally, they recognized him.

The VOGUE on the couch had Qin Guan's photos on the back cover. On the shelf was a picture of Qin Guan from the Oscars on the cover of NYLON.

OMG was full of posts about Qin Guan.

"Did anybody watch 'Sex and the City' tonight? Were you satisfied with it?"

"The only highlight of the first episode was Samantha's new boyfriend. Can anyone tell me his name?"

"I read through two fashion magazines and found an Easter egg."

"I want to know the connection between 'Elephant' and 'Sex and the City.'"

The last post shocked all the users. Yes, they were indeed the same person.

The indie actor had guest starred in a popular TV series! More striking news followed.

"Qin Guan, Chinese. Actor of 'Heroes', which was nominated for Best Foreign Film. I saw him on the Oscars red carpet."

There was a riot. What? The Oscars?

The 75th Oscar award ceremony had had the lowest audience ratings.

"'Heroes' will be on in July all over USA. I read the news on IMDb..."

American internet users were searching everywhere for information. Now that they had found a mysterious treasure, they couldn't help but explore even deeper.

There were stars shining in Vivian's green eyes as she sat before her computer. Worship me, you worldlings! You will never know the true world of my idol!

"Qin Guan is a talented Columbia student. He came to the US six

months ago and got his AICPA. He has his own independent accounting firm. He is really winning at life."

It was like a bomb thrown into a small, shallow pool. The fish, shrimp and mud at the bottom were destroyed by the explosion.

Chapter 448: Baselworld

Fortunately, the gossip about Qin Guan was limited among a minority interested in indie films and fashion. If this was in OMG, American indoormen and hackers would have come out boldly.

Still, losers had come out resolutely.

"A yellow-skinned monkey of little value. What award did he get?"

"A man making a living on his appearance. This must be an advertisement for his firm. That vulgar newly rich generation..."

Jealous people were everywhere. They were not just in China.

Such bitter comments made Vivian angry. Before she could roll her sleeves up, those strange posts suddenly started disappearing.

"F*ck!" a wretched man shouted at his black screen. If he was right, his computer must have burned down. It was deep at night. A group of computers were burned all over the US. In a messy dormitory at Columbia, Rongzhi clicked his mouse in an elegant manner.

"Fixed it!" I'll destroy all the computers whose owners insulted my prince!

The aggressors set off an alarm bell for Vivian. Qin Guan's fan club was already established online. After careful voting and interviews, they selected a new name: "Mainstay".

The name was of majestic power, balance and honesty. It sounded much better than "South Korean fad". Those years, the South Korean fad had just sprouted, while Qin Guan had his own fan club in the US and Asia.

Qin Guan had no idea about what had happened online, although it would influence his career in the future. After getting a good night's sleep, he flew to Switzerland to join the Tiffany staff.

That was something very convenient about his work. Top models would fly everywhere. Their short-term work would give them more choices when they were accepting offers.

Cong Nianwei stood by Qin Guan happily with a North Face travelling bag. She was going to be his assistant this time. It was the first time they would be travelling abroad ever since they had come to America. Besides, their destination was Switzerland, a country famous for its watches, chocolate and candy. Cong Nianwei could already taste their bitter sweetness.

The journey was sweet and warm. Their hands were locked until they arrived at the hotel.

Basel was a beautiful European city. It was the fourth biggest city in Switzerland. While it had a population of only 18,000, it was much smaller than a Chinese town. It was bordering with France on the Northwest and with Germany on the Northeast. Its special location was typical for Switzerland.

The Rhine River went across the city, giving it an element of romance and art. On the left bank was the old Basel, the financial center of Switzerland. On the right bank was the new Basel, the most beloved city in the country.

There were art studios, craft workshops, handmade cheese shops with a long history and coffee bars as old as Cong Nianwei's grandma. The old European buildings reminded people of a time when Swiss girls danced in white aprons.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei walked along the streets hurriedly.

"We can stay here for a few days after I finish work..."

"Okay!"

The next day, Cong Nianwei helped Qin Guan get ready in the Tiffany meeting room. He was in the latest Armani Haute Couture, a privilege that exclusive models enjoyed. They could wear the latest Haute Couture for free when appearing at other non-formal

wear shows.

This might have seemed generous, but it was actually an advertisement amid the fashion circle. Qin Guan was fond of that rule though. Most of his money went to formal outfits for publicity events. So many people would be jealous of such a chance.

Michael was the leader of the Tiffany team. As a high-ranking manager of Tiffany, he was also responsible for the fair.

He sized Qin Guan's outfit up in appreciation. It was a conservative royal blue suit that would go very well with all the jewellery.

His buttons were fastened and his tie was perfect. His assistant also brought a bow tie of the same color as an alternative option.

He is a professional model worthy of Armani.

Tiffany didn't focus on appearance though. As the global economy declined, all the top jewellery brands were suffering from stress. Tiffany concentrated on the commercial value of models.

Several business cars arrived at the Baselworld fair early in the morning. Everyone was shocked by the site.

There were five halls in total. Baselworld had originally started from watches, so in Hall No. 1 to Hall No. 4 the stages were reserved for top watches. Hall No. 5 was the costliest one in the fair.

Top brand jewellery from all over the world was assembled in that hall. After the press conferences, there would be auctions and purchases every day, which was the highlight of the fair.

Chapter 449: The Show

The silver feather ceiling and indigo walls made the whole building look super modern.

Hall No.1 was the largest. Halls No. 2 to No. 4 were shaped like cubes and stationed on opposite sides. Hall No. 5 was the innermost one, a rare polygonal building.

Cong Nianwei was amazed by the architecture.

"You can idle around later, when I'm at work. Michael has the blueprints of the buildings. I can ask him to give them to you. Did you bring your tools along?"

He paused suddenly. Cong Nianwei had taken her toolkit out of her large backpack. She is studying on our trip! It's wonderful to have a straight-A student as a girlfriend.

The jewellery designer opened the refined chests one by one to reveal the best jewellery sets to the audience. Actually, the entire police force of the city had been stationed around the hall. If one added the top security agencies hired by the brands, the halls were as safe as a fortress. It would take bandits a month to raid them.

Following the instructions of the designer, Qin Guan fastened a pair of sleeve buttons onto his white shirt. They were polished sapphires inlaid on platinum bases. The two materials were connected perfectly by filigree.

To make the buttons stand out, Qin Guan took off his coat, leaving only his dark blue waistcoat and white shirt on.

There was a pin of the same design on his tie. Unlike the buttons, the pin was made of rare obsidian, which looked steady and elegant on the tie.

Qin Guan picked up a business cardholder as thin as a cicada's wings. Its lid and bottom were carved from an entire sapphire.

The coldness on his palm thrilled Qin Guan. It was a combination of the inspiration of one of the top jewellery designers and a fruit of the painstaking labor of craft masters.

It was a three-piece set necessary for any man. Suddenly, the designer handed him a lighter made of pierced platinum and decorated by gems. Qin Guan nearly kneeled down in shock.

I will never understand the world of the rich.

The cracks of the firestone and the flames would destroy the precious metal. Only the price of its maintenance would be enough to cover an ordinary people's annual living expenses.

They were only tiny things. Qin Guan couldn't express his feelings with words as he looked at a black wristwatch.

Tiffany was famous for its simplicity and novelty, not for its expensive materials. The watch strap was made of black crocodile skin. Its best feature was the design of the dial. The figures were scrambled up with diamond pigments. The hands were as exquisite as ancient Roman spears. The white dial went well with the black hands and strap.

The designer carefully adjusted the pin for Qin Guan. Then he packed up, leaving the black emperor's set to Qin Guan.

Tiffany hadn't brought many models to the fair. Two men and four women were wearing the expensive jewellery, waiting for the press conference.

At 10:00 a.m, visitors, buyers, agents and purchasers were pouring into the hall from all directions. Baselworld had lifted its veil, revealing its true face. The top exhibitors were competing against each other in all aspects.

In Hall No. 5, Cartier's show ended just as Tiffany's press conference started close by.

The crystal curtain rose slowly as the host made a speech. The audience shifted their attention from the brochures in their hands

to the stage.

"The latest collection of Tiffany Jewellery combines simplicity with an ancient Roman style. The cost is reduced by the use of popular platinum and silver to win the approval of potential customers."

Female models in backless dresses were showing off their earrings, necklaces, bracelets and rings. They looked splendid in the light.

"Our collection meets the demands of high-end customers all over the world. It's a perfect combination of oriental and occidental concepts and styles."

"Black is a noble color in the East and royal blue is a Western favorite. This set is called appropriately 'Emperor of the Night'."

Qin Guan walked on the stage slowly. The jewellery set was revealed to the audience, as if it was an emperor that had just arrived. The black buttons were standing out against the white shirt, like a black heron flying in the snow. Proud, yet elegant.

The silver-black lighter in Qin Guan's slender fingers attracted everyone's attention. It was like a sword in the hands of a swordsman. The cold light was reflected on the expensive metal under the lamps. Only people with good eyesight could see the cardholder on his chest, as well as the pin on his tie, bringing all the jewellery pieces together.

Chapter 450: Jewellery Buyers

The audience was slightly shocked. Compared to the ladies' collection, men's jewellery looked as poor as an orphan. Both the number of designers and types of jewellery were limited. Sets were also very rare.

A set that contained four pieces was pretty uncommon, even for the fair.

Suddenly, things got more exciting. Qin Guan made a fancy move with the lighter and stuffed it into his pocket. Then he unfastened his sleeve buttons.

An elegant button fell on his palm. Qin Guan pinned it to the pocket on his chest along with the cardholder.

He rolled up a sleeve to reveal his slender arm and the wrist watch. His wrist was as fair as a pearl, the watch strap was as black as ink, and the dial was as pure and clean as the most splendid diamond in the world.

The Tiffany designers were proud to see the stupefied audience.

Ha! Even professional watch brands, such as Vacheron Constantin and Omega, will look common compared to our watch! Tiffany is not a professional watch brand, after all!

Qin Guan turned around to show everyone the watch. Then he rolled his sleeve down again. Moving in time with the music, he turned back without hesitation. The jewellery lovers under the stage were still lingering around.

We have not enjoyed ourselves to the fullest! Come back!

Qin Guan's glamor was reflected on the products on his body. He was the perfect background for the jewellery. This was the perfect collaboration between a top jewellery brand and a top model.

He walked down from the stage. His first impulse was to take all

the jewellery off. He couldn't afford to damage it in any way.

"Wait a moment, Qin Guan..." Michael stopped him.

"There will be an exclusive auction for buyers later. Some other top brands of the jewellery circle will also attend it. The set on your body includes Tiffany's best pieces. Cheers!"

Michael was a little nervous. In fact, the global economy that year was really bad. Asian countries had entered an ice period. The unemployment, depression and declining economy had a big negative impact on the jewellery industry. They were hoping that Baselworld would improve things.

Carrying a refined safe, Michael, Qin Guan and a female model walked through two narrow corridors, reaching a small hall that could hold 100 people. It was an independent hall set up especially for the auction and decorated to meet the demands of the buyers.

There were white hollowed-out British style chairs from the 18th century and several long glass tea tables. They were for the buyers, so they could go through the brochures about the jewellery materials and concepts.

The press conferences of the top brands ended one after the other, and the buyers entered the small hall in quick succession after fighting fiercely.

The hall was large enough to hold them. The auction committee was strict with the invitations after all. Those with real power were few. The maximum was 100 people.

The security staff informed the host that all the guests had arrived. The gate was closed slowly.

"The first item is an outstanding raw gemstone provided by the Jewellery Association. Attention, please!"

"Large gem (more than three carats) with 10 diamond particles. The carats are respectively: three, three, three, three, four, four... The starting price is 75,000 dollars per carat... Raise your paddles,

please!"

Before his voice could fade away, there was a suppressed low outcry in the hall.

A calm, elegant Asian lady was competing for the diamonds against some Western and Asian rich men.

"The current price is 83,000 per carat. Anyone else?"

The men looked awkward. At such a high price, their profit would be really low. They couldn't match the offer of that crazy woman.

It was not wise to compete against an insane jewellery lover. Besides, there would be other good diamonds. The other buyers gave up one after the other. The lady was content. Her friends gave her a thumbs-up. The diamonds she had won were perfect in both transparency and cut.

That kind of jewellery was really rare. In a few minutes, they came to the limited editions of top-brand jewellery.

"Cartier will sell 20 golden bracelets with rubies. There are only 100 on sale all over the world."

Most purchasers only needed two to five pieces in stock for their VIP customers. Most of the limited editions were bought by collectors.

Chapter 451: The Chinese Are the Richest

Baselworld was also a limited edition outlet. Everyone in the hall went crazy. Such beautiful jewellery at such good prices!

Because of the economic crisis though, buyers from occidental countries were much more prudent than they used to be. They hesitantly realized that the situation was out of control.

In the first row, countless paddles were going up and down around the woman who had just bought the raw gemstone.

"Where are they from? They look so bold!"

"They are from China. It's the first time Baselworld invited buyers from the mainland..."

"That explains it. We are tied up in the Iraq war while they silently develop."

The hammer of the host fell down. Each of the Chinese ladies had gotten a bracelet. Only half of the Cartier bracelets were sold out and Chinese buyers had taken 80% of them.

The director of Cartier was depressed. The amount they had put on sale was actually the annual sales volume they had counted on. They had only sold 10 at the auction, which could be considered a failure.

Is the global economy really that bad?

The whispers around them didn't influence the Chinese women, who were in a really good mood. After the introduction of the host, Qin Guan got on the stage again. The ladies started screaming.

"Am I dreaming? Is that an Asian model?"

"When did Tiffany hire an Asian model for its final exhibition? We missed the press conference while we were at the watch exhibition!"

"What a pity! I love Asian models!"

"Don't jump to conclusions." A short-haired woman cast a contemptuous look at the stage. "Maybe he is from Japan or South Korea."

The girl with the moon-shaped face was not angry. She just watched Qin Guan carefully.

"Hey, Sister Zhang! I think he looks familiar... Wow! I know him! It's Qin Guan! He's Chinese!" She attracted everyone's attention.

"Chinese?"

"Sure enough!"

After confirming his nationality, they all became excited. They wanted to support the compatriot they had come across in another country. Whatever Qin Guan exhibits, we will just buy.

"This is Tiffany's latest 2003 collection, which is unprecedented for men's jewellery... There are only 100 sets all over the world. After the purchase, Tiffany can carve the name of the buyer on them..."

That was so considerate.

"The price is 300,000 dollars... Anyone?"

Before his voice could fade away, the girl with the moon-shaped face raised her paddle high.

"10 sets! Special service included!"

Before the other buyers could see the details of the set clearly, the Chinese buyer had made a risky decision.

The host was stunned. "Congratulations! No. 58 got the limited edition of the Tiffany men's set!"

It had taken Qin Guan only two minutes. One and a half for the introduction and 30 seconds to sell it. He returned to the backstage area and saw Michael rubbing his hands excitedly. He cheered up at the sight of Qin Guan.

"Wait a moment, Qin Guan. Hold this. You have to get on the stage again."

Qin Guan took a tray with a set of gorgeous diamond ornaments on it. It was for ladies.

He shot a look at his female peer. The girl was staring at him furiously, as if Qin Guan had killed her whole family.

It was a spontaneous idea Michael had gotten from the Chinese ladies. He could do nothing but apologize to the female model, who had lost a chance to appear before the rich buyers.

If 30 seconds were too short a time for Qin Guan, the male model could also exhibit jewellery for women! He mounted the stage again with the tray.

"This is the Tiffany collection for ladies. 108 gems, including sapphires, emeralds, rubies and diamonds, connected in a hollowed-out mosaic. The sets differ based on their varying quantities of gems."

Qin Guan lifted the tray up slowly. The host was talking eloquently next to him.

"Splendid colors... Exquisite design... Exclusive luxury... You will never come across another set like this... 1.88 million each..."

The introduction reminded Qin Guan of the cable channels in China, which were always broadcasting news in an exaggerated way. He smiled in spite of himself. It felt like a breeze blowing over. Both the Chinese women and the reserved European ladies got lost in his smile.

In a few seconds, the small paddles were held up like bamboo shoots after the rain. The sets on sale weren't enough to meet the customer demand.

Chapter 452: A Display of Ignorance

Suddenly, a battle between jewellery lovers and collectors broke out. There were Saudi Arabian tycoons, European billionaires, American rich elite and Chinese ladies.

The most powerful battles took place among races with a long history. The occidentals didn't get any of the jewellery. Arabian customers got two pieces, and the Chinese ladies got three.

After three minutes, Qin Guan got off the stage with the tray. Michael had nearly died of laughter.

The curtain was pulled down slowly, and the staff took away the chairs. Backstage, the agencies in charge of cutting the gemstones and the security guards were busy working.

Cong Nianwei had finished her graph way before the auction was finished. She was packing silently with Qin Guan. Suddenly, Michael and some Asian strangers walked over to them.

"They are customers of ours. They are also Chinese and would like to meet you before you leave," he said before returning to his work, leaving them alone.

"Hello, Qin Guan. I'm Zhang Li from Diamond. I'm in charge of material purchases all over the world." She was an elegant middle-aged lady who had just spent a large amount at the auction.

Smiling, she stretched her hand out for a handshake. Qin Guan took it politely. His hand was caught by her chubby claws.

It was the excited girl with the moon-shaped face. "You're so handsome..."

"Cough, cough..." Zhang Li couldn't help it. The girl retracted her claws immediately.

"I'm here to see the first Asian model in a top jewellery fair. Besides, I would also like to invite you to become a global Diamond

representative."

Diamond was the best jewellery brand of the mainland. Considering its large range and fame, its shops were an inevitable attraction for ordinary people in China.

A common model would have been over the moon, but Qin Guan was hesitant. "I appreciate your offer, but my agent has signed a contract with Tiffany. They are my priority. You have to talk with my agent and the director of Tiffany about the details..."

This was a common situation for a top model. He could only sit somewhere silently, waiting for the outcome. The calls for offers would come one after the other.

Qin Guan didn't plan on returning to the US with the Tiffany team. This was a precious chance for him to go on vacation with his girlfriend.

Switzerland was famous for its watches, chocolate and sabers. In fact, unlike other modern products, Basel had its own steady, low-profile style.

The next morning, Qin Guan opened the curtains before sunrise. The warm streetlights were still turned on outside. The winded, twisted paths looked enchanting amid the misty light.

Cong Nianwei spread a map on the table. They planned on going on a day trip into town. It was romantic to go on a spontaneous trip with your lover.

Breakfast was simple at the hotel. A giant loaf was laid in the middle of the table. It was too hard for the Chinese. Qin Guan preferred to cut it with his jaw. He made a fool of himself again. He saw a small basket with all kinds of colorful balls inside. He thought they were fruit and decided to get some for Cong Nianwei.

"Wei, what do you want?"

Surprised, Qin Guan realized they were colorful eggs. They had green, blue, brown, and orange stripes! Cong Nianwei burst into

laughter at the colorful eggs. He is so funny!

After breakfast, they set off. Cong Nianwei was walking in front, wearing her wide baseball cap. Qin Guan followed her, burping. He had eaten eggs of four different colors! The smell of his burps needs not be described. The two of them were completely amazed by the Basel Minster.

As a historical site of the 19th century, the church was made of red bricks. Green moss was climbing up its walls and some damage was visible in the shadows.

The city hall was across the street, and it was also red in color. There were golden frescos on its walls and green ruffles as decorations. The hall was filled with an alien glamor. To their surprise, the city hall was open to the public.

Chapter 453: Sweet Life

Staff was shuttling back and forth in a hurry inside the building while tourists of different nationalities were lingering around on the square up front. Fortunately, there were few tourists in Basel. If this had been in China...

Some European tourists even slept on the grass in the daylight as the Chinese couple was searching for food. Following their sense of smell, the two foodies reached their first destination.

Good wine needed no referrals. There was a big piece of candy wrapped in paper by the entrance with the Swiss national flag printed on it. The scent was coming from a common shop. People could watch the bustling scene through the large windows.

The small shop sold handmade candy. People always thought of chocolate and forgot about candy. In fact, chocolate was only one category of candy.

The fat boss had typical Swiss blonde hair and blue eyes and was wearing a white chef uniform and gloves. He took a large iron tray from the air-drying shelf and put it down on the table with a bang.

Outside the window, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei exchanged a glance and then pushed in. The doorbell jingled happily.

"Welcome... Pick what you like..." the boss told them in his poor English. Then he got absorbed in the candy that came fresh out of the oven.

"Thanks. We're just taking a look," Qin Guan said in standard German. I love you, Joseph.

The man looked up in surprise. They are Asians, yet they can speak German.

"What's the problem? If my memory serves me right, German is an official language of Switzerland..." Qin Guan murmured before switching to Italian.

The boss rushed to explain. "It's okay, I was just surprised. Asian visitors usually speak English. I didn't expect you to speak German."

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei smiled at each other. The boss made a cut with his knife.

They were an elegant Chinese couple. The girl was delicate and pretty, her eyes as clear as a brook in the suburbs. As for the boy... His poor education made it hard for him to express his feelings, but the boy reminded him of the powdered sugar his father used to give him as a present when he had been a child. He used to dip his little finger into it to taste it.

When he came back to his senses, he didn't regret the cut. After some consideration, he managed to cut the soft candy into two thumb-sized figures.

"A sample for you."

The man stared at Qin Guan's face with an unprecedented flattering smile, holding a tray in his fair hands.

"This figure is you. It's pretty, isn't? That one is your girlfriend. I'm don't want to boast, but my products are the best in Switzerland."

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei looked speechlessly at the two lovely candy figures. Should we eat them or not? Is it okay to eat yourself?

As two foodies, they couldn't resist the temptation. They stuffed them into their mouths.

The elastic candy was easy to bite into. It tasted like plum, yellow peach and butter. The soft candy was made in the oven and dried in the air of the Rhine. Its unique sugar made it a delicious food of the mortal world.

It tasted sour, sweet, salty... The candy was like a human life.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei swallowed it with sparkling eyes. Then they began shopping like crazy.

The boss was shocked. They seemed to pick up all the products from the shelves. The passersby couldn't resist at the sight of their crazy shopping. Candy was a good medicine for unhappiness. European people were very fond of it. Suddenly, the shop was crowded with customers.

"One kilo of liqueur chocolate, please!" There was only a hollowed-out piece of paper left in the small basket.

"Hey! Hard cocoa candy is sold out!"

"Boss..."

"Boss..."

A tourist guide was talking about the town, when his group of tourists suddenly poured into the shop. The fat boss was both exasperated and happy. He was stirring syrup in a large bucket with effort. He called his wife and son to come and help him immediately.

The culprits had left with a big package of candy, the musical sound of the cash register ringing around the shop.

Chapter 454: An Office on Wall Street

Switzerland was definitely a country with a sweet aftertaste.

After returning to the big melting pot of America, Cong Nianwei continued to user her inspiration in the gallery, while Qin Guan began to search for a location for his accounting firm.

Wall Street was south of Manhattan, stretching from Broadway to the East River. It was the narrowest street in New York, with a width of only 11 meters. There were double motorways, bikeways and walkways there, so there was always terrible traffic.

Obviously, its status as the American financial center also contributed to the traffic jam. The Morgan Consortium, the Rockefeller oil baron, the DuPont Consortium, The New York Stock Exchange, NASDAQ, the US Stock Exchange, the New York Future Exchange Center... Most giant financial centers were gathered on that narrow street. An inch of land was worth an ounce of gold there.

Following the manager of WeWork, the largest real estate agency in America, Qin Guan visited all the offices that were up for renting on Wall Street. As a small accounting firm owner, who had just started business, Qin Guan could at best earn a hundred thousand dollars in annual profits.

There were three important reasons for renting an office on Wall Street. Firstly, Liu Tianxia would be doing graduation field work that year, so the girls would need a formal office to work in.

Secondly, the Chinese preferred to have a formal accountant, so Qin Guan's luxury-car club friends had urged him to find a formal location.

Finally, in order to develop his career, it was necessary to be involved in the financial circle. An office on Wall Street was a favorable advantage and a reflection of power.

"This way, please, Mr. Qin. This is the center of Wall Street. The New York Stock Exchange is right across the street. You'll like this location."

Qin Guan looked at the small room with a poker face. It reminded him of a cloakroom. It could fit three desks at most. Besides, what's that window for?

It was the only window in the room. Qin Guan went over to pull it open...

Bang! The window frame fell down. The two of them looked at each other. Qin Guan's Armani suit was covered in dust. Meanwhile, a naughty spider crawled away from the dirt.

The small room was a combination of the perfect location and terrible internal conditions. Is there maybe a better option? The larger offices are far away from the center, yet you showed me this one...

"I have to pay a visit to the Aijia agency. WeWork is unworthy of its reputation."

Qin Guan flicked the dust off his body calmly and casually showed off his silver Tiffany sleeve buttons.

The manager was a little surprised. Wow! Did I misjudge him? Is he an Asian planning to start his own business after graduation?

He was right. The average American college graduate would rather get a job with a steady salary. They couldn't spend much on starting a new business. The Chinese were the best at saving though. They might deposit a large amount in a bank and not withdraw any money during their whole life.

He had originally thought that Qin Guan had rented the Armani suit from a second-hand store, but at the sight of the Tiffany buttons, he knew he had misunderstood. Those silver buttons could cost up to 200 dollars judging by the brand and the design. No beggar would be able to wear something made by Tiffany.

He had misjudged Qin Guan. This was actually a gift from Tiffany for his hard work. He couldn't sell the silver men's set. It was worth 20,000 dollars, but he would rather use it to pretend to be somebody important.

"I have a large, luxurious office perfect for a talented young man like you." The manager looked cheered up. He led Qin Guan to a modern mansion beside the shabby building excitedly.

It was on the 16th floor, which was a lucky number for the Chinese. After taking a turn, they reached the luxurious office.

"It's 1,000 square feet." Qin Guan was standing speechlessly at the door of the office. In the US and Hong Kong, people used square feet to measure surfaces. If he converted that to square meters, it meant...

Sometimes one read in newspapers that a star had bought a luxurious apartment of 1,000 square feet. This actually meant that they'd bought a common apartment with two bedrooms and a living room.

Qin Guan was standing at the entrance of an empty office of about 90 square meters. Several desks could fit inside. It was perfect for a small accounting firm. Qin Guan was satisfied, but he did not move a muscle of his face.

"How much?"

"110 dollars per square foot."

"What? That's robbery! It's 110,000 dollars a month!" It was as much as his total income from the films and Armani.

The manager made a grimace. "I meant a year..."

Qin Guan let out a long breath of relief. With a flattering smile, he handed the manager an American Spirit cigarette and lit it up for him. It was the only tobacco-made cigarette without a fragrance, so it was the favorite of American people.

The manager took a deep drag of the cigarette. "Smith is an honest man. I would never increase a price."

Chapter 455: The Grocery Store Robbery

"Here, small firms open and close every minute. Offices in this area are very popular, but only old firms can afford such large offices. You are still young. You should rethink that high price."

Qin Guan was shocked by the kind-hearted real estate agent. Men like him were rare in such a materialistic society.

"It's not expensive, I can afford it. I thought the rent was 110,000 dollars a month, which would mean that I'd have to expand my business really fast. But 110,000 a year is a great price. My firm can afford it. Thank you for your advice though."

Smith was shocked. "How old are you?"

"Twenty two. No, actually twenty one. My birthday is soon."

"Are you a graduate student?"

"No, I'm still in college."

As the best salesman of his previous agency, Smith always accepted a challenge. Actually, if he had been a senior manager in New York, he would not have been impressed by the young man. Talented boys were common on Wall Street.

A rising index could make people millionaires, and a change of policy could turn tycoons into beggars. Smith had just arrived in New York from Texas though, so he still felt like a peasant in the bustling metropolis.

The QC firm offices had been decided.

WeWork would take care of the following procedures. Qin Guan had trusted Cong Nianwei with the decoration. Cong Nianwei had made great achievements in the design and construction of small houses, as well as their gallery and designing studio. Couples were always good at doing business together.

Lately, Qin Guan had deliberately prevented Cong Nianwei from

going out though. She had a lot of work to do, so she would stay at college or at home for several weeks. This was because of all the panic that had spread all over the US after May.

War had broken out in Iraq in March. Originally, everyone had thought that it was only a verbal battle between politicians. It was supposed to be a united action of UN, but most soldiers sent to the battlefield were Americans.

Even during the Oscar ceremony, there had been many speeches filled with anger made by people who were involved in relative industries.

Anti-war marches were taking place all over the country. The upcoming Memorial Day was also reminding people of the sorrow caused by war.

Several people were standing at a window for veteran benefits in the City Hall, while a crowd also gathered outside. Some anti-war groups were standing there with posters and banners with phrases like "No War" and "Stop That Foolish War".

The semi-finished floats made for Memorial Day passed by them slowly, adding a sarcastic vibe to the scene. Franklin went out of the City Hall with a blank expression. He was wearing camouflage clothing, which indicated his identity as a soldier. If it wasn't for his empty sleeve, he would have been considered a handsome man.

War was cruel though. Franklin went out with his pension in his backpack. The money was not enough to last him for the rest of his life. The crowd reminded him of something as he squeezed out through it.

...

It was another uneventful evening in New York. As usual, Qin Guan was looking at the backyard from the kitchen. No uninvited neighbors yet. The evening was perfect.

Suddenly, the sound of glass breaking was heard on the quiet street. Joseph looked out of the window and shouted, "F*ck!"

The window of the grocery store at the corner of the street had been smashed. Some black men had broken in, searching for anything valuable.

"Are they crazy? How dare they commit a robbery here! The police will come immediately!"

They rushed to the window, watching the process and talking about it.

"Shall we call the police?"

Beep... Before his voice could fade away, the alarm started ringing. Suddenly, they saw the owner rushing out of his house with a gun.

"You bastards!"

Bang!

The black men escaped with the cash register money. The fat owner ran after them. After a few meters, he gave up.

"My store!" he cried out at the entrance. "That f*cking police! I'll file a complaint! Honest taxpayers are paying those f*cking shits!"

Qin Guan felt strange as he watched the owner cry.

"Under normal circumstances, a car alarm would have attracted patrol cruisers in three minutes. Why has nobody come by now?"

Chapter 456: Reinforcements

The Batiste brothers were stirring their noodles with their hands as they said jokingly, "Has New York been conquered by aliens? Or was there a terrorist attack again?"

Unfortunately, they had a point. The late police car had confirmed that.

"I can only report the crime now. My boys have all been sent to the center of Manhattan."

Sam opened his mouth. "What's happening?"

"An anti-war demonstration. The number of protesters increased suddenly for no apparent reason. Originally, there had barely been more than 100, but in the evening there were as many as 1,000."

"Fights broke out. I wonder if there were any leaders. Whey they began to attack the City Hall, we noticed that there were many sturdy men involved."

"Aren't they veterans? Ha ha!"

Sam fell silent at the news. He was frightened. They were far from the City Hall, but the riots downtown indicated a great danger. The city was short on public security, so it was natural for its residents to be scared.

"Well, it's too late now. I'll drop by the police station tomorrow."

Uncle Sam rushed back to his home with his shotgun. Those smart criminals will fish in troubled waters in the turbulent night. They might skip a broken store, but would they set fire to my store if they failed to find anything? Oh, my!

Cong Nianwei, who had also witnessed the whole thing, wanted to shout. She laid her boiling noodles aside and shouted at Qin Guan, "Will our gallery be safe?"

All the foodies fell silent. Qin Guan recalled his own art studio,

which enjoyed big fame at the Chelsea Fair. He was not rolling around in money, but the annual profits were hundreds of thousands of dollars. Besides, Lan Jin had just brought several cases of Chinese products... Shrewd men were everywhere.

Chelsea Street was a heaven for art studios. Those Negro gangsters would not be interested in them, but the Russians had good taste. They were good at smuggling artwork in oil tankers. Qin Guan couldn't bear to think about it.

Suddenly, his phone rang.

"Hey! It's Lan Jin. I heard that you were robbed! Don't worry. I'm coming. Don't forget me when you get rich!"

You are the shame of Chinese compulsory education.

"Hey, don't cause any more trouble..." Lan Jin hung up. Qin Guan noticed that Cong Nianwei was getting ready to go out.

"You going to the gallery?"

"Yes." Cong Nianwei nodded. "Lan Jin must have gone there. We have to go too. If he comes across any robbers..."

Qin Guan pictured Lan Jin shouting at a group of tall, strong robbers to stop.

"Okay, let's go. Joseph, would you please wash the bowls for me? We'll be gone for a while." Qin Guan reached for his car keys.

"Wait, I'll come with you." Joseph wiped his mouth elegantly with a tissue and smiled at Qin Guan.

"Me too! Your noodles were a little raw, Cong Nianwei..." The two naughty brothers were concentrated on their food.

"May I put on a warrior costume before I come with you?" Coulibaly, the Congo Prince, looked like an African warrior ready to die a heroic death.

Cella wiped her mouth on the white table cloth. "Stop that rubbish. Let's go!"

I have a UN army on my side.

In the parking lot, Qin Guan tried to persuade them a final time. When he saw Joseph's armor, the paint on Coulibaly's face and the feathers on his head though, he swallowed his words.

Cella's car filled with strange people. The two cars dashed towards the Chelsea Fair. The people on the streets were careful and vigilant. In a few minutes, they pulled up at Chelsea Street. Most of the stores were closed at the time.

Qin Guan cast a glance at the J Clothing store and saw that its banners were still floating above the roof. He let out a long breath of relief. It seemed that his store was safe from the riots.

Smiling, he shouted at his friends, "Get out! It's alright. We'd better take any expensive products back home just to be safe though."

Joseph and Coulibaly, who were both fully armed, were speechless. They had suddenly become free labor workers.

They went into the store in their strange costumes.

As a weapon lover, Joseph was carrying firearms from all over the world. Coulibaly's face was painted like an actor of the Peking Opera. He had a blowgun in his hand.

Chapter 457: The Importance of Special Weapons

If he had a spear on his back, he could have been invited to the famous TV program "Man vs. Wild". They were busy carrying commodities, when somebody shouted outside, "Hey! Who dares enter my domain?"

Hearing the familiar voice, Qin Guan went out and saw Lan Jin. He did not look silly like usual. Instead of his luxury car, he had driven a worn truck all the way from Long Island. Xu Xiaoxiao was in the passenger seat.

Qin Guan felt helpless against the two guys, who were much more excited than usual. Birds of a feather always flocked together. Why were all the men around him so unreliable?

He shot a glance at Cong Nianwei, who was wrapping ceramics in cotton cloth carefully. On the contrary, the women around me are calm and capable.

Xu Xiaoxiao jumped out of the truck, surprised to see Qin Guan there.

"Stop! Lan Jin! It's one of us! Hold your fire!"

He was waving a big broadsword around. It seemed to be his choice of a defensive weapon. What was his father thinking? Does he believe so much in his son, or has he given up on him?

The broadsword was shining coldly in the night. It had to be a martial arts demonstration prop. It was pretty, but basically useless.

His UN army could not tell the difference though. They were in awe of Qin Guan's friend, who looked like a martial artist.

"Stop that rubbish! There's only a few things left. Let's finish as soon as possible." Cong Nianwei couldn't stand those clowns. They

were delaying their work.

"I'm coming..."

There was a car parked across the street. Charlie was observing the situation through his binoculars, sitting in the passenger seat next to Franklin.

"It seems like the boss is packing things up. They are not like those artists on the Upper East Side though. They are bad boys like us."

Franklin threw his cigarette butt out and replied calmly, "Let's just try them." He shot at the store without a warning. Bang!

The quiet was broken by the shot. Qin Guan suddenly stopped in his tracks. Who? Where? What happened?

Hiding behind the car, he waved at Cong Nianwei, who was inside the shop. Run! Leave me here! Go to the back garden through the side door!

He was hoping that it was just some thieves who wanted to make a fortune, but Joseph and Coulibaly were really excited. They shouted at Cella together, "Turn off the lights!" Then Coulibaly disappeared silently.

Qin Guan was shocked by his heroic actions. Suddenly, he saw Joseph take the gun that was behind his back and load it. Am I about to watch an action film for free?

Bang, bang, bang...

Sparkles were shining on the dark street. Joseph was shooting from behind the car with a happy smile.

"Bloody hell!" Franklin and his partner rolled away from the car.

Bang! A bullet flew over their heads. Franklin shot back.

"Ha! They are not far away! There! Northwest!" Joseph smiled wide in the dark as he turned his gun in that direction.

"Bastards! If only I had superpowers!" Xu was terrified in the face of real danger. He had thrown his broadsword away.

"Qin Guan, you throw something to divert them. I'll take them out with my gun!" Joseph shouted at Qin Guan.

Qin Guan looked around. Throw what? A ceramic? I'll go bankrupt. I better find some bricks...

He threw a few bricks at their enemies.

After an accurate calculation of gravitational acceleration, wind force and angle, Qin Guan found his target. The two men escaped from the bullets, but were caught by the bricks. They started shouting abuse at them. Can't you just stick to the gunfight?

Qin Guan was happy with his achievement. He ran out of ammo soon though.

Franklin cheered up at the lack of flying bricks. "Bastard! Ran out of ammo, did you? Ha ha... You piece of dogsh*t!"

Americans loved dogs a lot more than the Chinese.

Chapter 458: Complete Victory

Dogsh*t was piled on the streets, especially on patches of grass. Qin Guan wrapped up a piece of dried dogsh*t in a cotton cloth carefully and dipped it into some fresh sh*t.

Using the wind and humidity to his advantage, he threw it away. Franklin and his partner got one each. The distinctive smell drifted out as Franklin grabbed it subconsciously.

"Oh, bullsh*t!" Wrong! It was dogsh*t.

They were both furious, when suddenly a soft sound was heard from around the corner. Both of them felt a sharp pain on their necks.

"Was it a f*cking mosquito?"

"I'm fainting..." Before they could figure out what was going on, they collapsed on the ground.

"Ha ha..." Coulibaly jumped out of the flowers, laughing proudly. His friends finally spotted him thanks to his glowing white teeth.

Now they realized why he had asked them to turn off the lights and where he had gone in the dark. Taking advantage of his complexion, he had sneaked behind their enemies in secret.

"All clear!" He waved at Qin Guan.

The lights were turned on again. Standing in a heap of bullet shells, Joseph looked perfectly satisfied. Qin Guan walked to their enemies' car curiously, wondering how Coulibaly had taken the two strong men out silently.

Coulibaly kicked the two robbers, who were lying on the ground like dead pigs.

"It's a weapon my African tribe uses for hunting." He waved the blowgun around proudly.

"It's opium, but it's not toxic. If it was the poison we used to use,

they would have been in Heaven by now."

He pulled the thin needles out of their necks.

"Cunning guys... And very professional. Thanks for the diversion, Qin Guan."

He put the needles carefully into a small case. "That's dogsh*t... Watch your hands," Qin Guan warned him kindly.

Everyone had gathered around them. They burst into laughter at his words as the two criminals snored on the ground.

"What shall we do with them?" They called the police. Ten minutes later, nobody had come yet.

"I'll take them away." Xu Xiaoxiao pointed at his old truck. There was enough room inside for them.

The shabby truck drove to the police station along Chelsea Street with the two troublemakers in it. The dense smoke made it look like a steamship. The international students looked at each other and burst into laughter again.

The shining spears and armoured horses were only a brief interlude in their ordinary lives. A few weeks later, Qin Guan asked for leave from his tutor. He had gotten perfect scores in the seasonal tests.

The city of Cannes was famous for its film festival. In May, stars and pilgrims from all over the world poured into the city with the most luxurious hotels, romantic marine drives and significant cinemas. Cannes combined French romance with style and fashion, which blossomed splendidly on the dazzling beach in the spring.

Qin Guan was waiting for Sister Xue at the airport with his ticket. Meanwhile, Cong Nianwei was busy working in his new office without any distractions. She preferred a quiet house over her boyfriend or a chance to visit Cannes.

Actually, Qin Guan had a tight schedule, so he wouldn't have any spare time in Cannes.

The opening ceremony was the most important part of the whole festival. All the stars, producers, film lovers, and distributors would get together for the grand feast.

On the way to the hotel, Sister Xue was telling Qin Guan about his order of appearance again and again. Unlike at other festivals, the order of appearance was very important at the Cannes festival.

The festival combined the culture of commerce and the tourism industry. During the ceremony, small stars would get more chances to promote themselves. Even if their film was not nominated, they could still enjoy themselves on the red carpet.

Chapter 459: Busy All Day Long

If only one had a firm... You know...

To make money. Oh no... To better differentiate between the people on the red carpet. There were three groups of guests.

The first group were the participants, including talented actors and directors. Famous or not, they would all get the highest respect from the media and the audience. Queen Gong, who was in that group, was one of the representatives of the Chinese film circle.

Those guys were really devoted to indie films. Maybe one day a shining star would rise from them.

When the people of the first group went by, people shut up and took as many pictures of them as possible.

The second group were the representatives of famous brands. They were not nominated for any awards, but they had been invited because they belonged in the fashion circle. They usually showed off and competed for the public's attention.

The third group were those who had come uninvited. They had paid agencies to come for a chance to promote themselves.

Qin Guan read through the regulations of the Cannes festival and checked his schedule. Interesting! I have to be on the carpet with the first group for "Elephant", then twice with the second group for Armani and Tiffany. That's three times! I'll be the only one in Cannes who does that.

"Sister Xue, may I combine Armani and Tiffany? Would only one time be okay?"

Sister Xue, who was unpacking, shot him a supercilious look.

"How will the host introduce you? Will he thank both Armani and Tiffany for the clothing and the jewellery at the same time? Do

you think this is a domestic bazaar? Other people would have done anything for such a good chance!"

While Sister Xue was cursing at full volume, Qin Guan got distracted by the beach and the sea.

"Keep doing what you are doing, Sister Xue. I need to take a walk along the seaside to calm down. Please make arrangements with Director Gus."

Before his voice could fade away, he had already disappeared.

Liar! Are you really nervous about the festival?

The opening ceremony would take place on a square only 200 meters away from the beach. The Palais des Festival beside it was only where the final award ceremony would be held. After the opening ceremony, the nominated films would be played there.

Qin Guan strode over to the beach, which was open to the public. He enjoyed the blue sky, the white sand and the soft waves. The beautiful view reminded him of his hometown. It was not as enchanting, but it was beautiful in its own way.

He took off his socks and shoes and stood on the sand on his bare feet. Cannes was beautiful in May. The sky was blue and transparent, and the air was wet and salty. After taking a few steps, Qin Guan felt sleepy. He sat down on the sand to savor the moment. Wow! This is so nice...

A blonde woman in white shorts and sunglasses walked by leisurely, followed by a group of reporters. Nobody dared get too close to her. She looks familiar. It's Nicole Kidman! The most powerful nominee for best actress!

The actress seemed to relax on the beach.

Qin Guan felt like an extra in the background. I'm just enjoying some free time...

Click, click... Another handsome actor ran past Qin Guan in

sportswear, followed by a group of crazy reporters. It was Keanu Reeves.

One of the reporters managed to take some pictures and shared the experience with his peers.

"I saw a passer-by in my photo. Look at him carefully. He is really handsome, isn't he?"

"Yes, he looks good. He seems familiar. God knows who he is. There are stars everywhere around here. Is he Asian?"

"Yes. Chinese or Japanese. They are nominated for an award this year."

Qin Guan was shocked. A Chinese film? Which one? Who?

Meg Ryan passed by. Qin Guan lost the chance to watch the flying seagulls.

Monica Bellucci passed by... Dirt and dust were floating before Qin Guan's eyes.

Hey! Enough!

The beach was not as quiet as Qin Guan had anticipated. It was as noisy as a bazaar. Before he got up to leave, a man called his name from somewhere behind him.

"Qin Guan! What are you doing here?"

Qin Guan turned around and saw Lou Ye walking up to him in a pair of shorts and slippers. The man beside him was dressed formally. Jiang Wen?

"What are you doing here?"

"What are you doing here?"

They spoke at the same time. Qin Guan shrugged. "Are you the director of the only Chinese film to be nominated for an award?"

Chapter 460: Acquaintances in Cannes

Lou Ye felt proud at his question. Even though I'm a Chinese director, I can also make a film that will interest an international festival.

He shrugged and began to make jokes. "Wow! And you? Why are you here? Did your agency pay for you to appear on the carpet, or do you have a big brand as your sponsor? Well done, Qin Guan! After one year, we meet again in Cannes!"

Qin Guan shot a supercilious look at him. "As a director participating in the festival, shouldn't you know who your competitors are? My film is also nominated. I am the leading actor!"

Surprised, Jian Wen sized Qin Guan up from head to toe. The boy looked as clean as seawater. He could only be compared to clouds and bamboos. What indie film would cast such an actor? He's the best choice for domestic commercial films!

Lou Ye was just as stunned. He dug in his ear, and then burst into laughter.

"Ha ha ha! I must have heard wrong. I heard that you were the lead in an indie film! I'm sorry for laughing, but what silly director would have cast you as the protagonist? If you were a girl, you would definitely have been my exclusive female lead! Are you playing a woman in the film? Impossible! You are too tall..."

Lou had lost his role as a representative of the 6th generation of directors. Qin Guan shot a disgusted look at him again and stood up, flicking sand off his bottom.

"I'm not kidding. You can watch my film after the opening ceremony. It's called 'Elephant'." Lou stopped laughing abruptly. Jiang Wen winked.

Jiang Wen had been invited to be a judge at the festival.

"Elephant" was the first film that would be evaluated after the ceremony.

It was said that the indie American director had aroused a discussion during the small-scale test screening. The film was a documentary, which was a favorite of the senior judges.

"Really? What kind of film? You're the protagonist? I'll watch it tomorrow."

Excited, Lou asked Jiang Wen for an invitation to the test screening.

Giving him a polite smile, Jiang replied in a low, deep voice. "You are asking the wrong person. He will be the hero of the premiere. Getting you an invitation would be easy for him."

He pushed the responsibility to Qin Guan. According to Qin Guan's observations, Lou must have been causing Jiang a lot of trouble those days.

Listening to Jiang's advice, Lou hugged Qin Guan around the neck and started talking rubbish. "Qin Guan, get me an invitation tomorrow after the opening ceremony. Please! I'll introduce some beautiful girls to you in return. Zhang! Little Zhang! Come here!"

Who is little Zhang? Qin Guan was out of breath, when a pair of bare, clean feet appeared in front of him.

The complexion of the feet was not fair, but they were as smooth as pure honey. Their bones were slender, and the muscles under them were strong and elegant, like winter jasmine on a cliff.

Qin Guan looked up slowly. It was a girl with freckles on her nose. She was Zhang Ziyi, a rising international star.

The film "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon" in 2002 had made an international impact, and the Western audience had kept her in mind after the film.

She was the heroine of Lou Ye's "Purple Butterfly". She had come

to Cannes to beat the drums for Lou.

Lou began to beg for her forgiveness as Zhang smiled.

"Hello, Zhang Ziyi."

Qin Guan shook hands with her. "Hello, Qin Guan."

"I also played a small part in 'Heroes'. It was a pity that I didn't get to meet or cooperate with you."

Compared to Lou, Zhang had a favorable impression of the elegant boy.

He is a normal man. Lou is unworthy of his title as one of the leaders of the 6th generation.

They talked happily on the beach as the reporters began taking photos again. Luckily, Qin Guan was no longer in the background. Thanks to Jiang and Zhang, he took up one fourth of the picture.

Nobody knew who Lou, the guy in the shorts, was.

"Let's take this chance to take a group photo!" Lou did not like being ignored. He hugged Jiang and Qin Guan around the shoulders and told Zhang to stand beside them.

"Attention! You, the photographer over there! Three, two, one, cheese!"

They smiled in joy as the foreign media recorded the memorable moment.

It was sunny on May 25th, 2003. Sister Xue helped Qin Guan get dressed for the ceremony and walk out of the hotel leisurely.

The blue carpet on the stairs of the Palais des Film had been replaced by a red one, which was only used for special occasions.

Chapter 461: Again and Again

People were crowded around the square. The long red carpet and the security guards were already in place. Some stars, producers, directors and judges were chatting happily by the carpet.

Qin Guan and Sister Xue joined the first group as soon as they arrived. They found Director Gus chatting with other people happily. He embraced Qin Guan warmly.

"Qin Guan, I'm nominated for the top Cannes award... I'm so excited..." He was about to cry.

They were meeting again after a long time apart, so they had a lot to talk about. Suddenly, an enchanting woman got on the stage.

It was Monica Bellucci in a white dress. She raised the curtain of the festival and introduced the first group of guests, who started walking on the red carpet one after the other.

The carpet symbolized the path of an indie film. It was short, yet it bore the dreams of so many people. Gus was a sensitive man. His hands started trembling when he heard his own name.

"We are here to support you!" Qin Guan tried to encourage the excited man.

"Yes! We are all together!" He gripped Qin Guan's hand. "Go! It's your turn. Think of our crew!"

Qin Guan sighed. I'm not a girl. Let go of my hand.

"Just remember the day we were shooting among the maple trees. You walked with me, carrying the camera. You were a natural that day. Today, we are here together. You, me and that camera."

As the scene played back in Gus' mind, he became a professional, devoted director again.

They were walking shoulder to shoulder, both of them wearing

black formal suits. Qin Guan's looks couldn't outshine Gus' confidence and glamor.

Sister Xue was watching them with a delighted smile. Qin Guan considerately yielded the best position to Gus. He was a hero worthy of the flashlights.

After the bombardment of the cameras, the flashes and the questions was over, Gus returned to the backstage area. He was calm, not worried about any personal gains or losses.

It's my destiny to win it. It's my fate to lose it. I will know the final result soon.

By then, Qin Guan had returned to the end of the red carpet, following the instructions of the organizing committee.

"Director Gus, I have two more appearances to make for my sponsors. Will you be okay here alone?"

Gus came back to his senses and smiled at Qin Guan kindly. "Of course. Every director I have heard so much about is here. This is the place of my dreams."

Qin Guan told him goodbye and ran to the indicated position, where the Armani director was waiting for him anxiously.

"Quick! Calm your breathing. It's your turn. Walk to the end, then come back as soon as possible for Tiffany."

"No problem." An assistant smoothed the wrinkles on his back with a set of professional tools and adjusted his bow tie to the standard position.

The sponsor show began. This was actually the most exciting part of the festival. The first show was L'oreal's, which was a brand from France. Qin Guan was standing behind a tall, slender female model.

"Next up is Armani, a sponsor for men's formal wear..."

As the host made an introduction, Qin Guan walked on the red

carpet.

He was like a treasured sword coming out of a scabbard, like a pearl discovered in the sand, like a diamond polished after a long time.

Zhang Ziyi and Lou Ye, who were chatting with the first group of guests, cast a look at the red carpet. So did everyone around them.

Qin Guan showed his true abilities as a top model. Some reporters recognized him.

"That's Qin Guan! He is the only Asian exclusive model of Armani!"

"Yes, check the playback! He was here with Gus!" The guy who had spoken was an editor of an indie film magazine, so he was familiar with the directors of indie films.

"Yes, he is the leading actor. The film was in theaters in North America. The box office of the second week was almost two million dollars!"

That explained it. French people liked handsome men. The flashlights twinkled again as the reporters and the audience watched Qin Guan make a turn at the end of the red carpet and ran back to the other end again!

What a shameless guy. Other people only tried to stand on the carpet a little longer, but that guy wanted a second round! Handsome guys were easily forgiven.

Both the media and the stars were surprised. An actress from another country turned to her agent. "Did he pay double to walk the carpet twice? Is there a Cannes red carpet appearance combo?"

Darling, this is not a KFC.

Then the host explained for everyone to hear. "Tiffany is the jewellery sponsor..."

Chapter 462: Unexpected Winner

Like a soldier receiving a command, Qin Guan pulled the sleeve of his shirt up a little to reveal the latest sapphire mechanical wristwatch before he stepped on the carpet again.

It was the third time! It was hard for everyone to ignore Qin Guan. Sister Xue was daydreaming as she stared at the end of the carpet.

In her mind, Qin Guan represented all the brands of the festival. From beginning to end, he stood still on the carpet as the host read the list of brands. The reporters were taking pictures of him like crazy.

Hey! Wake up, please!

"Sister Xue! Sister Xue!" Qin Guan waved his hand before her eyes helplessly. My agent is daydreaming again. I have to remind her about the debut everyone in the film circle is most excited about. Besides, we have to follow Gus into the hall to receive feedback from critics and judges from all over the world.

In the Palais des Festival, the nominated films were playing in a loop in the small halls. If one had enough time to spare, they could watch them all.

Of course, indie films were not entertainment-oriented. Those depressing, horrifying stories could shock people deeply.

The professional judges were talking about what they had watched in low voices.

"The long shooting in that earlier scene was pretty good. It dragged a little though..."

"An unavoidable shortcoming of a documentary. The second act was better. It was hard to show the internal conflict, but Gus recorded it with a camera. That is not an easy feat."

"Yes. Splendid performances. I think every detail was meaningful, especially that Asian actor. He made the character come alive during the scene in the bathroom."

"Complete narration... An overall good film..."

The judges had a good impression of "Elephant". It got a score of 8.8. Finally, the large screen was turned off and the lights were turned on. Qin Guan and Gus walked onto the stage slowly. There was a loud applause.

It was for the two men who had devoted themselves to art, the director who had made another outstanding film and the young actor, who had been a nobody at the time. They gave hope to all the unknown talented people in the film industry.

Words couldn't express Lou Ye's feelings. Compared to the simple narration of "Elephant", his film was too obscure.

In "Purple Butterflies", it was always raining. Depression, boredom, disappointment... All this, just to meet the demands of a minority audience. There was also a short erotic scene in the end, which had been added to sell tickets. People were hardly shocked by the film. There was no true emotion in it! That was its major shortcoming.

After watching all the films of his competitors, Lou Ye sat under the stage, feeling lost. His main actress, Zhang Ziyi, was accompanying him.

His friend Qin Guan was sitting in front of him, right beside Director Gus. He had believed that the boy could only get a role in a commercial film.

From his point of view, Lou could see Qin Guan's diamond buttons shining under the lights. He was rethinking everything, not just his own films, but also the casting rules in China. Why did everyone think that Qin Guan couldn't act in an indie film? Because he's not good enough? No!

Cannes, the holy shrine of indie films had accepted him and acknowledged his ability. The problem were the categories of Chinese indie films and the limitations of independent directors.

It was not a problem of the actor, but a problem of the director. To be precise, a problem of the directors of a whole generation and the entire Chinese film industry. They were blocking the way of an outstanding actor.

It's time for us to open the doors and take a look at the landscape outside. We need to look at the hearts of the audience.

The director was enlightened.

The host began to announce the individual awards. Lou was calm. His aim was not the cinematography, music or art design award, but the two most popular ones.

"The nominated actors for Best Actor of the 56th Cannes Festival Awards are Qin Guan from China, ***** from Iran, ***** from Turkey..."

The cameras shifted to the candidates.

Qin Guan remained calm. He was good at dealing with such situations. The audience thought he was unmoved by the possibility of winning or losing the award. The director couldn't help but fix the cameras on Qin Guan's face for a while.

The host took a deep breath and opened the envelope that contained the name of the winner of the highest honor for any indie film actor. He read the results slowly.

"The Best Actor of the 56th Cannes Festival Awards is Qin Guan, who portrayed Eric in 'Elephant'..."

Chapter 463: A Shameless Speech

Applause followed. All the cameras from different directions turned to Qin Guan. Qin Guan was stunned, but he maintained a poker face. Actually, he had thought he was just a guest at the ceremony. He was completely taken aback by the news...

Sister Xue looked even worse. Snot was silently running down her nose. There's so many cameras! I can't lose face before Qin Guan and all the Chinese people here...

Everything Professor Li and Teacher Rong had taught her finally took effect.

Teacher Rong always said that everything could be solved with a smile. Qin Guan smiled and stood up in an elegant manner. He hugged Gus, who had stood up to congratulate him.

He didn't forget to shake the hand of the Turkish nominee in respect.

Qin Guan left his seat and walked to the stage. All the flashes and the cameras were following him.

The host gave him a cup symbolizing the highest honor of an actor.

The Cannes Festival cup was the prettiest among the top 10 international film awards. It had a crystal foundation and it was decorated with beautiful golden palm leaves. The organizing committee had considerably placed the cup in a box, which made it more convenient to carry.

As Qin Guan took it, a nameless emotion surged in his heart. He held the cup tightly.

Actually, he was concerned about his career as an actor. It had only been an experiment for him before, but now he was worried about the critics' comments on his work. Actually, he was always waiting for recognition from others, even if it was just an

insignificant praise. Deep in his heart, he was expecting to get something back. The cup was an acknowledgement of his effort.

He turned back with the cup, facing the audience under the stage. They were all people who had devoted themselves to indie films. And they were all cheering for him.

He felt pure happiness. He took a bow before them and pulled the microphone up a little. He stood as straight as a pine in the snow.

"Hello, everyone. I know I'm a stranger to most of you. I'm Qin Guan. I'm from China and I'm an actor."

The man looked elegant and handsome, like a traditional Chinese painting. He had been a misfit all his life, but he exuded a strange sense of comfort.

He spoke neither too fast nor too slow. His voice was clean and deep. Everyone could feel his excitement.

"I think I'm daydreaming. All the faces of the talented people in the audience seem like a dream to me. I pinched my own thigh to make sure. It still hurts!"

"Ha ha!"

The serious atmosphere became merry. What a funny, lovely guy!

"I'd like to thank my director, Gus Van Sant, who picked me among a lot of actors and helped me through the whole process."

Gus was about to cry again. As a director, any award for his film was a recognition for him.

"I also want to thank the crew, who worked really hard for my career behind the scenes. They always trusted me."

Sister Xue covered her face with a handkerchief. The camera turned away from her, respecting her privacy.

"I want to thank all the nameless heroes behind me. Without your silent support, I would never have made it this far."

Cong Nianwei was watching the live broadcast online. She felt like laughing instead of crying. Xu Xiaoxiao, Lan Jin and He Ming, who were watching the ceremony on TV, were really happy. Yes, we did help him a lot.

Rongzhi was the most shameless though . Bro, I'll always be your silent supporter.

Qin Guan had no idea about their blessings. He was just expressing his sincere feelings.

"Some of my old friends, who were really talented directors, tried to change my mind. They told me that my face was not for indie films." Suddenly, Qin Guan smiled.

The talented audience, which included directors, stars, producers and French ministers, saw him smile clearly on the large screen. His smile was like a feast in Heaven, like every flower blooming at the same time.

"See?" Qin Guan continued. "My face is too handsome for indie films."

"I never realized the power of my face until now, when I'm standing on the stage of the Cannes Festival, accepting an award. It is right only for the best films, as well as the best actor... Ha ha..."

Chapter 464: Devotion

Everyone burst into laughter at his words. The audience had originally been absorbed in his looks, but when they thought about it carefully, he was quite right. Considering his perfect appearance, he had so much work that he could do. Some shrewd men fell into deep thought.

Qin Guan lifted up his smiling face and continued his speech calmly.

"I would like to express my gratitude to the judges and all my supporters. They granted me a great honor, even though I am a nobody. This award is not my final destination though, but a milestone in my career as an actor. I'll try to make a great contribution to the hall of international indie films."

"In the future, indie films will be my priority. I hope I will be able to improve in my following work. I also want to thank my sponsors..."

Upon hearing that indie films would be his priority, the directors and scriptwriters under the stage got excited.

Sister Xue, who was still holding her handkerchief against her face, stopped sobbing. What? Indie films? The salary for an indie film varies from nothing to hundreds of thousands dollars! With that international award, people will kneel down before you with piles of bills when you come back to China!

She cast a subconscious look at Gus. Maybe he hadn't expected that Qin Guan would win the award for Best Actor. It's my fault. I should have prepared a speech for him in advance to avoid his nonsense.

Suddenly, the people sitting around her began to greet and congratulate her for Qin Guan's speech.

"Hello, I work for a French film company. He's a really good

actor..."

"Madam, please accept my greetings..."

Lou Ye, who was sitting behind her, hugged her like a close friend. "Don't forget me when you become rich and famous, sister."

Who is your sister?

Qin Guan took a deep bow and got off the stage. Along the hallway, people welcomed him with open arms. They were all kindred spirits who loved indie films. When he returned to his seat, Qin Guan embraced Gus and patted his shoulder in excitement.

"Qin Guan!" Zhang Ziyi shouted from behind him, opening her arms. She was trying to promote her career abroad.

"Camera No. 3, 15 degrees. Zoom in!" The director recorded the scene in time. The two Chinese actors were hugging on the large screen.

"Congratulations, Qin Guan!"

"Thank you. Cheers!" After expressing their mutual appreciation, they returned to their separate seats. Lou Ye, who was waiting for Qin Guan with open arms, was ignored.

"F*ck! He is too tall to see me!"

Qin Guan decided to give the clown a lesson. He stood up and embraced Lou warmly. Suddenly, everyone noticed their difference in height.

Lou returned to his seat, fully contented.

"Director Lou, why were you so eager to hug him?" Zhang asked him in a low voice.

Looking around him, Lou replied in a mysterious voice, "He is one of the winners. I've heard older guys say that winners are blessed. You can steal some luck from them. In ancient times, if a

famous scholar touched a kid's head, that kid would become smart."

Zhang was left speechless by his explanation. He is like a superstitious peasant. What if the scholar had tried touching a mentally handicapped kid?

The award winners were announced one after the other.

"The Best Director of the 56th Cannes Festival Awards is... Gus Van Sante!"

Director Gus stopped crying. He still had tears on his face as he got on the stage with a bounce.

Despite his ambitious nature, his hands were shaking. People couldn't even see the award in his hands clearly. His legs were shaking too. Fortunately, they were hidden behind the podium. His speech was exciting, fluent and well-prepared.

He played the scene back in his mind countless times. His most beautiful dream had been realized.

He, Gus Van Sante, had finally fulfilled his childhood dream. He had become a renowned director.

He got off the stage, crying silently. Nothing could stop his tears of happiness. Only one thing could divert his attention. The blue ribbon of the festival, the Palme d'Or.

Chapter 465: Another Female Acquaintance

The host was introducing the nominated films one by one while highlights were shown on the screen. The audience was absorbed in the films, laughing and crying depending on the scene they were watching.

Director Gus covered his nervousness by wiping his tears away, while Lou was praying to all the oriental and occidental gods. Qin Guan felt nervous for the two competitors. After all, they were both his friends.

The music faded away and the lights dimmed. Everyone fixed their eyes on the thin paper in the host's hands. After reading the paper, the host lifted his microphone up.

"The winner of the Palme d'Or of the 56th Cannes Film Festival is... 'Elephant'!"

Suddenly, Gus and Qin Guan bounced out of their seats, while Lou collapsed on his chair.

Gus walked on the stage to make another speech. "Elephant" was undoubtedly the biggest winner of the festival. It had been nominated for three awards and won all three of them.

Everyone applauded as flowers and colorful ribbons fell from the ceiling, signifying the perfect ending for the winners. There were also plenty of people who left feeling sad and lonely. Lou Ye was one of them.

A celebration feast for Gus would be held with the judges and several tycoons of the film industry attending it. Qin Guan showed up for a while, but then he disappeared, leaving Sister Xue there alone.

He was sitting in bed in his room, holding the phone. The person on the other end of the line answered the call. Qin Guan spoke in a quiet voice.

"Hey, it's me."

"I know."

"I won the Best Actor Award..."

"Yes, I saw. Congratulations!"

Qin Guan smiled proudly. "What did you think of my speech? Were you touched?"

All the happiness and romance in the air came to an end with that shameless question. Cong Nianwei didn't want to talk to him anymore.

"We'll talk tomorrow. I'm in class now." They were in different time zones.

"I miss you."

"I miss you too."

Fortunately, her boyfriend went back to normal again as they said goodbye.

Qin Guan came back to his senses and realized he had a boring night in France ahead of him.

Bang, bang!

"Qin Guan, it's me!" Lou was outside. Qin Guan opened the door for him in confusion.

"How did you know I was here?"

"I saw you leave. Look who's here!"

Qin Guan looked outside. Zhang and Li Bingbing were standing behind Lou.

"What are you doing here?" Qin Guan grimaced at his acquaintance.

"Did you even see 'Purple Butterfly'? I had a role in it." Li folded her arms across her chest. He's so handsome!

Qin Guan closed his mouth slowly. Actually, he hadn't watched the film. Besides, Li only had a supporting part in it.

Li cast a disgruntled look at Lou. "I thought that you would win the award. No celebrations. No parties. I'll return with bare hands. I feel so miserable!"

She sneered at Zhang Yang and Lou Ye.

"And you, Qin Guan! You won the Cannes Best Actor Award! Why are you hiding in your hotel room? You have to treat us tonight! Your Sister Li is here!"

Damn!

In 10 minutes, Qin Guan was walking along the back street of the hotel in a pair of slippers and J Clothing sportswear.

There was a famous southern-style restaurant in Cannes. Its specialty was maionese with bruised garlic bulbs. During the film festival, Bernard Brochant, the Mayor of Cannes, had invited all the judges there for dinner.

According to Jiang Wen, the restaurant smelled like Chinese dumplings restaurants. In the afternoon, when they'd gotten together to evaluate the films, the meeting room had felt like a gas chamber. Even gum could only do so much.

Only a restaurant like that could attract the attention of such foodies.

That night, Cannes was bright with lights. They walked among the crowd leisurely.

A long-lens camera craned around a small alley behind them. After a few clicks, it disappeared in the dark.

"Here it is!" Lou found the restaurant easily. He was a frequent guest at the film festival.

"I've reserved a table for four. It's Mr. Lou..."

"Okay. Follow me, please."

Only then did Qin Guan realize that this had been planned. Lou had set up a trap for him with Li.

He looked at the decorations secretly. Luckily, it looked like a family restaurant, not a gourmet one.

They took their seats. Qin Guan let out a long breath of relief when he saw the menu. My wallet will be safe.

It was a traditional French menu. According to the rules, there were 13 dishes, starting with appetizers and ending with dessert. New menus only offered three to five dishes though, and the arrogant French didn't use English, except for tourists.

Chapter 466: An Unreliable Affair

"I'll have the smoked silver carp, oysters and maionese as an appetizer..."

"I want an onion soup. Any other ideas?"

"French fried foie gras and lamb chops as a main course... Caviar or snails for a hot appetizer... Pudding or ice cream for dessert..."

The waiter felt sad when he saw the four Asians walk in. My English is really poor, dude.

Most French people looked down upon other languages. They ignored the fact that English was the most frequently used language in the world.

However, the handsome guy among them could order in perfect French. The young waiter couldn't believe his luck.

The manager won't yell at me. That guy is beautiful both in and out.

Everyone was eating, chatting and smiling. The atmosphere was quite merry in the restaurant. It was warm and nice, which made the guests feel right at home. On the contrary, western restaurants in China were usually very classy.

The dishes were served one after the other. Qin Guan was intrigued by the maionese in the small, white plate, but he was not interested in the juicy foie gras. On the plate were three pieces of bread with a crisp crust. Qin Guan spread the maionese on the bread and took a large bite. He tasted a mixture of yolk, garlic, olive oil, lemon juice and sea salt.

"Wonderful!" Qin Guan said, sighing in satisfaction. The other three people looked at the two pieces of bread left on the plate silently.

A sneaky figure appeared outside the window. Click, click...

In the picture, Li was trying to grab the bread from Qin Guan. The photo made them look deliberately intimate with each other.

The temptation of delicious food didn't depress Blair, who was standing outside. He had volunteered to come to Cannes in search of some striking news for The New York Times. If he took advantage of those photos, he could make a good report.

Overjoyed, he returned to his hotel without lingering outside the restaurant. Then he began to process the photos on his laptop.

Gradually, a controversial, catching entertainment report was composed. The executive editor of The New York Times received an email from him soon. He read through the content quickly and checked out the photos. Then he forwarded the email to his staff and made a call.

"Ask the editor to check the text again. If there are no mistakes, the report can take up half a page of the entertainment section tomorrow."

The entertainment section only took up eight pages of the newspaper, so Qin Guan would attract the attention of the readers.

Qin Guan had no idea about what was happening. He was saying goodbye to Lou Ye at the airport. By the time he saw Sister Xue off, another ordinary morning had dawned in New York.

"Xu Xiaoxiao, take a look over here. Isn't this your classmate?" Xu's father shouted at his son as they sat at the table eating breakfast.

"My classmate? In the entertainment section? Did he win the award?"

Xu spotted Qin Guan right away. He was hugging a charming Asian beauty. They seemed to be very familiar with each other. In another photo, Qin Guan was holding a piece of bread in his mouth, while the beauty was almost sitting in his embrace. She was looking at him affectionately.

The title was also very catchy. "Cannes Best Actor winner meeting a girl in secret. Betrayal!" Blair had included all the information he had collected from OMG.

Handsome Asian actor... Talented Columbia student... Childhood sweetheart... Cannes Best Actor Award winner... Secret meeting... Cheating...

He had used ambiguous words to mislead the readers.

Xu nearly tore the paper apart. As Qin Guan's loyal fan, he knew about the relationship between him and Cong Nianwei. Their love was as solid as gold. Xu was really jealous of them.

Liar! You just wait and see!

"The New York Times!" Rongzhi threw some coins at the owner of the bookstore before he read through the newspaper. My idol is in Cannes...

"What the f*ck... Liar! You just wait and see!"

If Blair had known the consequences of that report, he would have chosen another victim in Cannes.

As soon as Qin Guan went out of the terminal, he saw Cong Nianwei surrounded by a group of friends from Columbia, as well as He Ming and Lan Jin, who looked very happy to be there.

Chapter 467: Countermeasures

"Hello! What are you doing here? Are you throwing me a party? Are there any presents for me? Or did you just realize the advantages of marrying me, Wei? Do you want to propose to this famous, handsome guy?"

Cong Nianwei rushed up to Qin Guan. The crowd around her looked ready to explode. She would rather be with a normal guy.

"What's going on?"

"Take a look at this."

Qin Guan opened the newspaper and almost spit out blood. He tried to explain anxiously.

"Wei, this is a f*cking lie. It's nonsense! You know I have cooperated with Li Bingbing. If I wanted to date her, I wouldn't have done so in public."

"I know, don't worry." Cong Nianwei tried to comfort Qin Guan, who was about to go insane. Aren't I the victim here? Shouldn't I be comforted?

"I won't let that guy get away with it! What did the other newspapers report?"

Xu had bought several copies of other newspapers, where there were reports on the Cannes Best Actor winner without any gossip.

"This is fake news. He has to pay," Qin Guan said with a frown. Everyone agreed and began to make plans.

"That's right. I will get my hands on the original photos. There must be something wrong with them," Rongzhi said first.

"I know some good Chinese lawyers. This is a race discrimination case. They'll be killing two birds with one stone. They'll get famous through this case!" He Ming suggested.

Lan Jin didn't object to the idea. "The best way is to root the

enemy out. How much would it cost to buy The New York Times?"

Everyone fell silent at his shameless proposal. He was a lazy guy spending his spare time in an outside coffee bar, talking about a newspaper worth one billion yuan...

It was both funny and stupid.

He Ming stopped him. "How much money do you have? Shut up and stand still!"

Xu was enlightened. "If we can't inflict a critical strike to his spirit, we'd better eliminate him in flesh. Does Han Zhiqiu have any spare time? Has there been any human trafficking recently?"

Dude, can we talk about this in private? This is a crowded airport! People are looking at us as if we are idiots.

"I will discuss it with my agent. I think Qu is familiar with media conflicts in America. Then I'll come to you for help if I need any."

"Okay!" Everyone was eager to do something. They would even risk their lives for him.

Such funny guys!

On the way back, Qin Guan got a call from Qu Xuemei. She had already formed her own opinion on the matter.

The headquarters of VOGUE America were much larger than those in China. The building was more crowded and busy.

Qin Guan was in Qu's office, learning about her way of dealing with things. She was his part-time agent in America after all.

"I'll have a lawyer send a letter to the reporter and the chief editor of The New York Times."

Qin Guan choked on his tea. Can't we negotiate with them first? That would be very rude!

Seeing the doubt on his face, Qu said, "This is America, not China. It's common to quarrel openly here. You don't want to

promote yourself by taking advantage of this?" She pointed a delicate finger straight up.

Qin Guan shook his head firmly. I'm not a small star relying on these affairs.

"You don't want to depend on the media for publicity?"

Qin Guan shook his head again. Such popularity would only do harm to an Asian actor. An inappropriate affair would humiliate him in the eyes of the public.

"People think that the Chinese like to pour oil into troubled waters. I'm not that tolerable though."

Qin Guan shook his head again and again. Qu looked like a lion ready to roar.

No one could prevent a woman from fighting, unless they wanted to die first.

"No problem. I'm always at your disposal."

Qu felt a warm stream in her heart. Qin Guan trusted her... She knocked on the desk gently with her fingers.

"You don't need to worry about these things. You have powerful friends, don't you? I will give the case to Cui Ming, a Chinese lawyer. He has already accepted it because of your friend. You don't need to pay him either. He said some rich guy has already paid for you."

"Only the phrase 'plain sailing' could be used to describe your life and career. The matter is settled. Go! I'm busy now."

Qu told Qin Guan to leave without hesitation. Beauties always cause trouble. He managed to cause trouble even at an award ceremony!

Chapter 468: Unknown Sentiment

Qin Guan stood up with reverence and awe and walked to the door. I'm lucky to have such a reliable agent. When he pushed the door open, Qu said from behind him, "Congratulations for your award. Okay, you can go now!"

Everyone focuses on the gossip and forgets about my award.

The belated congratulations made his sad heart fall even more. When Qin Guan's steps faded away in the hallway, Qu let out a soft breath.

Under her desk was a safe exactly like the one in her office in China. It was also for Qin Guan's collection.

Qu opened it with the key easily and put the newspaper inside. She took it back again after glancing at the photo. She looked at Li Bingbing carefully and smiled. Then she picked up a small pair of scissors from her desk and cut Li's image from the photo.

Disappointed with the hole, she scanned the desk, searching for something to cover it.

There was a photo frame on the desk. She took her own smiling photo out of it and pasted them together. Although the colorful photo didn't match the black-and-white paper well, she was satisfied with her work.

Could this be considered a group photo?

She pasted the photo to the inside of the safe carefully. On the photo, both she and Qin Guan were smiling softly. She closed the door of the safe and locked it, hiding the strange but harmonious photo. It was locked in the dark safe, as well as in her heart.

That was what secret love was like. It could remain a secret for a person's entire life. Qin Guan, who knew nothing about her feelings, returned home tiredly.

The door was open, and a familiar figure was working in the small kitchen wearing a yellow apron. It was a Chinese tradition to eat dumplings before a journey and noodles when one came back. His girlfriend was preparing warm noodles to welcome him home.

"I'm back."

Turning around, Cong Nianwei smiled at him under the light of the setting sun. "Welcome back. Are you hungry?"

"Of course!"

"Wash your hands for dinner."

"Okay!" Qin Guan said in a loud voice, partly out of joy and partly out of hunger.

His luggage was already unpacked. Everything was in place. The gold crystal cup was sitting on a shelf quietly. This was his first award.

Everything was just right.

White noodles were poured into a blue porcelain bowl, the stringy gravy covering them. Steam was slowly rising up before Qin Guan's face. Suddenly, he felt humidity in his eyes. It was probably from the steam.

Qin Guan felt deep emotion in his heart. It was different from when he had been on the podium. He knew that this was love, the kind of feeling found only in locked hands and joint steps.

"Cong Nianwei."

"What?"

"One day, that shelf will be filled with awards. They will all be for you. All my awards are yours."

"So? You want to fill the whole shelf before marrying me?"

Qin Guan looked at the shelf. It had three layers, but only one lonely cup on it.

"Well, there are also all the awards we won as kids. Yours should also be taken into account."

What a shameless guy! The two of them hugged each other. It was a sunny day. Cong Nianwei didn't say anything about the affair.

A confident woman never paid attention to gossip. It was sad not to believe one's own boyfriend.

On the other side of the ocean, a riot was taking place. The news about the Cannes Festival had spread to China through some domestic reporters stationed in France. They had originally gone there for Lou Ye, but they had been surprised by Qin Guan.

In two days, the news were in a prominent place in every newspaper.

"The third Best Actor in China has been born. It's Qin Guan, a young 22 year-old actor."

"The Chinese film lost the Palme d'Or, but a Chinese actor won in Cannes."

"The acting skills of the handsome Best Actor winner."

An American movie! A leading role! An indie film! Best Actor Award at Cannes! Everyone cooperating with Qin Guan was shocked.

The directors of the sixth generation swallowed their own toothpaste while brushing their teeth. Director Zhang Jizhong dropped his breakfast, while Zhang Weining smiled in his office.

Chapter 469: Breaking News

Everyone who was focused on the Cannes Festival heard the news. In foreign countries, not a lot of people were interested, but indie film fans knew that Qin Guan had won the Best Actor Award of the 56th Cannes Festival.

He was the third Chinese actor to get that award after Ge You and Liang Chaowei. Everyone wanted to toast to that.

Qin Guan's female fans went crazy online. His fan club was expanding at a high speed. His official fans were as many as 100,000. Most of Qin Guan's acquaintances were frightened. They hadn't expected their son, fellow classmate, and friend to win the award. Only the word "f*ck" could express their sorrow.

...

"Got it!" Rongzhi shouted with sparkling eyes after working all night long. He had finally found out who Blaire, the freelance writer of The New York Times, actually was.

Then he discovered his apartment address and IP address through the local network station. Finally, he invaded Blaire's computer.

Counterfeitors always saved the original photos or documents in a folder that they never opened in their whole lives. Rongzhi found Blaire's secret in an encrypted folder.

"Show me your secrets. OMG is waiting!"

Rongzhi rubbed his hands happily. Then he opened the folder and checked it out.

"What the f*ck... What's that?" Current affairs... Entertainment gossip... Rumors... Real news were twisted into completely different reports.

There were 40 fake reports in total. Blaire had been publishing

them in The New York Times for more than a year. It seemed that The New York Times, the newspaper with the highest sales volume in America, published unverified news quite often. Blair was a frequent writer of the newspaper. What a joke!

If the chief editor was careful, he could have found the loopholes. However...

Emboldened by his initial success, Blair had continued his unscrupulous fabrication.

Rongzhi took an excited breath and copied all the proof. Like a dedicated professional, he sent it to both Qin Guan and Vivian. As soon as she got everything, Vivian posted it on OMG, complaining openly about her idol.

Yes, that's right. Complaining!

Qin Guan's romantic life was discussed heatedly on the forum by people interested in gossip. They were all really happy about the news.

In America, such stories were common among both ordinary people and stars. Female fans though, who tended to be perfectionists, couldn't accept that.

Childhood sweethearts? You cheated on her as soon as you won the award! Besides, that girl was not even beautiful!

They had a unique opinion on Chinese beauties. They preferred dark skin and thick lips, so Li Bingbing did not match their taste.

The story changed really quickly though, when everyone found out about the fake news fabricated by The New York Times. It was unbelievable! Now everyone knew about the fake news published by the most popular newspaper in America.

In a few minutes, the netizens had gone crazy. The striking news were on OMG, where everyone gathered to spread it.

In 10 minutes, the editors of all the mainstream media and portal

websites had heard. Phones rang again and again. Will Ryan, the chief editor of The New York Times, rushed into his office.

The directors of all the sections were crowded inside, although it was not working hours.

"Talk... Anyone got through to Blair?"

Ryan rubbed his temples tiredly. The aggressive, achievement-oriented man was in big trouble.

"According to our technical staff, the material online is real. Blair is a fraud."

"We have to make an announcement tomorrow to correct the fake news..."

"Blair stole information from other media. Now we have to negotiate with those writers and publishers."

"The victim of his latest story was the Cannes Best Actor winner. His lawyer has sent us a letter..."

The calm, efficient man seemed overwhelmed by the bad news. He lowered his head, and then looked up again. Before he could say something to his startled staff, the phone rang again.

"Chief editor, you have a call from the board..."

Chapter 470: Devastation

Ryan held his works back. He left the meeting table to take the call, his mind completely occupied.

He hung up after a while, looking defeated. Looking at all his subordinates, he said, "Get to work. Tomorrow, we'll have a press conference and I will resign."

Silence prevailed in the room. How could a tiny mistake result in something so terrible? Ryan's career was finished because of that mistake. Everyone was cursing Blair through their teeth. He was the one who had implicated their superior.

Where is he? Did he escape this horror?

Wrong! Blair had no idea what was happening. He had been arrested and was being held at the Queens Police Station, waiting for bail.

This was the joint achievement of Rongzhi and Xu Xiaoxiao. Rongzhi had sent Blair's schedule to Xu, so he could tail him.

Han Zhujiu's men were very good at blackmail. They had provoked Blair and gotten him to beat them up. Then one of them had fallen down and started rolling around and crying. He had looked like he was dying and hurting all over his body.

His partner had caught Blair and called the police. The charismatic actor had been sent to the hospital, while poor Blair was being held at a temporary detention facility.

Drunk men, thieves, gangsters and drug addicts were being held there. There was no decent person around.

Han Zhujiu was standing outside the cellar door, filled with anger.

"Zhong Yueshen? It's me, Han Zhujiu."

A man at the innermost corner stood up slowly. He had an

overwhelmingly strong body.

"Your job. Five hundred dollars. No wounds." Han waved a few bills at Zhong.

"Come bail me out afterwards," the man said with a poker face, trying to bargain with Han.

"No problem! How long?"

"Thirty minutes. Fifty percent in advance."

"Deal!" Han stuffed three bills into Zhong's pocket, sealing the deal. They talked in low voices in Chinese.

Blair had no idea about the important discussion taking place. He only felt disgust for the Asian men who had tried to blackmail him. He is not a good guy. He's familiar with those criminals. When I get out, those monkeys will never get a penny from me. I'll hire the best lawyer there is. I'd rather spend my money on a lawyer!

He was daydreaming. Meanwhile, Zhong was looking at him as if he was made of gold.

It was another busy night at the police station. The policemen were busy with multiple cases, so they ignored the screams coming from the detention facility.

Han walked out of the station leisurely. He lit a [Liqun](#) cigarette and enjoyed it. They cost 13 yuan a packet and were much better than Camels.

An Asian guy with short hair entered the external relations office of the police station and knocked on the glass.

"I want to bail out my friend, Zhong Yuesheng."

"Okay, sign here."

The poor man was used to being his subordinate. Han had decided to bail him out.

Under the dim light of the lamps, two strong men were walking

along the street. The taller one maintained a distance from the other one.

"What about Blair?"

"Hurtling, but no internal injuries..."

Their Chinese accent lingered around the corner.

The next day, nearly all the newspapers published the news about The New York Times in their headlines. The countless articles seemed to question the credibility and authenticity of the media. Even the newsboys were more serious about their work.

As the source of the news, The New York Times was sold out as soon as the copies were placed on the newsstand shelves. Its rising sales volume crushed all the other newspapers.

The press was depressed about the situation, as it reflected a crisis in their honesty, as well as the real attitude of their readers. The newspaper's competitors were wild with joy. The New York Times would need another chief editor to turn the situation around.

As he walked on campus, Qin Guan was greeted by his schoolmates, both familiar and unfamiliar ones. Everyone was curious about the gossip circulating, but as well-educated citizens, they didn't ask any rude questions. Besides, the girls only admired him more after that incident.

An old, popular brand of cigarettes in China.

Chapter 471: Success

He was handsome, single-minded and did well both in class and in his career. He was the perfect man! If only he had been single...

"Congratulations, Qin Guan. I saw your film!"

"Hey, dude, will you sue the newspapers? Can I attend the hearing?"

Qin Guan took no notice of this. As long as his girlfriend was not suspicious of him, he was afraid of nothing.

He was carefully listening to the tutor. All professors loved a meticulous student.

Xu was thinking about sharing a wonderful idea with Qin Guan after class. Both he and Han Zhuijiu were intrigued by it.

Meanwhile, the largest radio station in America was broadcasting Ryan's press conference. Ryan resigned from The New York Times. Looking grieved, he handed the microphone to Joseph Lelyveld, who had been chosen to replace him by the board.

Facing the media, Lelyveld made a wonderful, profound speech not just about his newspaper, but also about the media circle in America. He also confirmed all the reasonable deficiency claims caused by the fake news.

Meanwhile, Blair welcomed another group of policemen at his home, even though he had been bailed out.

"You have been accused of fraud..."

Feeling pain all over his body, Blair was forced to get into a police cruiser for a second time. All he could do was withdraw all his money to get a good lawyer and reduce the compensation as much as possible.

Three days later, the brilliant news were still on the media. Ordinary American people attached great importance to their right

to be informed. In their opinion, Ryan's resignation made sense.

The media stocks in NASDAQ were also influenced, which caused public anger.

Lu Ruiheng, a reporter stationed in the US, who was working for the Xinhua News Agency, was gloating about the scandal. He was interested in the Chinese actor involved in the matter.

The news of the scandal were spreading around the world.

The Chinese media showed sensitivity though. "China Daily" published some articles about the truth, so Qin Guan appeared on the media again after a few days. He was not in the entertainment section this time though. He had made the headlines of several newspapers.

"Reflecting on..."

"The truth about..."

The titles were getting more and more serious.

All the reports attributed everything to Qin Guan's influence in the US. As a result, Qin Guan became the hero who had defended the people's right to know the truth.

More and more young cynics became his fans. Some [keyboard men](#) let go of their prejudice against handsome men and joined his fan club. They considered him a pioneer of the resistance against imperialism.

Thanks a lot.

The situation in both China and America was favorable. As an honest Chinese boy, Qin Guan didn't ask for millions of dollars as compensation. Listening to Cui Ming's suggestion, he and his team of gangsters sued only for a reasonable amount.

The intelligent boy won the hearts of the staff of The New York Times, who thought that he had only intended to solve a problem, not loot a burning house. He had never sold any information to

other publishers, and they appreciated his kindness.

In the end, the two parties settled out of court. Lelyveld cashed the compensation out to Qin Guan's lawyer. Then he dedicated a whole section to a written apology to pay him back.

Blair was not as lucky though. Cui Ming sued him for an extremely big amount of money. He wouldn't be able to escape from that case as long as he lived. That was why lawyers were often called "vampires" in the US.

Upon hearing this, Qin Guan felt that Blair's life was hopeless.

"Isn't it cruel to make him go bankrupt?"

"Don't worry. There are government grants for people who go bankrupt."

"We need him to apologize."

Well, good luck to you.

Qin Guan fixed his eyes on the form in his hands again. It was a registration form for professional actors. He slowly filled in his first achievement in the blank space. It was his first acting award: the Best Actor Award of the Cannes Festival.

He clicked on the mouse to send the form out.

A variant of “Spiderman”, “Batman”, and so on. It refers to people who are brave enough to say something online, but hesitate to do anything in real life.

Chapter 472: Ranking Actors

The forms reached the American Actors Association by post. The staff opened them one by one. After getting approved and verified, they would be filed.

The association had the largest actor database in the US and played an important role among film firms, investors and producers.

Films of all kinds and classes could find the right actors in the database, to which the resume-collecting staff contributed a lot.

Female staff had an advantage at work, as the requirements were cautiousness and tolerance when handling complicated paperwork. There were five women working in that section amid a harmonious, relaxed atmosphere.

"Work is coming..."

Bang! A strong black woman set a large box down on the desk.
"Come on, sweethearts!"

The other women gathered around and took the papers away.

Most of them were junior applications. They would just register them in the system for the other departments to sort them out.

Some of them just updated older profiles, like Qin Guan's. Actors would renew their data when they got an important role in a film with a big budget, showed up in a famous TV program, or won an award in a competition.

Those were all reasons for an update. The staff just registered in the system according to the regulations.

"Name... Qin Guan... Registered or not... Yes. Wow! Another update. Good for him!"

Some actors stumbled upon a chance by luck, but their value still increased in the circle.

There were hundreds of thousands of actors registered in the association, plus some who did not qualify. Among all those actors, only few could become famous.

Martha's colleagues gathered around her curiously.

"Who is he? Let's have a look. Maybe he is our idol..."

"Here he is!" Martha opened Qin Guan's original documents in the system.

His photos were displayed on the screen. The Asian actor was really handsome.

"Wow! It's him! I know him. He was the victim of fake news."

"He was the Best Actor Award winner at Cannes!"

That explained why he wanted to update his resume. His value would increase greatly thanks to the award.

After reading his resume, the ladies fell silent.

"He must be very talented. It's a pity that..."

"It's a pity that he is Asian. He doesn't have any experience in American commercial films."

"Yes. I watched his film. He's got good acting skills. An indie film though... The box office was average."

They exchanged a glance and then returned to their seats gloomily. The pile of paperwork before them seemed boring now.

Martha updated Qin Guan's resume calmly and found his original documents in a case.

"Hey, Martha!" Another girl, who was interested in Qin Guan, called out.

"What class of film could he get according to industry standards?"

Martha didn't reply. She just typed on the keyboard. Two minutes later, she said, "C level."

"What? Impossible! That's too low for him." The ladies were aggrieved. Qin Guan was well-known by then.

"That's true." Martha was still busy with work. "The actor association relies on popularity and achievements. He's only made one film. All his work was in China, so he is still at D level. He might have won the Best Actor award, but he has never acted in an A level film. Besides, he has never been a leading actor in an indie or commercial film, or gotten considerable box office success. It's natural for him to be classified at C level."

"Hollywood and America are commerce-oriented. Plus, his skin color explains that classification."

Her response was reasonable. The other girls fell silent. Only the clicks of their keyboards were heard in the room.

Martha sighed again. She put a "C" on the paperwork and filed it.

"The most famous Asian actors in Hollywood are Chinese. Chow Yun Fat is no more than B level now. If he fails in a B level film, he will drop another level."

Chapter 473: God or Fraud?

"Other than him, only Jackie Chan and Jet Li have a place in Hollywood, because they are martial artists that match Hollywood's taste. They can only be leading actors in B level films though. It's difficult for an Asian actor who started from an indie film to reach a B level."

With those straightforward words, Martha put Qin Guan's paperwork back into a small archive cabinet. Thanks to his "C" mark, he could have priority for middle-level films.

Although the award was important in any other country, it only carried a small weight in Hollywood. There was only one criteria there: commercial value. One might get a chance, but the box office was the final judgement. That was the strict law of the jungle. Nobody could deny it.

Qin Guan was busy in his decorated office. Xu Xiaoxiao, who was fascinated by Chinese Fengshui, had invited a master there as a gift for the new business.

As Qin Guan was arranging desks and chairs in the office, he heard the tinkle of the bells. A middle-aged man in a grey satin traditional Chinese garment and a pair black cloth shoes was standing by the door leisurely. He had a linen bag in his hand, and three threads of macrochaeta were hanging under his jaw.

Xu invited him in respectfully. "This way, master. Could you please check the Feng Shui in this office for my friend? Should we make any changes?"

Qin Guan was speechless. Cong Nianwei turned around, trying to hold her laughter back. Where had he found that guy? Lan Jin was also interested in him.

The sage-like man accepted the title of "master" calmly. Holding his hands behind his back, he went around the office leisurely. His

loose gown seemed to move with an ethereal lightness.

After making a full round, the man stopped.

He cleared his throat and stared at Xu. "The structure of the room is quite reasonable. It's facing south... There's enough sunshine... Appropriate composition... High utility..." He spoke with fervour and assurance. Cong Nianwei's shoulders were shaking with laughter.

He looked like a realtor.

"However..." The man stopped and folded his arms across his chest with a sigh.

Xu looked scared. "What's wrong with the room, Master Zhong?"

Master Zhong narrowed his eyes and smiled. "I have advised your father many times in the past. I'm not here to scare you. I'll help your friend."

While they were talking heatedly, Qin Guan waved at Lan Jin. Lan ran over to him and asked in a low voice. "What's the matter? He is very interesting."

Qin Guan pointed to the master. "Where is he from?"

Lan was good at spreading gossip. He got close to Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei and said, "I drove them both here. They were boasting in the backseat all along the way. He was recommended by Xu's father's brother's uncle's nephew. He said he was an alumni of the [Maoshan School](#) in China. He has checked the Feng Shui for many of Xu's father's stores. The stores are all flourishing. He is well-known in the Chinese circle."

"Xu is obsessed with traditional Chinese culture. He believes that there is still a phoenix deep in the forest."

"I hear that the Maoshan School is good at capturing ghosts. Are there any Maoshan Taoists now?" Cong Nianwei asked with a smile.

Lan grimaced. "He said his branch practises Feng Shui. This is beyond me."

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei exchanged a glance and decided to accept Xu's kind gift.

Then Qin Guan told his staff, who were still working in the room, to take a break. They could continue after the master was done.

Everyone found a chair and sat down to watch the drama.

"The building is too close to your neighbours. This goes against the diffusion of evil spirit. As time passes, it will come back to bite the staff working here."

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were stunned. All the buildings on Wall Street were close to each other. And what was that "evil spirit"?

"Any ideas on how to avoid it?"

"I suggest finding two mascots to place on both sides of the door." The master glanced at the transparent glass door and then added, "You can put them inside so they don't get lost."

Who would put two stone lions in an accounting firm, and who would steal them?

"Besides, the window glass on the building across the street is reflecting sunshine back into your office. This is not natural light. It might be filthy..."

A famous Taoist branch in China

Chapter 474: SOS from Japan

Xu was sincerely convinced, but Qin Guan's mouth was open wide.

"I'll hang a compass on the window and a mirror on the sill to reflect the light..."

"The most important thing is having a Guandi shrine on your reception. You should offer him three scented candlesticks a day..."

Xu nodded again and again, while Cong Nianwei finally burst into laughter. Qin Guan was getting more and more curious. He walked over and interrupted them.

"Wait a moment. This sounds strange. Master, what are you planning for my firm? Lions? Guandi?"

Zhong Changjie was stunned. Twisting his macrochaeta, he answered, "What's the matter? My plan worked for the gangster headquarters..."

Everyone burst into laughter.

"Master Zhong, this is an accounting firm. It engages in finance..." Xu reminded him awkwardly.

Zhong's hand shook as he pulled several of his hairs out. The bastard didn't clarify about the situation. I thought it was another one of his father's stores! I was totally wrong! Their clients would get scared if they saw a shrine of Guandi.

He put the blame on Xu. "You should have told me in advance. I would have made a different plan."

To restore his image, the master opened his bag and searched through his tools.

Holding a heavy golden compass in his hand, he took a deep breath and then let it out. He looked completely cheered up.

"Ha!" He cleared his throat. Lan Jin, who was still laughing

beside him, fell down from his chair with a startle.

The master stood up straight and held the compass up. The compass began to spin fast. A few minutes later, it stopped. The hand of the inner dial overlapped with the red line on the outside dial.

"A fortune will be made here. The boss should sit in this spot. Put a dharma-vessel here to attract riches and good luck."

Everyone looked at the spot speechlessly. That was Qin Guan's desk, which had been designed by Cong Nianwei. The master was really smart. Anybody could become a master!

Xu was convinced though. He decided to buy a dharma-vessel for Qin Guan.

Qin Guan shook his head and shouted at his staff, "Okay, get back to work! There is only a little time left. I'll take you all out in the evening! My treat!"

"Wow! Long live our boss!"

"Thank you!"

The girls and Lan Jin applauded before they returned to work happily. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door.

They all looked at each other. Who is it? The property staff of the building? The neighbours?

Qin Guan went to answer the door. "Who's there?"

A familiar stranger was standing outside the glass wall.

It was Qingmu from Citizen. He looked like a sun-dried frog who had cried its eyes out. He seemed to be saying something to Qin Guan. who hastened to open the door for him.

"Mr. Qingmu? What are you doing here?"

Qingmu kneeled down before Qin Guan.

"Mr. Qin Guan! Help me!" He collapsed on the floor of the front

hall, looking like he had been relieved off a heavy burden.

Everyone rushed over, stupefied by the scene. It was sad to see a strong man crying and murmuring like that. Qin Guan felt strange. A lot of strange things were happening that day.

Zhong twisted his macrochaeta again. "The gentleman's temples look dark and his forehead is dim. I'm afraid his life is in danger."

He is lying on his stomach. How can you see his forehead and temples?

Qingmu looked upset at his words. Suddenly, he looked up.

"Exactly! I'm doomed, Mr. Qin Guan! Only you can save me!"

Zhong shook his head proudly as Xu looked at him in admiration. Confused, Qin Guan pointed to his office.

"I don't know what's going on, but let's talk about it in my office."

Qingmu agreed. He had succeed in convincing everyone that he was devastated. He climbed up from the floor and wiped his tears on his sleeves, forgetting about his dignity.

Chapter 475: Solution

They entered the office curiously. Qin Guan closed the door, and they took a seat. Qin Guan waited until Qingmu had calmed down completely.

"Tell me, Mr. Qingmu. What's the purpose of your visit?"

Placing both hands on his knees, Qingmu took a deep bow before Qin Guan.

"Yamaguchi-gumi came to Citizen, inquiring about why you didn't show up in our 2003 advertisement. As the director, I had to explain to them. Yamaguchi-gumi was not satisfied with my answer though and proposed to replace our representative."

"Citizen could have rejected that unreasonable requirement. They are powerful, but they never exert violence on formal companies."

"You became really successful in America though. You won the Cannes Best Actor Award and became renowned internationally through the fake news scandal. The Citizen board feels deeply regretful. Taking advantage of Yamaguchi-gumi, the headquarters pinned all the responsibility on me. They broke their contract with Chad and asked me to convince you to be our representative again."

"I'm the arch criminal here. I have to appease both the gangsters and the board. If I fail, I'll lose my job and die silently..."

The proud Japanese man started crying again, burying his face in his hands. A man's tears were reserved only for true sorrow.

Yamaguchi Tsutomu was the favorite of the head of Yamaguchi-gumi. Among all his children, she was the only one he had raised himself. He was not sad about the terrible events in New York, but he was worried about the girl getting lost in the city. Only when she had returned to Japan was he able to relax again.

As a loyal man, he had decided to pay Qin Guan back for saving her life.

"Did Citizen fire Mr. Qin?" Yamaguchi Tsutomu had commented randomly while reading through Qin Guan's resume.

Her father remembered that. I have to clarify this. How dare Citizen fire her lifesaver? All those coincidences had resulted in this predicament.

Qin Guan, who had no idea about this, felt troubled.

"I would like to help you, but my schedule in North America is arranged by my agent. It's difficult to change my contract. Besides, I have my own work to take care of. Look..." Qin Guan pointed to the office outside. "This is my new accounting firm. I'm too busy with work."

Yes, Qin Guan was no longer a nobody searching for a job. He was already a top model. People had to wait in line for an appointment with him.

"Besides, you are aware of the uniqueness of representative work. I wonder if my agent has signed a contract with some other watch brand. If she has, I'm sorry but I can't help you."

Qingmu had no time to pretend anymore. He bounced up and took another deep bow. "Please introduce me to your agent. Please!"

Qin Guan sighed. It's no trouble for me. I'll just help him.

They went out and saw everyone gathered around the door curiously. They did not look embarrassed about their eagerness to gossip.

"What's going on? What can we do for you?"

"In my opinion, this depends on Mr. Qin. It is better for the doer to undo what he has done."

That was very reasonable.

Thanks to the guidance of the master, Qingmu felt confident again. If I fail, I could just run for my life.

Qin Guan explained to Cong Nianwei about the matter and left the office with Qingmu. They drove to Qu's temporary office.

Xu was totally convinced by the master, while Lan cast a supercilious look at Xu.

Qu was not surprised by Qin Guan's call. Taking advantage of this, she arranged appointments with several top brands for that day.

Qin Guan and Qingmu, who had no idea about the situation, were led to the largest meeting room of the VOGUE headquarters, where all kinds of people were seated. It looked like a small-scale international conference.

Qin Guan and Qingmu were invited into the room. Qu waved at Qin Guan, while the representatives of different brands were itching to get a clear look at the charming man.

Chapter 476: A New Task

It was slightly hot in June. The Asian model-slash-actor was sitting across the table.

He was in a casual grey short-sleeved polo shirt. His short hair seemed to shine in the meeting room. Those long eyelashes, that straight nose, those sexy lips, those charming eyes... People from different brands noticed the advantages of Qin Guan's body.

Qu concluded that it was a good choice to have Qin Guan attend the meeting.

When they left the meeting room, Qingmu, who had been sitting behind Qin Guan, seemed to beg him with his eyes. Introduce me, please!

Qu saw him as soon as he entered the meeting room and shot a worried look at him. "Qin Guan, who is this gentleman?"

"Mr. Qingmu, the director of Citizen in North America. We used to cooperate back in China."

Qin Guan made a short introduction as Qu smiled in a meaningful way. Despite the fact that he was the director of a famous brand, he felt a chill go down his spine. He felt like a pupil looking up at the teacher nervously. Qu's answer would decide his fate.

"I just signed a representative contract with Vacheron Constantin in North America."

A thunder struck Qingmu. What shall I do? What shall I do?

"What shall I do?"

Qin Guan shrugged as Qu turned on him. "Are you an idiot? You will be their representative in North America, not across the whole world. Yamaguchi-gumi is unhappy with Qin Guan's absence in Japan. You should talk with the headquarters to add a model to the

Asian representatives. New products, traditional sets... Anyone will do. Then your work will be finished. You don't need to compensate them for breaking your contract in North America."

Scared, Qingmu came back to his senses. That's a good idea!

They turned around and looked at Qin Guan, who seemed shocked. "I have no time to work in Asia. Sister Xue rejected that contract because of my tight schedule."

Qingmu remembered. That's right. This was why Qin Guan had some differences with Citizen. The conversation returned to the original issue. Qingmu had to beg him again.

As Qingmu tried to figure out how to convince him, Qu shot another supercilious look at Qin Guan.

"You are in a favorable position, aren't you? Citizen has to fit into your schedule. We can shoot the advertisement in America. I think Mr. Qingmu's life is a priority compared to the extra expenses."

Yes! Considering Qin Guan's value and status, nobody would oppose that plan. Besides, the Citizen PR department had to invest more in Qin Guan. It was a win-win situation. Qingmu felt like worshipping Qu.

Qu tapped on a pile of paperwork.

The Asian representative of Citizen... Qin Guan would get an annual salary of 10 million dollars. This was the lowest possible salary for a top model. By then, Qin Guan was qualified enough to be selected by international top fashion magazines and brands.

The top 100 list was the highest honor for film stars, models and fashion insiders.

Qin Guan had nothing else to do there. Before he could leave though, the woman stopped him.

"Your latest schedule is on the board. Take it and pay attention to the dates."

Qin Guan saw a quivering note on the board beside the door. It was not in its proper place, which implied the indifference of the person who'd hung it.

"Got it!" Qin Guan took the note and shut the door for Qingmu and Qu.

"So, Mr. Qingmu... Let's discuss the details..."

Qin Guan read the note carefully in the car.

"Special guest appearance on the TV program 'America's Next Top Model', Episode I, CW station."

This was the first time Qin Guan would participate in a TV program. Considerably, his appearance had been scheduled on a weekend. Qin Guan recalled the invitation of the director of the program on the night he had competed against Chad.

Qin Guan stuffed the yellow note into his pocket and started his beloved car. My participation will make the program popular...

The next day, Qin Guan headed to the registration office of the CW station in New York. The program accepted applications from all over the country and interviewed all the candidates.

It was the last day of work. During the whole week, the participants had stood in a long line outside the large office. Qin Guan locked his car. Putting both hands in his pockets, he planned on entering the office by passing by the long line. The proud models were vigilant though.

"Hey, don't cut in line!"

"Wait for your turn, okay?"

Chapter 477: Superman

The beautiful girls were hostile with him. They had been waiting outside for a long time.

Some girls at the end of the line screamed when they saw Qin Guan clearly. They were not ordinary people, but girls participating in a supermodel competition, so they knew all about the fashion circle. That handsome guy was Qin Guan, a rising Asian model in America!

"It's Qin Guan!"

"Oh my! I can't breathe!"

Their screams attracted the attention of everyone around them. Those in the front looked back, eager to get to Qin Guan, but afraid of losing their place in line.

"Excuse me. Let me go!" Qin Guan had underestimated the power of his looks and the craziness of American girls. They were tearing his white shirt apart. To avoid becoming the first judge attacked by the contestants, he shouted loudly, "I am a judge in your first interview! Who wants to fail in the contest?"

The crazy girls came back to their senses. My fate is in the hands of that young man, who looks almost as old as I am. I better flatter him.

Instantly, a small space was formed around Qin Guan. He looked around him proudly. Well done!

He fixed his wrinkled shirt and headed towards the office. A small dark-skinned hand stretched out from the crowd to touch him, but shrank back fast.

Then came a second, a third, a fourth one... A white, a black, a yellow one...

As a master of the runway, Qin Guan pretended nothing had

happened. He went through the hallway and walked directly into the office.

As soon as he entered, he saw the hostess and producer of the show, Tyra Banks. The sad expression on the black beauty's face changed when she saw him.

The team of the show was now complete.

"Let's welcome our latest guest, Qin Guan. He comes from the mysterious country of China."

Banks was smiling sincerely. The selling point of the show was becoming an independent model. Nigel Barker and Jay Alexander also helped form the perfect judge committee.

"Let's judge the girls from the tapes."

Boxes of tapes were set onto the table. Each tape contained a 30-second self-introduction. It would take them two days to finish them all.

"This is so-so."

"Only eight quotas? Shall we consider race?"

As the other three judges were talking, Qin Guan turned on all four TVs in the office and stuffed the tapes into them one by one. They all played at the same time.

"Hi, everyone, I'm from Florida..."

"Hello, friends! I come from California..."

"I'm a Texan..."

In 30 seconds, the videos came to an end. The other judges were stunned.

Qin Guan pointed to one of them. "The girl on the fourth screen is pretty good. We can set her aside for the second round of selection."

Nobody answered him. Qin Guan looked at them and saw three

open mouths.

Jay couldn't help but ask, "Are you kidding? You make decisions too easily. It's impossible to watch four videos at the same time."

Even Nigel, who was the calmest one, couldn't help but admit that.

Facing the disapproving expression in their eyes, Qin Guan explained leisurely, his cool tone feeling just like a smoothie in June.

"The first girl is from Florida. She is 19 years old and 175 centimeters tall. Her hips are too wide, and she has an ordinary face and a skinny figure. Her blonde, curly hair makes her face look darker. She is not up to our standards. Besides, she is not that interested in fashion. No potential there. Two stars."

"The second girl is African American. She has a pretty face, but her hips are also too wide. That's a disadvantage. She is also only 170 centimeters tall and overweight. She is not up to our standards. Two stars for personal condition and three stars for potential."

"The third one..."

"The last one is the best based on the tapes, but other factors, such as one's walk, sense of camera, exhibiting ability and keenness to learn about fashion cannot be exhibited in 30 seconds."

His voice made the others feel drunk. They saw bamboos and felt a soft spring breeze. Wait! Something strange was happening!

You can memorize the basic information of four models in 30 seconds?

Jay, who was a straightforward man, asked him the question everyone was thinking about. "You can memorize all of them in 30 seconds? How can you do that? It's difficult for me to even watch one tape at a time!"

Chapter 478: Being A Teacher

Qin Guan shrugged in confusion.

"How is that difficult? I just memorize their self-introduction and tell you about them."

His colleagues straightened their backs. They live on their appearance, while you are crushing them by using your brain!

Qin Guan's ability had actually saved the judges. Jay carried more laptops to the office and everyone got to work.

The models outside were taking video interviews one after the other. Their work was unexpectedly finished in advance.

In half a day, thanks his good temper and perfect looks, Qin Guan had become the favorite of the team. There was a beautiful harmony among them.

Jay, who was captivated by Qin Guan's charm, told him goodbye reluctantly in the parking lot.

"We must have been good friends in a past life. I like you a lot. We will have plenty of time to cooperate in the future. Ha, ha... I'm really shy..."

Qin Guan tried to take his hand back. The tall black man was very tender and sensitive. What a sissy!

Before he could come back to his senses, Jay turned around and blew a kiss at him. "See you next week!"

Then he left, his behind swaying in a flirty way. Qin Guan coughed and drove away as fast as he could.

That was so stimulating!

It wasn't until next week that Qin Guan really experienced Jay's power. As a top model, Qin Guan had been entrusted with the training of the models. Jay, who was in charge of runway training, was his closest partner. Their jobs supplemented each other after

all.

The girls had left their hometowns and settled temporarily in a large villa in the suburbs. During the show, they would be living, training and working together. They would be both rivals and friends.

Despite their good looks, most of them had no idea about the industry. They couldn't be called supermodels. They would need training, guidance and experience, as well as a lot of knowledge, in order to become models.

Qin Guan and Jay were preparing for their first class with eight girls in a private room.

There was a white runway inside, broad enough for a professional show. The backstage area and spectator seats made it look like a real runway. It was perfect for green hands to get familiar with the industry's working conditions.

The eight girls were standing on the stage nervously in the same swimsuit. Qin Guan frowned at them, while Jay bounced up and down.

Beating his chest, he shouted at them angrily. "What are you doing? I'm starting to second guess our decision now! Why are you hiding in the corner like quails? Am I a tiger? Shouldn't you rush up to us in adoration, like the first time we met?"

You overestimate yourself. The girls had rushed up to Qin Guan, not you.

Jay used his pointer. "Walk! Straighten your chests! Walk in a circle! One by one! One, two, three, four!"

The girls walked on the stage, while Qin Guan observed them carefully. The bold American girls got excited when they saw Qin Guan looking at them from under the stage. Some girls went wild. When they got close to Qin Guan, they would shake their boobs, twist their bottoms, smooth their hair or cast enchanting looks at

him. In other words, they resorted to extreme measures.

Some girls were elegant and shy though. They passed by Qin Guan nervously, their cheeks blushing. The only girl who paid no attention to Qin Guan was Jenny, who was a lesbian.

Before Qin Guan could finish his observation, a black arm was placed on his shoulder. Jay was complaining in his ear in a soft voice.

"Wow! You have such a strong impact on them. My heart is breaking. This is for the best though. Any girl who can walk on a runway calmly under the effect of your charm can be considered a real model. That's why you were chosen as a guest judge. The producers are so smart!"

Qin Guan moved his arm away with a disgusted expression. "The round is finished. Wanna go first, or should I?"

Jay winked at him naughtily, his frog-like eyes scaring Qin Guan. "You first," he told Qin Guan with the most horrible expression.

Relieved, Qin Guan rushed to the stage. I'll go crazy if I stay around him.

"Some of you might be models, and some of you might not. Everyone here is an amateur when it comes to the runway though. You can't get a job like that."

The girls grimaced at his words. They were considered outstanding in their hometowns. This was their first time hearing such criticism.

Chapter 479: Advantages

Qin Guan fixed his clothes. Suddenly, he transformed from a soft spring breeze into a sharp sword.

"You need long-term training on protocol. As greenhands, you have a lot to learn. Pay attention to my demonstration, I hope you will be able to learn something from it. Remember, try to take full advantage of your abilities. Attention!"

The professional model began to walk while Jay played a rhythm for him with his pointer. Everyone fixed their eyes on his perfect figure.

His legs were neither too tall nor too short, and his steps were neither too fast nor too slow. He was like the clouds and the sky, like an old story tirelessly retold.

His legs looked slender as his bottom swayed gently. His back and shoulders were straight. As he walked, he cast looks everywhere around him. He seemed to notice everyone and make them feel like the center of his attention.

The shirt and jeans on his body were common and cheap, yet they seemed to sparkle. Walking along to the rhythm, he got to the front end of the stage. Then he showed every article of clothing on his body by taking the perfect pose. Even his leather shoes looked royal.

Before the eight girls could come back to their senses, Qin Guan smiled.

As everyone started fainting, he put his poker face back on. Turning around, he left like he was walking on clouds amid the sound of running water.

Everyone woke up from their dream and saw the fairy return to Heaven. Loud applause broke out as Qin Guan disappeared backstage. The whole process had been recorded by the cameras.

Even the cameraman cheered for Qin Guan. The top model's performance had shocked them. They would remember it all their lives.

Jay fell into deep thought though. Qin Guan was too outstanding for the girls. The sharp contrast between them was completely unexpected. Fortunately, this was a show for female models. If Qin Guan had participated in a show for male models...

As he thought about it, Jay shouted, "Did everyone see that? Go! Go, you silly greenhands!"

The cameras started rolling again as the girls began to practice. The cameraman tried to save the best shots for Qin Guan. Suddenly, the door opened.

Tyra Banks and Qu Xuemei entered the room leisurely. The former was wearing an enchanting makeup look, and the latter was dressed in black. A camera followed them instantly.

Everyone turned their heads in their direction. The curious girls did not dare stop. When one of them hesitated. Jay's pointer hit her on the shoes. She nearly fell down.

According to the plan, Banks would surprise them. After the first round, the selected girls would get to participate in a formal advertisement as a reward.

That was a grand prize for the girls. As a cunning woman, Qu had taken advantage of the game rules and tried to combine Qin Guan's work with the show. As the producer, Banks had accepted her suggestion gladly.

Do you know why?

Banks had originally only been able to publish the girls' photos in the inner pages of Stuff Magazine. Qu had provided her with a better choice though: NYLON Magazine.

It was a win-win situation.

Qin Guan had just agreed to do an advertisement for L'Oreal, who was generously sponsoring the show.

Therefore, the winners of the first round could sign a 150,000-dollar contract with L' Oreal, instead of the original 100,000-dollar contract with Maybelline. This was quite a surprise for the production team. The proposal exceeded the previous one on both the value and fame of the brand.

Besides, this meant that untrained models would be accepted by the fashion circle. The winner of the competition would have an easier path ahead of her in the future.

Satisfied with the hard-working girls, Tyra Banks began doing her job as the hostess. Qin Guan observed her performance with curiosity. Compared to films and TV series, TV programs, especially entertainment-oriented ones, were very dramatic.

Chapter 480: Awful

Tyra Banks shrugged. Her eyes were wide open. She announced the good news to the girls in an exaggerated tone, giving them a splendid smile.

"Hey, darlings. I have some good news for you. First, I would like to introduce this beautiful lady, who is the chief editor of VOGUE. She came here with some news for our judge Qin Guan."

The girls held their breaths at the sound of VOGUE. Soon though, they became depressed again.

"But..." Banks opened her wide mouth. "Everyone on the stage will have the chance to participate in the L'Oreal advertisement! With Qin Guan!"

"You won't just get fashion stills. You'll be on TV, magazines, posters, printed material... Anything you can think of!"

Before her voice could fade away, the girls hugged each other, laughing and shouting.

Qin Guan cast a confused look at Qu. I knew nothing about this. Why didn't you inform me in advance?

Qu looked at him with a poker face while the photographer hastened to turn the camera away.

Qin Guan opened his eyes wide and sighed through his nose. Fine. You win!

Once again, Qu had acted first and reported afterwards. Qin Guan decided not to protest. The camera had recorded everything after all. He would have to work with the cameras for both the advertisement and the show anyway.

The girls ran off the stage like happy birds, heading for L'Oreal in a bus.

The receptionist was shocked by the scene.

A handsome Asian man was leading the crowd. He was wearing a short-sleeved T-shirt and a pair of jeans. His perfect figure made those ordinary clothes look really fashionable. Several beautiful girls followed him closely. He was the most attractive one among them.

A reliable-looking lady stood up and pulled her stunned colleagues to the side. "Are you Mr. Qin Guan? Follow me, please. The studio is on the third floor."

The young girl came back to her senses, recalling the activity she had been informed about by the assistant of the PR department in the morning. I'm so silly!

When they got into the elevator, the receptionist took out a small mirror. All those beauties pale in comparison to him, and I'm only a small sparrow compared to them.

Qin Guan had no idea about her broken heart as he entered the studio with the girls.

First, he had to put on makeup. The girls would also undergo a total transformation. Qu was taking advantage of L'Oreal.

The hairdressers, makeup artists and designers got to work. The girls were screaming as they were transformed, Qin Guan was well-prepared though.

"Clothes!"

The wardrobes in the simple, elegant fitting rooms were opened one by one. The boy in charge of the clothes asked his supervisor, "Which advertisement is first?"

"Marcin Twardowski!"

"Got it!" The boy picked out a colorful leisure suit, a pair of shorts and some soft leather shoes. By then, Qin Guan had put on a colorful wig that made him look like rainbow candy.

When he came out of the fitting room, even Jay was shocked. It

was an unwritten dressing rule to never combine more than three colors.

Qin Guan looked like a crazy paint store. One could find any color on his body. He was wearing a bright pink coat, baby blue shorts, bright yellow shoes... All those bright colors were perfect for baby clothes.

As the chief editor of a fashion magazine, Qu couldn't help but ask the creative director of L'Oreal a question.

"That's a lot of bright colors! Won't they influence the outcome?"

The director pointed to the female models heading for the fitting rooms with a mysterious smile.

"You'll see soon enough."

Banks and Jay were nervous to see the result. This was their first episode! As they began to discuss the possibility of causing some disputes among the girls to captivate the audience, the girls went out.

They were like a rainbow!

Each girl had been assigned a color that matched Qin Guan's costume.

Banks was excited about the creative idea, but Qu Xuemei was frowning. L'Oreal's concept went pretty well with the show. They would make the advertisement for free by taking advantage of this. This was a trial for Qin Guan though. The seven colors represented seven different styles. As the main representative, he had to have control over everything. Even the smallest mistake could seem gigantic.

Chapter 481: Makeup Artists Kneeling Down

It's a difficult question... Is this an unconscious choice of L'Oreal, or a way of the industry? Why didn't they inform me in advance?

Their resources were limited, so it was profitable to kick someone out.

No! No model would be capable of setting up such a trap. Only a large agency, or several agencies together could have done this. If we fell into the trap, we could have done nothing but blame ourselves.

The photographer in charge of the fashion stills told them to get into position.

"Qin Guan! Shall we begin?" Baal waved at Qin Guan, her long, blonde hair hanging down to her waist.

After getting the concept of the advertisement, Qin Guan smiled at the photographer. "Let's begin!"

The white background was as pure as snow. A female model in a long red V-neck dress was standing there, the hemline of her dress spreading on the stage like a blooming poppy.

Qu buried her face into her hands. I can't bear to watch. Everyone else also seemed to think that Qin Guan looked wrong in that scene. Qin Guan wasn't thinking of anything though. Work was work. One had to advance, regardless of the difficulties they faced.

Of course, if there was bullsh*t in front of me, I'd avoid it...

Qin Guan walked calmly to the center of the scene and arranged the white couch. Then he sat down, folding his legs.

He took out the real protagonist of the advertisement carefully. It was a slender lipstick, different from traditional thick lipsticks.

He moved the lipstick in his slender fingers to reveal its red color. It was as bright as the rising sun. Qin Guan waved at the nervous female model.

The girl felt calm at the sight of his eyes. He is a good model. We will take a splendid photo together.

The blonde beauty lowered her head at Qin Guan's request. Her full chest was visible on the camera.

Qin Guan suddenly changed. He seized her jaw and began to apply lipstick on her lips. His eyes were filled with ardour. He was dedicated to the job. Even the funny wig was a symbol of his talent.

The fashion was him. He was the fashion.

The staff in the dressing room went out one after the other to take a look. The most sensitive of them fell into deep thought tearfully. Makeup artists are so beautiful. Our rebellious style is nothing to laugh about.

Qin Guan was not aware of the advantages his performance had brought him. All the makeup artists in America would try their best to work for him in the future.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan was focused on the female model. When he was finished, he touched his own fingers to his lips.

Everyone went crazy as the cameras recorded the scene. Tyra and Jay were completely absorbed in his performance.

Banks had originally been opposed to inviting Qin Guan to the show, as he was only a rising greenhand in the US. She was convinced by his performance now though and appreciated the decision made by her seniors.

This season will get good audience ratings!

Qu had not moved in a long time. She didn't come back to her senses until Qin Guan had finished most of his work. Then she walked slowly to a corner and took a seat.

She was sweating heavily. Sometimes, caring affected one's feelings. She was thinking hard about the reasons behind this. Before she could reach a conclusion, the photographer was done.

Qu walked over to watch the playback.

It was an advertisement for a cosmetics set, which included a lipstick, foundation, eyeshadow and eyebrow pencil. He was the first male model to promote makeup for women. The photos would shock the fashion circle.

While everyone was busy selecting the most beautiful photos, the models were changing costumes in the fitting room. Qin Guan was treated like a king. The makeup artists wanted to massage him and feed him candy. The team leader told them to get back to work. Otherwise, they might have forgotten about their next task.

Qin Guan went out in another normal outfit. Everyone was concentrated on his face though.

His skin seemed smoother and more delicate than before. No flaws or pores could be seen under the lights. His eyebrows, cheekbones and jaw all looked polished. He looked even more handsome than before!

Those shameless makeup artists!

The director had no time to pay attention to the model's face. He was too focused on the script. He was eager to see if the model could act it out well.

Chapter 482: Emergency

Among a whirlwind of office workers, white shirts, suit pants, golden-framed glasses and card holders was a talented young man, sitting behind an ordinary desk.

The director looked around at his staff. "Remember the sequence?" he asked.

The girls nodded with a serious expression.

The director waved at them. "Three, two, camera!"

Qin Guan got to work right away, working like a robot among the towering files.

"Intensive work and pressure are bad for your skin. The oil blocks the pores..."

The voiceover paused. Qin Guan looked up from his documents tiredly. He seemed worried about his skin, like any ordinary IT worker.

"The girls pay no attention to you..."

Two models walked over nervously. As greenhands, they didn't know how to express their scorn. They just used their body language.

Their necks were bent forward, and their noses were pointed to the sky.

Qin Guan raised his eyebrows sadly and grimaced.

One could only look at them from afar, but not play with them...

"There is a solution though..."

Two other girls ran up to Qin Guan with a product, like angels saving the world.

It was the first time they were acting in an advertisement. Unlike the previous two, who didn't need to do anything but walk by, they

had to perform in front of the camera.

One of them had to grab Qin Guan's glasses gently from behind him, and the other had to place the L'Oreal men's facial cleanser beside his face. Then the camera would zoom in on the product and Qin Guan.

The two girls were nervous. The one standing behind Qin Guan had big boobs. Qin Guan could feel them on his back.

There were too many people around him, so Qin Guan had to crane his neck forward, which made it difficult for the girl to take his glasses off. As a result, her fingers were stuffed into Qin Guan's nose.

Unfortunately, misfortunes always came in pairs. Startled by the mistake, the other girl dropped the bottle in her hand next to Qin Guan.

Everyone was familiar with plastic bottles. The edges were always sharp and hard. When the bottle fell down, it slid over Qin Guan's face, leaving a white mark on his cheek.

In a few seconds, the white mark turned red.

Everything happened too fast. In 10 minutes, screams broke out amid the silent crowd.

"Qin Guan!"

Qu rushed up to them, pushing the scared girl away. She pinched Qin Guan's jaw and lifted it up.

There was a soft red line on his smooth skin. It was not a big deal. If one scratched their arm with their nails, the mark would disappear in a few minutes.

Of course, that rule didn't apply to people who had an allergic reaction or really sharp nails.

The girl came back to her senses and started crying.

"I didn't mean to..."

Qu let Qin Guan go and berated the girl. "Shut up! I'll make sure you go bankrupt if you don't stop crying!"

Then she turned around. "And you? Are you okay? Move your head from between your boobs!"

Her power made everyone go silent. Qin Guan looked up with red cheeks. He stood up and turned around, only to find the girl behind him looking at him shyly.

This is a disaster! Qin Guan shivered. Shall I weed her out? Will she mess with me? Her eyes remind me of Huang Jiajia!

Chapter 483: Mickey Mouse and KFC

Qu Xuemei solved the problem while the makeup artist helped Qin Guan. She applied several drops of massage oil to his face to soothe it.

In a few minutes, everyone had calmed down. Qu sized Qin Guan up to confirm that he was well. Then she told the director to go on.

The models were more careful the second time around. When the bottle was pasted to Qin Guan's face, the director stopped the shooting.

After that emergency, the girl could finally cheer up. She was admired by everyone. A good psychological state was a necessary quality for an outstanding model. She was worthy of public attention.

Qu still insisted on her conspiracy theory though. After sending Qin Guan home, she focused on all the details of that day. There must be something strange going on.

Everything had to be taken into consideration. It was difficult for her to discover the truth by herself though. She wanted to entrust the case to a professional.

Detective agencies, also known as research firms, were illegal in China. In some foreign countries though, they could formally register with the government.

Most of them employed retired policemen, professional lawyers and veterans. Resourceful people from all walks of life. With enough money, one could get the result they wanted. Sometimes, they were even more capable than the police.

As the street king, Xu Xiaoxiao accepted the case without hesitation. Qu asked him to clarify the situation. Was there anybody after Qin Guan? Was that accident a coincidence or not?

Qin Guan didn't keep the accident in his memory. He returned

home and got into bed right away. In his past life, he had worked with machines, concrete and steel bars at construction sites. Wounds were like medals for men. Qin Guan showed the mark off to Cong Nianwei and got some unexpected feedback.

"A medal? You are not a soldier. You are not defending the nation or protecting public property. Do you know what your wound is?"

Qin Guan winked. "What?"

Cong Nianwei put her heavy bag down on the desk. "A disfigurement."

Bang! Qin Guan fell on the bed again. When he shot a secret look at her, he noticed something strange.

"Show me those leaflets."

Cong Nianwei handed them to him. He was so busy with work that she could only see him in some important classes.

Qin Guan read the leaflets and realized he was out of date. They were about an academic trip during summer vacation. He had known that he was included in the list.

"What does this mean? My tutor said that I was shortlisted."

Cong Nianwei was busy with her design, but she still had time to answer his questions,

"It's organized by several American colleges. They choose some outstanding students to travel to all the colleges during vacation. That way, students have the chance to see different environments. The activity promotes academic research and science. You could think of it as a club for talented students."

Qin Guan sensed the joy in her tone. "So you're also going?"

"Yes." Cong Nianwei nodded. "I like it. I would get to travel to different campuses and enjoy the beautiful view and food of different places in America. Plus, I will be meeting very famous professors. Good students always have a lot in common. I'm

looking forward to it."

Qin Guan felt sad. He had been planning on spending vacation in his apartment, drinking beer and watching TV. He wanted to sleep for a whole week. It seemed like he had to go with Cong Nianwei though.

"It's a pity that my girlfriend is a straight-A student."

"This is strange. Why am I included? I'm not talented."

Qin Guan cheered up. I'm just an accountant.

Cong Nianwei stopped drawing and cast a supercilious look at him. "What's the icon of Disney World?"

"Mickey Mouse."

"That's right. Top colleges like to compete with each other over sponsors, talented students, awards and sports. You are the representative of Columbia. I heard that you would be the leader and emcee. Did you read the letter carefully?"

So, I'm like the grandpa with the white beard on the KFC logo? Columbia is proud of me because I'm a handsome award-winning actor?

Qin Guan felt deep sympathy for the childish college administrators. After their long conversation, Cong Nianwei concentrated on her design again. Qin Guan wanted to tease her.

He craned his neck toward the desk.

"What are you doing, Wei? Your handsome boyfriend is here. Why are you still looking at that paper? My heart is bleeding! I need first aid!"

He tried to pull the paper away, which usually worked, but failed.

Chapter 484: Fun During A Traffic Jam

Cong Nianwei didn't even move her eyelids. She stabbed his hand back with the compass steadily and accurately, but his skin was not pricked. She must have been practising repeatedly since childhood.

"Ouch!" Qin Guan drew his hand back, shouting dramatically. "Help! Help! I'm dying!"

Cong Nianwei shot a supercilious look at him and said helplessly, "Stop! I have to submit this design this week. My tutor provided me with a program. It's a construction plan of a small commercial district. I have to compete against several offices and studios. Don't bother me. This is the first program I will finish independently and put into practice."

At her words, Qin Guan became serious. He actually wanted to give her a hand. Then he smiled at her next words.

"I want to use the car next week. You can take the bus to work. I have to go to Woodbury Premium Outlets on the weekend. It'll take me more than an hour to get there from the city center."

"No problem! I'll drive you there. The weekend shooting location is in that area. What a coincidence!"

Qin Guan jumped off the bed and ran to the kitchen. "I'll cook! You just finish your design! We'll work together next week!"

Qin Guan put on an apron. His back looked gentle in the warm, soft light.

Cong Nianwei smiled silently at the warm picture. The tedious data suddenly became more interesting. The two of them had confessed their love for each other in an impulse, fell in love because of their hormones, and obsessed over each other. In the future, they would be together forever during all the trifles of life.

It was a fortune to meet each other.

In June, the temperature was rising in New York. The small independent commercial district, which was located in the New York suburbs, was almost empty except for the tourists and bored housewives. People were pouring in on the weekends though, visiting Woodbury and the other factory outlets of famous brands located there.

The small town came back to life. Tourists, New Yorkers and residents from surrounding towns went there to shop.

One could find clothing of their favorite brand from several years ago and get a 10% to 20% discount on it.

People were eager to find classic designs at excellent quality and reasonable prices. Customers could also find the latest collection in the factory outlets. Sometimes the stores were out of some sizes, and sometimes there were some production defects. For example, an accessory could be missing.

One could buy those clothes at a 40% to 60% discount.

What's more, to include customers of all levels, the latest collections of famous European brands were in sync with New York City. As a result, they also attracted customers of high taste.

Compared to the long lines on Times Square, most high-end customers preferred Woodbury.

On that beautiful morning, Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were stuck in traffic in the suburbs. The traffic jam on the National Day holiday in China was infamous. The scene was reproduced that morning on the road to Woodbury.

That beautiful day, it felt nice to open the window and look at the green grass and colorful flowers moving in the breeze. The number of cars and people around though ruined it completely.

The most terrible thing was that the cars were on the road for a full 10 minutes without any indication of moving. A strong man began to yell, and a baby started crying.

Qin Guan looked at his Citizen watch, which was a present from Qingmu. He had considerately said that it was a gift for his representative contract.

Fortunately, they had plenty of time.

Qin Guan let out a long breath of relief. As he tried to figure out a way to kill time, he blocked Cong Nianwei's view with his body. Some strong men were relieving themselves by the side of the road. Meanwhile, car doors were opened one after the other. Those shameless guys peed out in the open, while some more decent people tried to use empty bottles.

There were also people engaging in other affairs. Two convertibles were in front of Qin Guan's car. They were the same exact design, but in a different color.

One of them was filled with beautiful girls, while the other was full of rebellious men. It was easy to tell. They were wearing so many nose rings that a Chinese man could have played a traditional game of baguenaudier with them.

Since the cars had to be parked in a row, the women and the men were looking at each other, casting fierce looks back and forth.

One of the men, who was wearing leather pants and a vest in the early summer, opened his mouth arrogantly.

Qin Guan watched from behind, whispering to Cong Nianwei, "Wei, look at them. They are much more interesting than a movie."

Chapter 485: Fierce Girls

He considerably handed her a bottle of water. It's a pity that there's no popcorn.

"Look! They are fighting! That man is so disgusting. Is he trying to spit at the girls?"

Qin Guan's commentary attracted Cong Nianwei's attention. They sat in the car calmly with two bottles of water, watching the comedy unfold.

Suddenly, the man stuck his tongue out. There was a skull stud on it, shining in the sunshine.

Qin Guan moved his own tongue unconsciously. Can he speak with that? He must have a French accent.

"Ya are really arrogant... Kang on!"

He is certainly stammering.

One of the girls, who seemed gentle and well-behaved, showed her ears to him. There were seven earrings on them.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei burst into laughter as the cars in front of them began to move slowly. All the smoking men ran back and started their cars as fast as possible, while the people in the two cars ahead of them kept provoking each other.

The boy stood up. He took off his leather vest and threw it towards the backseat. Then he rolled up his shirt to reveal his hairy upper body.

His skinny figure made him look like a monkey. There was another ring on his navel.

"Ha ha!" He laughed loudly. The driver, who was his friend, looked at the girls proudly.

Beat that!

Qin Guan took a sip of water. He was watching the scene as he was driving.

The girls were irritated. They did not seem nervous though, They just laughed even louder. The girl cast a disdainful look at her opponent as she rolled her own blouse up.

Qin Guan spit out the water in his mouth, soaking the front window. In an effort to mask his embarrassment, he told Cong Nianwei, "The glass was too dirty. I couldn't see the road. I had to wash it."

Have you never seen a windshield wiper?

Cong Nianwei didn't reply. No wonder Qin Guan had done that. She would also have spit the water out.

The girl was naked in that loose blouse. She wanted to show the rings on her nipples.

Mission accomplished. The men were stupefied. They fixed their eyes on the girl, their car slowly diverting from the lane.

Unfortunately, they were driving along a countryside road, so there weren't any fences. By the time they came back to their senses, the car had been driven away from the road and fallen down a dirt path. Screaming, they disappeared from view.

In a few minutes, they saw a broken car covered in mud under their feet.

"Yes!"

The girl pulled her shirt down and clapped with her friends. Never underestimate the openness of American girls and the fighting capacity of the Russians.

Qin Guan pulled his car into the vacancy left by the men.

The girls looked at the newcomers with curiosity. Cong Nianwei sensed trouble.

"Helen! Do you know that man? He looks familiar."

"Oh! It's f*cking Qin Guan!"

"Is he going shopping with his girlfriend? That b*tch is so lucky!"

Cong Nianwei was about to explode. They looked at the impolite girls carefully. They were shocked themselves.

They were wearing a combination of smokey makeup and bright colors, piercings and rings everywhere on their faces and bodies.

Fierce girls!

They seemed interested in Qin Guan. Except for the driver, all the other girls nearly jumped out of the car. Fortunately, Qin Guan's car had a ceiling, or they would have ambushed him.

"Sign here for me, Qin Guan! Your Halloween cover was fabulous!"

"You are the idol of our underground group, my lord!"

That cover was a troublemaker.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei exchanged a glance. Before he could figure out a plan to get rid of his fans, he saw their car get hit from behind.

The girls fell back towards the car screaming.

"Ah! Who the hell hit our car?"

It was the truck of those strong men. They had also witnessed the scene and planned on flirting with the girls in their own way.

Chapter 486: Unimpeded

"Hey, girls! Hello once more!"

"Come on, baby!"

The truck hit their car again. Qin Guan tried to keep a distance from those crazy guys.

"F*ck!" one of the girls shouted angrily. She showed the men her middle finger and opened her backpack. She took a white plastic bottle out and shouted at the driver, "Steady there!"

The driver was a good partner. The car was moving steadily.

The bold girl opened the cap and sprayed the liquid onto the truck. It sprinkled on the front window and the man's body.

Qin Guan smelled a familiar flavor as aromatic as Erguotou.

Hard alcohol.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei exchanged another glance and sped up desperately. The men were also clear on what it was.

"F*cking b*tch! it's alcohol!"

"Stop!"

Horrified, they noticed the lighter in the girl's hand.

"Ah!"

The truck was driven away from the road. Spare our lives, please!

A strange phenomenon took place on the road. All the cars kept a distance from the girls' car, leaving a spare space around it. After their crazy actions, they followed Qin Guan's car closely. Qin Guan's driving got smoother as all the drivers yielded kindly.

Thanks to those crazy girls, Qin Guan reached his destination a few minutes earlier than the original schedule.

They didn't know why the outlet needed reconstruction until

they arrived at the square. The original commercial district couldn't house that many brands. The small shopping mall was filled with about 300 brands.

The expansion and reconstruction had been delayed though.

Qin Guan sent Cong Nianwei to the reception of the administration, where a group of strangers was gathered. They were all her competitors in the bidding. All of them seemed capable and cunning.

Qin Guan was worried about her. He sent her to the Columbia group, murmuring, "Take care of yourself. Call me if there is any trouble. I will be on the deserted construction site over there."

He pointed to a large construction site. When Cong Nianwei nodded, he left the reception reluctantly.

Several small tails were following him.

"What will he do?"

"We know his destination. We can go shopping first."

The desire for shopping exceeded their admiration for their idol. Qin Guan felt relieved. Ignorance was the most powerful weapon.

He arrived at the site soon and found the staff already there. They had settled into a town near Woodbury, so they were not affected by the traffic jam.

"Morning, Qin Guan!" the other judges greeted their Asian partner.

"Shall we begin?"

"Where are the girls?"

Suddenly, there was a commotion at the entrance of the warehouse.

"Ah! Let go of my hair!"

"Why are you following Mr. Qin so sneakily? Crazy fans, huh?"

Some models were fighting with the girls.

The cameraman dashed out. I like it! The audience will like it! It's a wonderful fight! Go!

When they were separated, the models' hair was messy. The girls had escaped without the slightest damage. When they saw the cameraman and the familiar faces, they realized that their idol was at work.

Sorry! See you around!

They escaped as fast as possible, shouting loudly, "We love you, Qin Guan! Cheers!"

Qin Guan cast a helpless look at the camera. My face will be seen all over the country.

His partners and the crew burst into laughter, making fun of the ashamed models and Qin Guan, who pretended to be invisible.

"The scene was pretty good. Thank you, Qin Guan, for providing the material!"

They went back to work quickly. Qu arrived at noon in her Mini Cooper.

Qin Guan had finished his work by then. Standing in a corner, they talked about the results of the investigation.

"Do you know anyone who has been after you recently?" Qu strengthened her back.

"After me?" Qin Guan was at a loss. "When? I have no idea..."

Qu was disappointed. What a careless guy!

She buried her face into her hands weakly. "Don't focus on the details."

Chapter 487: Extremely Annoyed

"IMG and Elite have united to set up a trap for you. IMG is the largest model agency with the biggest number of top models, while ELITE has the longest history."

"I never got in touch with them. I didn't even get an invitation from them."

"According to my source, you accepted a card from a top talent agent from one of them and never responded."

"Plus, Xue Wanyi turned down an invitation from the other company after arriving in the US. She prefers that I arrange your schedule."

"Considering that you have signed contracts with VOGUE, NYLON, BAZAR and other famous fashion magazines and accepted representative offers from nearly 10 top brands, they feel threatened. They think their profits will suffer."

"Impossible! My contracts are not worth that much. How much loss will I cause them?"

"No!" Qu Xuemei broke in, swaying on her black high heels. "The market for male models is different from the female model market."

"It's common for top female models to get tens of representative contracts worth 100 million dollars. Compared to the giant market of products and brands for women though, the market for male models is limited."

"There are few subordinate brands for the top brands. If there is a male model with a high quality and comparatively low salary, he will occupy half of the high-end market."

"To summarize, the money tree is in someone else's yard, and that tree blocks the way of other poor male models. If you were them, what would you do?"

Qin Guan shivered as he answered, "Poison that guy?"

You must read too many novels on Qidian.

Qu shook her head at his low IQ. "No! Prevent him from getting offers."

"They will show your shortcomings to the top brands to verify that you are not worth your salary. Your ability is not enough for them."

"Those proud brands would never allow someone with big flaws or ordinary abilities to be their representative."

"That's why I think that someone is after you. Enemies are interfering with your work without you noticing."

Qin Guan frowned at her words. His work was an important source of income for him that had nothing to do with his own dream. They had gone too far though. Preventing him from making money was as bad as killing his own parents.

Qin Guan asked a last question. "I'm clear about the situation, but when and where?"

Qu stared at him for a full 10 minutes before she realized that he was serious.

"L'Oreal," she said with a sigh.

"With that top model?"

"Exactly."

"Ha ha... Is that their trap? They are underestimating me!"

Qu grimaced. They have really underestimated you, you genius.

Qu smiled as she thought about the new contract with L'Oreal.

"Why are you still here? Go have lunch!" Before Qin Guan could come back to his senses, she left the site on her high heels.

Qin Guan didn't take the news seriously. He began thinking about Cong Nianwei instead. How is she doing now?

IMG and ELITE would have been enraged if they knew what he was thinking about.

...

Cong Nianwei was doing well, but the atmosphere was not good.

The competitors had originally worked harmoniously. Most of them worked in studios in New York, or were team members of some university. There were always some special people in every industry though.

Lan Jin was a member of a rich second generation of business talents. He Ming had been born into an elite family with a general idea of the policies and the international situation. Unlike them though, there was a group of black sheep that was very good at throwing gold into the river.

They were talented in the eyes of their families.

One of them was sitting next to Cong Nianwei. He was the boss of the Caiwang Design Company and had graduated from the famous New York State University.

He was male and he really liked women. He had the same name with his company. His surname was pretty good. It was Qian.

Those company and group executives couldn't take any money from the companies easily. They seemed rich, but they had to get pocket money from their mothers.

Qian Caiwang was different. He was even richer than Lan Jin. His father owned a family enterprise, several mineral caves, and half of a business street.

He was the only member of his family to get a degree. He had finished his studies and opened a design company with some schoolmates one year ago. This was his first trial at a formal business.

Actually, he had planned on going shopping with his new

girlfriend from South Korea to show off his power as a boss.

Anyway, I'm a wonder boy.

He had encountered the goddess of his dreams in that serious workplace though.

Chapter 488: Going Through Flowers

Among all those glass-wearing losers, there was a cool girl with fair skin and long black hair. She attracted his attention immediately.

She's so beautiful! Qian Caiwang glanced at his Korean girlfriend, who kept complaining about the boring conference. Suddenly, he felt depressed. After her cosmetic surgery, her face looks worse.

Qian looked at the goddess again and saw that she was in the corridor, away from her group.

It's a wonderful chance! I'm going!

He pushed the hands locked on his arm away. "Wait a minute." Then he rushed out of the office.

After taking a few steps, he found the girl looking at the scene outside attentively, her arms folded over her chest.

The perfect opportunity!

Qian fixed his tie and walked towards her with the steadiest steps he had ever taken in his life. He tried to chat with Cong Nianwei in an unnatural manner.

"Hello?"

No response.

"Are you Chinese? Me too! It must be destiny... Are you studying at Columbia? Fabulous! I have a design company and I think Chinese people should help each other."

"Are you interested in working for my company after graduating? We can talk about the salary. You'll be satisfied with my offer..."

Cong Nianwei raised her eyebrows and sized Qian up from head to toe.

She remembered the Asian man in the office. His design was

quite straight and narrow, with some small flaws. Without an advantage in price, it would definitely be weeded out during the selecting process. She wondered why the man was smiling.

His pond was too small to hold a shark like Cong Nianwei.

Qian was excited that he had her attention. He tried to get a little closer. She smells great!

"May I know your name? What are you looking at? Is there anything interesting in this commercial district? Tell me. I'll buy it for you as a gift."

Everything can be settled with a handbag of high-end merchandise. Qian smiled proudly, and so did Cong Nianwei. She pointed to something outside the window with her slender finger. "I like him. Buy him for me!"

Qian looked happily in that direction. "Let me see. What attracted my beauty? Don't worry! I'll buy..."

He paused in shock.

Qin Guan and Qu Xuemei were walking from the site to a restaurant. Qin Guan planned on picking up Cong Nianwei on the way.

Qian looked at Qu, who was slowly walking towards him. The woman had a mature charm to her. Her self-confidence and power were her most attractive points.

If she was wearing black high heels, leather skinny pants and a mask and held a whip in her hand...

Qian shivered, trying not to drool. "How much for the woman? You like her? Are you a lesbian?" he asked unconsciously.

Before his voice could fade away, Qin Guan and Qu reached the corridor.

"A lesbian? Shall we go for lunch, Cong Nianwei?" Qin Guan's voice broke up Qian's dream. Only then did he realize that there

was a man standing beside the two beauties.

It was rare for Qin Guan, who was always in the spotlight, to be ignored. Qian's thirst for women was to blame.

The man was shocked. He opened his mouth wide and pointed to Qin Guan with a heavy arm and a shaking finger.

"Qin... Qin Guan..."

"Yes, it's me. Do you know me?"

At his confirmation, Qian pointed to the two women with shaking fingers again. "Which one is your girlfriend?"

Qin Guan hugged Cong Nianwei around the shoulders. "What's the matter?"

Qian retreated right away, as if Cong Nianwei had the plague. "Is she the female tiger? Is she the arch criminal keeping you from other women? She must be a martial artist!"

What are you talking about?

They were all confused. Qian began to explain excitedly.

"I'm also a member of the luxury car club. I have long admired the four founders. Lan Jin is my best friend."

He gave him a thumbs up before he continued proudly, "The legend of you four has spread around the circle of Chinese young artists. Your Excellency is the most mysterious."

"I have seen many of your advertisements, but never you in person. Lan has told me so much about you. You are..." He gave him a thumbs up again.

Chapter 489: Never Provoke A Woman

"As for entertainment..." Qian looked at Cong Nianwei. He didn't think she was as pretty anymore. He lifted his little finger. "That's you."

"Why? With your looks, you could have any woman you want. A charming mature lady or a Lolita at the first awakening of love. Women would be lining up from Long Island to Wall Street."

"The industries you engage in are full of beauties, and Wall Street is full of talented women. Those office ladies... Lying on the desk..."

"Yet you hang yourself from a single tree, turning a blind eye to other girls... Your girlfriend must be a female tiger! There are no faithful lovers these days!"

Qin Guan nearly burst into laughter, while Cong Nianwei raised her eyebrows. Before she could teach that funny guy a lesson, a girl ran out of the office.

"Darling, what are you doing here? It's boring inside!" The Korean girl looked around, her voice suddenly changing.

"Ah! Qin Guan! I like you..." She was about to rush over to him shamelessly.

Qian felt more confident in his analysis. "That's exactly my point! Look at those butterflies! A man like that should lead the same life I do."

It was a pity that his speech was interrupted. Qin Guan wasn't paying attention to his enlightening remarks. He just walked off with Cong Nianwei. The Korean girl nearly fell down on the ground.

Qu cast a contemptuous look at him. She slowly turned around on her high heels and disappeared. There were some voices coming from afar.

"Qin Guan?"

"Yes?"

"Do I stop you from seeing other girls?"

"Of course not. Those studs and bad boys shouldn't be mentioned in the same breath as me!"

"I'll beat up your admirer in the afternoon."

"No problem. May I help you? I'd be sad if you got hurt."

After lunch, the Korean girl bought another handbag. When he returned to the office, Qian felt the deep resentment of his peers.

All the glass-wearing men shot hateful looks at him. They were more and more terrible to him during the following process.

Actually, most of the designers were also constructors. Qian was the one with the most financial strength. Ordinary companies would not take on such a project. Thanks to the influence of Woodbury though, the project would bring extraordinary profits and great fame to the construction company. That was Qian's aim.

When the bidding conference began though, he realized that money couldn't solve all problems.

His design director took the blueprint out. Before he could introduce the concept, protests broke out.

"Such a plan would increase the cost by 20%!"

"It's necessary to use the latest materials."

"That conservative concept doesn't fit the style of Woodbury."

His idea was universally condemned. When Cong Nianwei's team and a famous builder bid together, Qian finally came back to his senses. He was going up against her.

The Woodbury contractor was quite happy. After that intense competition, the final price was much lower than he had expected.

Sitting in a chair, Qian was looking at the development in shock.

His plan was rejected right from the beginning. He had not qualified for the competition.

Despite all the gold in his pocket, he could do nothing but surrender this chance to others. He had realized the power of girls. This was a silent counter-attack to his theory about flowers.

He was doomed. Construction was a professional industry he had no idea about. All the technicians and constructors had connections with the School of Design and Construction.

Most of them had graduated from Columbia, becoming a terrible force generation after generation.

How dare an arrogant guy like you bully our schoolmate? Keep dreaming!

Smiling, Cong Nianwei went out of the office with the relative documents, given to her by the staff of Woodbury. She found Qian squatting by the road.

"Sister, I was wrong. Forgive me. I didn't realize your might..."

Qin Guan, who had gone there to pick up Cong Nianwei, was surprised.

"What's wrong with him? He had looked so proud at noon."

Cong Nianwei looked at Qian and sighed. "We are both Chinese, so I'll let it slide. Just this once. Your company will not win the bid after all. Just focus on your company. Be careful when hiring new recruits."

Chapter 490: A Heartfelt Film

She walked to the parking lot with Qin Guan. A design company isn't as easy to manage as that guy thinks. Qian Wangcai stood up with sparkling eyes and followed them closely.

"Master Cong, would you join my company?"

"Engineer Cong, do you have any work for our company?"

"Boss Cong, do you need any sponsors?"

Qin Guan shot a supercilious look at him. My admirer seems to have changed his mind. Does he have another idol now?

The car drove away, leaving a smiling Qian Wangcai behind, holding a business card.

Busy days flew by fast. "America's Next Top Model" would air on the weekend. The evening the program was about to air, Qin Guan didn't wait before the TV. Instead, he was sitting in Qu's office with a serious expression on his face.

Thanks to his upgraded level, he had the chance to get some sponsors and film offers. Scripts were accumulating on Qu's desk. Most of them were for commercial films with a limited budget. There were a lot of choices for Qin Guan though.

After selecting, Qu gave him the best scripts. They were all produced or distributed by reliable companies. Qin Guan read the titles one by one.

"50 First Dates". A romantic movie.

"Mean Girls". A teen film.

"Eating Out". LGBTQ.

"Hot Dance". A musical.

On the whole, Qu had collected films with a small budget. Before Qin Guan could make a decision, Qu's phone rang. She pressed the

handsfree button.

"Chief Editor, Director Luchant is here for your appointment." It was her assistant.

Qin Guan glanced at Qu doubtfully. "Let them in," she answered calmly.

Then she smiled at Qin Guan. "Everyone is here."

Is he the director in charge of the Armani advertisement? Sister, could you please inform me in advance?

No, because the director had just arrived in America that day. As soon as he'd returned, he had contacted Qin Guan's agent to talk about the shooting schedule.

Qu had agreed happily. The contract would also be signed that day.

The director opened his arms warmly.

"Oh, my boy! It's nice to see you again. We have cooperated before!"

Qu asked everyone to take a seat before she talked to Qin Guan about Luchant's vision.

"Do you remember your cooperation on the Armani advertisement? Back then, he had secretly promised that you would be the leading actor. As a sincere creative director, he kept his promise. Enlightened by you, he returned to France and wrote the first draft with the help of an award-winning scriptwriter. Then, along with other directors sharing common ground with him, he decided about the final script and the shooting plan."

"The name of the movie is 'Lost Embrace'. He returned to America for this. You should accept the film."

Qin Guan felt a warm stream in his heart. After receiving such acknowledgment from a director, he could die happy.

Luchant's following introduction satisfied him. Regardless of all

the details, Qin Guan thought this opportunity was very rare.

This was a film jointly directed by directors from different countries, including Argentina, France, Italy and Spain. It was an indie film aiming for awards. All European countries pursuing film perfection were basically involved. The box office would be an insult to them.

Of course, Qin Guan would not accept a paycheck of 20 dollars an hour. He was the Best Actor Cannes Award winner after all.

Luchant was generous enough to pay Qu 50,000 dollars, which shocked her. That was a really big sacrifice for art.

Thinking of Qin Guan's level as an actor, Qu sighed helplessly. This was far from the modelling circle.

The two parties discussed all the details. Qu stuffed all the scripts into Qin Guan's backpack, except for "Eating Out". They all required repeated auditions. The producers were casting a larger net to catch more fish.

Qin Guan returned home, but did not find Cong Nianwei there. There was only a food container lying quietly in the fridge. The Yeung Chou fried shrimp rice, cucumbers, carrots and peas were awaiting their destiny. Warmth was lingering in Qin Guan's heart.

"Oops!"

Qin Guan put down his Coca-Cola with a burp. Their term exams were finished, so Cong Nianwei was focused on their gallery now.

Qin Guan smiled knowingly as he thought of her butt under the light. He took all the scripts out of the bag.

As Qu had expected, he read "Lost Embrace" first. It was an everyday life story full of warmth and sentiment. He was absorbed into the story, tears shining in his eyes, when suddenly the doorbell rang.

"Who's there?" Qin Guan put on his slippers and opened the door.

The Batiste brothers couldn't wait to squeeze in.

"Qin Guan, we heard that you'll be the leading actor in our tutor's new film!"

"You have to accept the job!"

Chapter 491: Fresh Blood from China

Qin Guan shot a supercilious look at them. "Tell me, what do you want to do?"

"We want to join the crew!" They held their hands up, as if they were in class. "We are going to Buenos Aires!"

"Tell me the truth! Don't tell me that you are following your tutor. You must need my help. Otherwise, you wouldn't have come to me."

Qin Guan wasn't fooled by the cute curly-haired brothers. He had been exposed to their lies before.

"Fine, we are in love. We fell in love with two Argentinian sisters. We want to take advantage of summer vacation and follow them to their hometown."

Qin Guan looked at the boys in their pink bubbles. "So?"

"Our tutor said that if we could persuade you to start work immediately, he would cover their flight tickets home. We really want to follow our sweethearts home, so we accepted the deal."

Qin Guan smiled, looking at them from head to toe. "Okay. I'll join the crew as soon as I finish working on 'America's Next Top Model'."

"When?"

"Tomorrow."

The next day, Qin Guan arrived at the site of the final competition with a heavy bag.

The eliminated girls were called again to participate in the show of an American top brand outside the New York Music Hall. The best model of the show would be the winner.

There were only three girls left after the previous episodes. They were neither rebellious lesbians, nor sincere Catholics. They were

well-balanced candidates. They shared the same submissive personality though. They had been naked before the camera and worked with a huge python before. Although they had been horrified, they had tried their best.

That was the basic criteria for a qualified model and the fundamental element that a brand chose a model by. Without any judges, the KLS fashion company had selected two of them.

Sana and Eve cried their eyes out together, while Lily went out sadly. Everyone knew that the time for the final battle had come.

Night fell in New York. The stage looked splendid under the gorgeous lights. As a top model, this was the first time Qin Guan was going to be in the audience. He felt a little strange.

Qu attracted his attention with a subject he was interested in.

"Have you decided about the script yet? When will you join the crew?"

"Tomorrow."

Qu looked at her nails. "Okay. I have talked with the director. That film will not take you long. You can go to Hawaii afterwards. I'll meet you there."

"What for?"

"I have made an appointment for an audition for the '50 First Dates' leading part. The director and the producer will go there to look for shooting locations."

Qin Guan tried to remember the script. He had been absorbed in "Lost Embrace" the previous night and had just read through the others quickly.

He nodded at her. "So you won't come to Buenos Aires with me?"

"No, we have a tight schedule. You'd better wait for Xue Wanyi in New York."

"What? Sister Xue is coming?"

"Yes, she's coming for you. She is working hard for your career. She sent the best New Silk Road models for your free subordinate contract with IMG in New York. If an agreement can be reached, you could do anything you like in the American fashion circle at a pretty low price."

Surprised, Qin Guan turned his head around, looking at her eyes behind the glasses. They were misty. "What did you and Sister Xue do to make the two tycoons show mercy on me?"

Qu Xuemei lifted her frames.

"We made a plan for Asian models to penetrate the American fashion circle. The plan is supported by New Silk Road. They will bring the latest winner of the New Silk Road competition. The female winner will sign a contract with the two tycoons. Beauties will be pouring into their companies in an endless stream. Compared to the limitations of male models, female models can do more. In a few days, Sister Xue will bring the first group to America."

"It's a pity that you'll leave earlier. You could have given them advice..."

Her phone rang in her handbag.

"Hello? I'm here. Where are you?"

Qu pointed to the phone and told Qin Guan, "What an efficient woman. She's coming!" Then she told Sister Xue about the current situation.

Sister Xue was very excited. She jumped up, not caring about her image before the girls.

"Wait, I'll bring the girls to you. Is that okay? Fine!"

Sister Xue had won a precious chance for those rookies. It was a great opportunity for them to learn about the traditional modelling circle. They could get first-hand knowledge on the taste and demand of American brands.

As they drove in a long business car, the excited Chinese girls set their feet on a new stage.

Chapter 492: Lv Yan the Cleaner

Before going out, Sister Xue saw Lv Yan, the cleaner and assistant of the group.

The tall girl, who had dark yellow skin, was looking at the chatting beauties with envy. Compared to those girls, who had big eyes and fair skin, she looked like an ugly duckling.

Sister Xue felt tender as she saw the anxious flame in her narrowed eyes. "Why are you still here, Lv Yan? We have so many models, but only one assistant. Follow us. Quick! You can clean this up when we return."

Grateful, Lv followed everyone out. She knew Sister Xue had given her a chance.

The sky was completely dark and all the lamps around the square were lit up. When their makeup was ready, the supermodels gathered backstage. During the weeks they had lived together, they hadn't become friends. They were each other's arch enemies.

Born in a country full of confident people, each girl was sure about her own strength. They believed that their failure didn't imply inferior ability.

There would be disputes, which the audience loved. When they were alone, the cameras recorded their real opinion on the others.

"This is pure lesbian discrimination. Models like me are very elegant," said the only model with a different sexual orientation.

"May God never forgive those infidels!" said a sincere Catholic, who claimed that she had devoted herself to God and refused to take off her clothes for a nude photoshoot.

"Are you kidding? How can a woman like her be one of the two finalists? She never cleaned the dormitory! She applied olive oil to her body and didn't bathe for days!"

The girl's room looked like a pigsty. Dirty underwear was lying everywhere on the floor. Even the photographer shivered. It was so disgusting!

"She looks like a whore with an enchanting smile. I'm a real professional, perfect for both commercial and high-end jobs."

Before the final competition, the two girls taking part had already torn each other down. That was the highlight of the program.

As the hostess, Tyra Banks was busy backstage. Qin Guan, who was sitting under the stage enjoying himself, finally saw the Chinese group.

Sister Xue was wearing a purple suit. Surrounded by a group of girls, she walked up to Qin Guan proudly and sat down next to him.

"It's bloody hot in New York! It's the same in China. I'm dying." Fanning herself with her handkerchief, Sister Xue looked at her beloved warrior.

Qin Guan was wearing a formal grey suit, a white shirt and brown leather shoes. Such a handsome guy.

She gestured behind Qin Guan. "These are your younger sisters. This is Du Juan, the No.1 model of New Silk Road. Say hello to each other. They need your help and guidance here in America."

Qin Guan turned around and saw a commotion.

Du Juan's fair skin blushed under Qin Guan's eyes. It turned pink, pinkish, purplish red... Sweat slowly appeared on her forehead.

"Hello, sir..." the slender girl murmured.

The other girls were in an even worse situation. One had difficulty breathing, one collapsed on the ground, and a third one couldn't speak. They had all gone crazy.

Qin Guan turned to Sister Xue helplessly. "Are these the best models in China? Do they expect to survive in America with such a mentality?"

Sister Xue shot a supercilious look at him. "They are all your fans. They grew up hearing inspirational stories about you. It's common to go mad when you meet your idol."

Qin Guan was speechless. Suddenly, he felt strange. Who did I just see among these girls? He slowly turned around again and found the only normal girl.

"Hey, tall lady! Yes, you! The one with the freckles! May I know your name?"

Lv Yan was surprised to see the legendary model talking to her. She pointed to her own nose. "Me?"

"Yes. Are you also a model?

"No, no! I'm a newly-promoted assistant. I was a cleaner before," Lv Yan hastened to explain.

Qin Guan didn't say much. He just turned and whispered to Sister Xue, "In my opinion, Americans would love Lv and Du."

Chapter 493: Buenos Aires

"What?" The word burst out of her mouth before she could lower her voice. "Why?"

"In their minds, Asians have yellow skin, narrow eyes, high cheekbones and a flat nose. Those are the standards of Asian beauties."

"There are so many beauties with distinctive faces. They prefer more noble features. Lv Yan is practically the perfect model. Her career in America could be more successful than Du Juan's."

"Believe me, Sister Xue. Take her to the makeup room. Train her and present her to IMG. I promise, I have a surprise for you."

Sister Xue raised her eyebrows as Qu made the decision for her.
"Take the girl. She's good."

Lv Yan would never know that her most important opportunity was decided in those few words. Du Juan seemed to be aware that something was going on. She shot a confused look at the ugly girl in the back row.

They all decided on a plan for the next day. Suddenly, music started playing and the final competition began.

Gorgeous girls in avant-garde outfits walked on the stage. The Chinese girls opened their mouths in surprise.

"The first and third model are not stepping along to the rhythm."

"You're right. They are walking to the wrong beat. If Professor Li was here, she would have beat them."

"Ha ha! This is hilarious! She is waving at the audience, but her posture is all wrong!"

Jay and Qin Guan ignored the comments. Jay was smiling among the chatting girls. It's important to speak a foreign language.

Qin Guan buried his face in his hands. Short training is not

beneficial for girls without a solid foundation.

The girls on the stage could only be classified as commercial models. None of them was qualified to work for a top brand, which would attract attention to the program in the future.

The TV station wouldn't focus on such details though. They just needed a program with high audience ratings. The future development of those girls would depend on themselves.

When Sana and Yazi came out at last, all the Chinese girls smiled.

The cameras turned to the slender Asian girls with the classic features. Their meaningful smiles could only be understood by Chinese people. The girls watched the two models on the stage.

Thanks to Tyra Banks' training, they were actually pretty good. To an outsider's eyes, they looked completely transformed.

To attract the audience, Jay tentatively asked Qin Guan about his opinion on them and repeated their advantages again and again. It seemed that, thanks to the program, the two girls had been accepted in the fashion circle.

Each girl had a dream. The show was conveying a message to the audience through the cameras: Even a sparrow can turn into a phoenix.

The lively party finally came to an end. The curtain fell and the crew left. So did Qin Guan. Lv Yan had gotten the chance she had long dreamed about. The next day, the Batiste brothers followed the film crew to the airport along with the two Argentinian girls.

Ever since the Spanish colonists had retreated from Argentina, Buenos Aires had become the largest immigrant city of the country. Soccer was the first thing people thought of at the mention of Argentina.

Its capital, Buenos Aires, was an ordinary city. If one was a soccer fan though, it was definitely worth visiting.

Qin Guan went out of the airport and realized that people there did not speak English. The official language of Argentina was Spanish.

Out of hatred for America, people there refused to accept dollars. Foreign visitors were allowed to change dollars at the banks though. According to the exchange rate, one peso was more valuable than one Chinese yuan.

Qin Guan followed the senior directors into a bus heading for the urban area. He had a strong premonition that the film would require hard work.

After passing by the presidential palace on May Square, going through the most bustling business areas and seeing the most chaotic fashionable buildings, they finally reached the old town.

The copper roofs of the buildings had become green due to oxidation, and the crowded, dirty streets were out of order. There was domestic sewage everywhere.

The real charm of Buenos Aires did not lie in May Square, La Boca, Santelmo or Palermo, but in the corners of those streets.

The new immigrants of different skin colors spoke broken Spanish. They were people who worked hard every day.

The educated tourists sighed with emotion at the sight of the messy streets. Without those rats shuttling around, the city would have looked better.

The rising sun brought a scent of corn cakes. The old residents of the ordinary street saw the novelty in that.

Chapter 494: No Good

An Asian young man was watching through the window of an underwear store. The golden sunshine was falling down on his body, adding warmth to the scene. The Argentinians smiled knowingly, accepting Qin Guan like welcoming a younger generation.

"Lost Embrace" told the story of a Jewish young man who had been thirsty for his father's love ever since he had been a child. He had lived in Argentina with his single mother. His father had abandoned them and headed to the battlefield of World War II.

He had never seen his father in his life. He was planning on applying for a Polish passport, so he could go to Europe and seek him.

The crew got to work. Qin Guan and his "mother" stayed in the store for two days. During that period, the director shot scenes one after the other, which confused Qin Guan.

He felt like a prop. Whenever the old men remembered him, they would turn the camera to him to take some shots. As a senior actor, Qin Guan was worried about the prospects of the film.

During the shooting, following the orders of the directing team, the photographer didn't take stills of any ordinary scenes.

That was terrible. Everyone knew that short films taken by DV would crumble at the slightest misstep. This was a formal 100-minute film, and half of the scenes had been shot like that. Would the audience be surprised while watching the movie?

Qin Guan raised this question directly. Director Luchant liked actors who were eager to learn and think for themselves.

Patiently, he explained to Qin Guan, "You can watch the film after it's edited. The camera uses the main actor's viewing angle as a point of view. That way, the audience will feel personally

involved in the scene."

Qin Guan was not optimistic. Literary skills were actually not a must for indie films. The simplest way was always the best way to express oneself.

Three days passed like that. The Batiste brothers were happy all day long, while Qin Guan was yawning in the underwear store.

Bang! The whole crew suddenly poured into the small store, ruining the peaceful morning.

"What's going on? Is the film finished?"

"No. The separate shots are finished. Now we've come to the main actors."

Suddenly, Qin Guan cheered up. Finally, it's my turn.

A film was inserted into the VCR. Qin Guan sat in a chair before the television. Director Luchant sat behind the camera silently.

"Get ready, everyone! First scene! Three, two, camera!"

His words seemed to open a valve inside Qin Guan. After restraining himself for several days, he finally vented his surging emotions.

The old television was turned on. The film was the traditional baptism of a Jewish newborn baby. The baby was crying loudly. His mother and his relatives were there, but his father, the one he was most anxious to see, was absent.

The only sign of him was a shadow passing by. People said that this was his father. Qin Guan was absorbed in the film. His sparkling eyes were misty.

His slightly open lips were still. That boring film was very interesting to him. He was really eager to experience a father's love. While other kids were riding on their fathers' shoulders, he could only ease his sorrow with that vague shadow.

His surroundings were dark. The small dirty store set the basic

tone of the film. The suppressing environment bored the young man, who was tired of this monotonous life. To Qin Guan, this was not just a film about his father, but also an outlet to save himself.

Before he could burst into tears, Luchant suddenly shouted, "Cut!" Both the crew and Qin Guan were taken aback.

Was that it? The shot should be longer to allow the actors to express themselves.

Qin Guan turned around in confusion and found Luchant waving at him. Does this mean that it wasn't good?

Qin Guan walked up to the directing team. "What's the matter, director? Is anything wrong?"

Luchant showed him the playback of the two-minute scene. "Can you spot any moment that's not harmonious?"

Qin Guan looked at himself carefully. Proper feelings, sincere emotions... There is nothing wrong... He shook his head.

Chapter 495: A Father's Love

Luchant pointed to Qin Guan's face on the lens. "You have never met your father, yet you admire him. What about the years you lived without him? The fact that he left without a message? Shouldn't there be some hatred?"

"Humans are complicated. No single emotion can express their feelings. You were pretty good in the scene, but that emotion was not enough. The audience will only feel warm. That's not enough. You must combine a lot of emotions together."

"The key lies in the slightest expression. You should make the audience remember you with even a move of your lips."

"That way, you'll live up to your Best Actor Award. You don't want the audience to come to the theater and pay only for your face. If you do, I shouldn't have placed great expectations on you. In that case, there is no need for you to shoot indie films. If you just take care of your face, commercial film directors will welcome you with open arms."

Luchant's words opened the gate to a mysterious country, where actors didn't rely on the muscles on their faces to act.

Qin Guan smoothed his costume and took a deep bow before the noble directors. Thank you for your trust and support, your guidance and experience, as well as your reminder. Another light tower in my career has been lit up.

Qin Guan returned to his chair, recalling his own father. His father had always been strict with him at home, but he'd always protected him outside. If he had never been in my life, my hatred for him would have been greater than my love.

Qin Guan gestured to the directors to start over. He could feel the true emotions of the character now.

Luchant was surprised, yet pleased. The young man seemed

softer than before. Qin Guan was not acting now. He was the real Jewish boy.

Taking advantage of this, Luchant turned the camera on.

"Three, two, camera!"

The camera started filming. Qin Guan was sitting in his chair, hopeful and afraid, as if his father had never left him. The noise from the television broke up his reverie, bringing him back to reality and the days he had lived without his father.

The boy was suddenly depressed. His shaking lips and furrowed eyebrows betrayed his sorrow and grief. His clear eyes were misty, but the tears in them seemed reluctant to fall.

Everyone remained silent. They were all absorbed in the scene. After two minutes, the director said, "Cut!"

Everyone started moving, as if a "play" button had been pressed. They were trying to hide their feelings. They didn't want to cry alongside Qin Guan.

Their tears were like crystals. Floating in the air, covered in dust...

Suddenly, Qin Guan stood up and left. Standing by the side of the street with his backpack, he made a call.

After a while, a familiar voice was heard on the other end of the line.

"Hello? Son? It's late at night. What's the matter? Is something wrong? Did you lose money? Get up! Our son is on the phone!"

Suddenly, Qin Guan realized it was late at night in China. His call had woken his parents up.

"Son? What happened? America is not a good country indeed! If you are not happy, you can just come home..."

No questions asked, just a heart that loved unconditionally.

Qin Guan started crying again. "I miss you, dad..."

After a long silence, his father's voice started shaking. "Why are you being so corny? Hey, he said he misses me, not you!"

Qin Guan burst into laughter at his delighted voice. Suddenly, his sorrow faded away.

"Goodnight, dad. Wait for me at home..."

His father was still laughing on the phone. Qin Guan hang up with a smile. Suddenly, the Batiste brothers appeared behind him.

"Hey! What are you doing here? You scared me!"

The twins exchanged a glance before the elder one spoke.

Chapter 496: Professionalism

"Our tutor was afraid that you'd get too absorbed into the film. He asked us to divert your attention and pull you back to reality."

"Yes," the younger brother confirmed before adding, "It's said that outstanding actors always tend to get caught up in the plot and go crazy. Characters that suffer from schizophrenia are especially influential to actors. The better the actor is, the more influenced they are."

Qin Guan sighed at their serious faces. "This depends on the mentality of the actor. Director Luchant shouldn't be worried about me. I have a strong heart. Let's go have dinner! My treat!"

One minute earlier, Qin Guan had been lost in tender memories, yet now he realized he was in the gourmet heaven of Buenos Aires.

Small traders filled the capital, making it hard to compare it to another city. Immigrants from various countries made up the tough unprivileged populace. In that immigrant city, one could find Chinese supermarkets and restaurants every couple of blocks. One could judge the tolerance of the city by the foreign immigrants living there.

Of course, if a Chinese visitor insisted on having Chinese food, there would be two possibilities. They were either acclimatized, or they were pretending to be something.

South Koreans were an exception. It was reasonable for them to miss their pickles while they gobbled down kebabs in China. They just wanted to highlight the sense of their presence.

The local gourmet food would be the best cure for Qin Guan's mood.

Asado was a typical Argentinian kebab. The mixture of pork, chicken, beef and sausage was cooked on air. Different juices ran down during the process, getting absorbed again by the materials

thanks to the meat.

There were multiple tastes in the dish. Modern Argentinians would put all the food into one giant plate.

The three friends enjoyed their food together, chatting and smiling. As the scent lingered around one's teeth, one craved some Argentinian dumplings, which were inspired by traditional Chinese food. That alone made a trip to Buenos Aires worthwhile.

Qin Guan finished a plate of kebab and three huge dumplings stuffed with beef and carrots. Then he burped.

The three of them returned to the shooting location with the crew. The store remained the same, except for an aged actor. That was George, the actor who would be portraying Qin Guan's father.

By the time Qin Guan entered the store again, George was done with his makeup. He went out of the fitting room, wearing a pair of elegant glasses. He had only one arm, thanks to an injury he had suffered during the war.

Everything was in place. The warmest, most moving scene was about to begin.

"The first meeting of father and son. Three, two, camera!"

People were crowded on both sides of the street, where a running race would be held among the merchants.

Bored to death, Qin Guan was standing among the crowd, shaking his legs. He was expecting some kind of accident to happen. He was anxious to see the world in disorder.

As he had expected, there was an accident. A silent old man was standing beside him, watching him reluctantly in excitement. Qin Guan slowly turned to him, feeling the call of his blood.

They exchanged a silent glance. Suddenly, Qin Guan knew who he was. After such a long time, his father had approached him that noisy afternoon. He was not prepared for that moment. He had

abandoned his plan of seeking his father in Europe.

Qin Guan was nervous. The scene he had thought about thousands of times vanished as soon as he met his real father. He could do nothing but run to escape from the man.

As the shot of the race was heard, he ran away. His father followed him closely.

The cameraman was panting, following Qin Guan's long legs and anxious face as the old man gasped.

The young man left the old man behind him. Finally, he hid in the underwear store, the place he hated the most. His mother was still busy working. As he looked at her back, he felt mixed emotions.

Luchant was sitting calmly in his chair, while the cameramen ran around. They followed Qin Guan with the cameras, trying to get the best angle.

Although he was an old man, George followed Qin Guan, who ran about seven times. When the time was up, he was supported by an assistant, returning to his hotel tiredly.

Just before Qin Guan could fall asleep, he heard Batiste telling inspirational stories about his co-stars.

Chapter 497: Thank You

The tens of supporting actors in the film had been selected by the directing team among Spanish-speaking candidates. There were stage players, drama actors and indie film extras. Most of them were not professional actors.

They all loved indie films though. Some had even accepted the roles for free. Qin Guan got an even more extensive understanding of the foreign film circle. In his dream, all Chinese actors possessed such awareness, and the directors of the sixth generation were crying tears of joy.

It was a pity that it was only a dream. Qin Guan woke up in the small hotel. Suddenly, he was enlightened. He knew why that scene was so familiar.

Although it was another country, it really looked like the alleys of Shanghai. The doors of the different houses were close to each other, and ordinary everyday life was a trap for passion and ambition.

Young Argentinians were eager to escape that small world. They wanted to see a larger, more splendid world.

Feeling the joy of the city, Qin Guan washed his face and recovered from the previous exhausting day. Then he joined the shooting energetically.

They were shooting the final scene of the movie, where the whole spirit of the film lay.

They were in the same underwear store, but the boss of the stationery store across the street was now his father. Looking for a chance to get closer to Qin Guan, the old man had bought the store, which had been under bad management at the time.

The stubborn young man rejected the familiar stranger. Ashamed, his mother couldn't help but tell the truth when she saw

how they got along.

Actually, his father hadn't abandoned him. His mother and the previous owner of the stationery store had had an affair. His father was the one who had been abandoned.

This was not a story about love, but about the difference between dreams and reality. Upon finding out the truth, Qin Guan went out of the underwear store, which he had considered his prison, for the first time. He went into the horrible stationery store, where his father was.

"Final scene! The embrace. Three, two, camera!"

Director Luchant blew the horn. After more than half a month, the film would come to an end. He felt like a mother holding her baby after carrying it for nine months.

All the onlookers were watching them quietly. This was the final scene between the talented Asian actor and George.

"Dad..."

Qin Guan uttered the strange word with a shaking voice. The expression in his eyes was anxious, ashamed, excited and sad all at once.

The father and son looked at each other with deep emotion inside the empty store. After drifting for so many years, the lonely old man had finally reached his destination.

The wrinkles on George's face were twisted. No words or facial expressions could express his delight and comfort.

They walked over to each other, their bodies coming close naturally. The person they had longed for their whole lives was right in front of them. They opened their arms wide.

I love you, dad. Always.

I love you, son. Always.

The young man and the old man hugged each other. Although it

was only a half-embrace instead of the tight one Qin Guan had imagined, he still loved it. Sometimes, incomplete things were perfect. One cherished something more after losing it.

Nowadays, in materialistic societies, people are filled with fickle thoughts, but an ordinary life and true emotions are one's real destination.

Tears appeared on both of their eyes. Their warm emotions made even the directors, who had experienced many ups and downs in life, tear up.

The final scene was a miracle created by those two actors.

The cameras slowly stopped. Everyone looked at each other and said together, "Wonderful!"

"Cut!"

Qin Guan and George kept hugging each other. At the director's order, Qin Guan's snot spilled out.

George was not angry. He rubbed his face on Qin Guan's shoulder instead.

"Snot and tears. We are even now..."

Laughing, they embraced each other again. "Thank you for your support. I want to thank both the director for this chance and you for your guidance."

There were predestined relationships among people. In Qin Guan's opinion, this was the most lovely crew he had worked with.

At the airport, he watched the Batiste brothers and the two Argentinian girls say goodbye to each other with extreme sorrow while he talked about his next auditions with Qu Xuemei on the phone.

He told everyone goodbye and flew to Hawaii alone.

He had some auditions there. Then he would return to New York to join the Columbia visiting group. Qu focused on his final task,

making good use of his schedule like the famous Eugenie Grandet.

Chapter 498: Animal Actors

When Qin Guan got off the plane and experienced Hawaii's charm first-hand, he stopped complaining about the schedule.

He rented a roadster, put on a pair of large sunglasses, a flowery shirt, some shorts and slippers, and drove along the clean coastal road, singing Chinese songs happily.

In Hawaii, anyone not wearing flowery shorts felt like a square peg in a round hole. These were the only American islands where one could enjoy the beach and the waves.

The shooting location of the film were the two islands with the smallest population, far from the base of the local government and the famous tourist attractions.

Qin Guan had gone to audition for the leading part. Production would begin in September.

According to statistics, it was cooler in February and March, but the superstitious locals believed that the fish were mature in September.

Thus, they worked only in September, even if their work was just being a background for a romantic film.

Of course, the crew had their own reasons for going to Hawaii so early. These reasons also played an important role in selecting the protagonist.

It was the actors' affinity with animals.

In the film, the actors would have to cooperate with the marine species of a Hawaiian aquarium. An affinity with animals would be a great advantage in getting the part.

By the time Qu Xuemei and Qin Guan checked in at the hotel, someone had already beat them to it.

When they arrived at the interview location, Qin Guan saw Adam

Sandler, his most powerful opponent, sitting on a stool and trying to befriend some of the supporting actors of the film.

The penguin and the sea lion were the stars of the aquarium. They were as smart as children. Qin Guan looked around him in interest, while Qu frowned at the scene. Recalling the names of the actors and the director of the film, she made a decision.

"Excuse me? My actor was notified about an audition. When will the audition begin?"

The assistant was surprised. Several groups had arrived there one after the other. At the sight of Adam Sandler, they had retreated on their own initiative, or had a few words with the director before leaving. It seemed like the Asian actor wanted to have a try though.

Excited, he led them over to the director, Peter Segal.

"New candidate for the audition, sir!" Peter Segal had been sleeping in the coolest corner of the aquarium, wearing a large straw hat.

"What? New candidate?" Segal woke up. Rubbing his misty eyes, he took a look at the newcomers.

The image of the new actor became clearer and clearer.

He was tall with clean short hair. His skin color and figure were perfect, and he was wearing a simple flowery shirt and a pair of shorts, exposing the muscles on his arms and legs.

Qin Guan took off his sunglasses to reveal his charming face.

"What a magnificent scoundrel..." the director murmured to himself. Qin Guan was the spitting image of the protagonist. A playboy through and through.

Coming back to his senses, Segal stood up.

"Are you here for the leading role?"

"Yes."

"Follow me." Segal took off his straw hat, leading Qin Guan over to Adam Sandler.

Appearance was not the key. There were two other essential requirements.

When Qin Guan sat behind Adam, he found out about the first one.

There was a penguin and a sea lion in front of them. They were the most important characters in the film besides the humans.

Adam was playing with the penguin, whose name was Little Pea. This was the first time Qin Guan had ever had to flatter an animal. Naturally, he was at a loss.

He tried to recall his grandma's words, who liked keeping pets. You have to show your friendly side to the animal. Animals with high IQ want to see a sincere attitude.

Qin Guan nodded at Adam politely. He must be as helpless as I am.

Qin Guan was wrong this time. Not everyone was as busy as him. Adam had known about the film for some time. As a result, he remained calm when he saw his smile.

Chapter 499: Farce in the Aquarium

When Qin Guan sat down as well, Director Segal said, "Are you Qin Guan? The audition is simple. What you have to do is flatter these two babies. The more friendly you are, the better. Try your best."

Adam was a little nervous. When Qin Guan headed to the center of the aquarium, he walked over to the director. "Director, did I make any mistakes during my performance? Why do you want to interview other actors?"

Segal looked at Adam. The young man was a good comedian. Shocked by the appearance of the Asian boy though, Segal had the impulse to use that magnificent scoundrel in the film.

If the actor cooperated well with the two animals... Actually, no. If the two animals were not aggressive with him, Segal would be inclined to choose Qin Guan.

Of course, that was a big "if". Adam felt the threat though. That Asian actor would be his arch enemy.

He concentrated on Qin Guan, holding his breath as he watched his opponent.

He was familiar with the script. The Asian actor was very suitable for the role. Adam's appearance was his only shortcoming. He looked honest and cute, but he was not very handsome.

A handsome guy would attract a female audience. Everyone knew that. The Asian actor was a natural heartthrob.

Adam was feeling desperate, while Segal was happy to have found the actor. The situation was getting strange.

Standing between the short cute penguin and the fierce sea lion, Qin Guan decided to begin with the former. Putting on his most sincere smile, he handed some fresh fish to Little Pea.

The smart penguin exerted its unique skill by pecking at Qin Guan's hand vigorously.

Qin Guan was just as smart though. He drew his hand back immediately, leaving a small fish struggling on the penguin's beak.

Qu spit out the water she'd been drinking. Segal almost fell down.

Little Pea didn't stop though. As a noble penguin, it spared no intruder. It rushed up to Qin Guan at full speed with its pointed beak.

Unprepared, Qin Guan was caught by the penguin.

"Ouch!" His bare ankle was attacked. A man and a penguin were running around, chasing each other all over the platform.

"Help! Ouch!"

Qin Guan was attacked again. He had no intention of befriending Little Pea anymore. He just wanted to escape from the penguin.

Segal buried his face in his hands helplessly. Adam burst into laughter. Being a careful man, he asked a crucial question while everyone else was focused on Qin Guan.

"Where is Strong, the sea lion?"

His question immediately attracted attention. The Asian guy seemed to be hated by all animals. Where was the sea lion?

His question was answered soon. As Qin Guan ran to the corner of an artificial hill with a long gentle slope, the sea lion got on the stage solemnly. Qin Guan was looking back to check the distance between him and Little Pea.

"Look out! Qin Guan! Behind you!"

"Oh, no! Strong!"

Screaming, the sea lion jumped out of the pond and hit Qin Guan. Bang! Qin Guan had no time to do anything. He fell down on the

ground.

The fat sea lion adjusted its posture fast. Little Pea had rushed over as well. The two of them exchanged a glance before they took action.

Strong slowly crushed Qin Guan with its heavy belly while Little Pea remained in place, ready to act.

Three, two, one... Peck!

Chapter 500: Common Animal Enemy

"Ouch!" The unreasonable attack surprised everyone, making them burst into laughter.

"Ha ha ha!" No one felt sympathy for Qin Guan, not even the trainer. They forgot to save the poor guy from this predicament.

Adam was so happy that he stuffed a fish into his mouth by accident.

Strong thought that Little Pea was inefficient and decided to take action personally. As the star of the aquarium, the sea lion was good at acting and clapping its hands. It was as simple as eating and drinking for it.

As it rolled down Qin Guan's back, the disgusting man raised his face blankly. Strong began to clap against Qin Guan's face with its forelegs...

"Ha ha ha..."

"Trainer, go help him..."

Segal was laughing. He must be a common animal enemy. The director sighed to himself. It seemed that the Asian actor would not be playing in the film.

By the time they rescued Qin Guan from the fighting animals, he was not in as good a mood as he had been upon arriving. His handsome face looked funny. There were some scales on his skin, and his short hair looked like a nest.

"Are you okay?"

Finally, the depressed man got comforted by humans.

"Sister Qu... I cannot do this film..." Qin Guan grew a backbone as he cried his eyes out.

After that chaos, the crew set Qin Guan up in a comfortable corner, leaving him to rest. Everyone would look at him carefully

as they passed by, trying to restrain their laughter.

Qu had a discussion with Segal. The result of the audition was clear. Taking advantage of this, Adam, who had won the part, sat down next to Qin Guan.

"I'm Adam Sandler." The honest comedian stretched his hand out to Qin Guan happily.

"Hello, I'm Qin Guan."

Adam was thankful for the penguin and the sea lion, who had weeded his potential opponent out.

"If it wasn't for your unique character, Qin Guan, I would have lost this chance. Thank you so much."

Qin Guan was speechless. The guy continued his attack though. "It must be awful to have such a personality. You can't act in a film involving animals, like a Disney show or a move like 'Anaconda'... Little Pea and Strong are well-trained pets after all. Have you ever cooperated with a python or a leopard as a model?"

Adam was taking pleasure in Qin Guan's misfortune. Qin Guan shivered at the thought.

Adam wanted to say a few more words to him though. The Asian actor was very attractive, but God was fair with everyone.

Qu, who was done talking with Segal, shouted at Qin Guan. "It's all settled! Come and say goodbye to the director. We are going back to New York. There are few animals in big cities..."

"I'm coming!"

As he watched Qin Guan and Qu walk away, Adam tried to comfort the young man for a last time, "See you around, my friend. New York is a good place. There are few mosquitoes there..."

Actually, this was his final attack on Qin Guan.

When they were on the airplane, Qu asked Qin Guan, "If animals really hate you so much, you must get bitten by mosquitoes every

day. Do you?"

"Maybe insects are an exception."

"Cong Nianwei is so unlucky. If you get surrounded by cockroaches, she will abandon you immediately."

Thank you so much. You are so good at small talk.

Their different opinions made it useless to talk. Only Cong Nianwei could comfort Qin Guan. When they were together in bed, Qin Guan told her about his terrible experience.

"That explains it. There are cockroaches in every apartment in the building, except ours. Ever since we arrived in New York, I have never needed to hang the mosquito net. Besides, all the plants you have been taking care of have died. That potted plant we have is withering. You have only watered it once!"

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